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FAUSTUS,

A Dramatic Mystery;

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH;

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES,

BY

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BARRISTER AT LAW.

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" Doubting that the marvellous parts of my poem may appear unsuitable to the action, in which, perhaps, some good father of the German college shall desire more history and less poetry, I have judged that the marvellous may find pardon and appear more suitable if concealed under the veil of some good and holy allegory.

* * * * * *

" To confess the truth ingenuously to your Lordship, when I began my poem I had not the smallest idea of an allegory; both as it seemed to me a superfluous and vain labour, and as every interpreter creates an allegory according to his caprice. Nor have there ever been wanting to good poets persons who furnish them in abundance, and of various kinds..... When I was past the middle of my poem, however, and began to meditate on the strictness of the age, it occurred to me, that an allegory might assist me in my difficulties. The idea, however, was still very indistinct, and it was only last week that I formed it in the manner you shall see. If Proclus and other Platonists, and if Plutarch among the Peripatetics, defend Homer from his opponents only by means of allegory, why may not the same liberty be allowed to me, especially when joined with other and more firm defences? I do not believe it to be necessary that the allegory should in every point correspond with the literal sense, since no such thing exists even among the Platonists, who are in this respect the most exact. In Homer and Virgil, it can be discerned only in some particular places; if, therefore, the two cavaliers should signify nothing, I do not think it is of much consequence. It would be better, indeed, that they could be made to have some signification; but I can at present invent nothing that will suit, and I beg that your Lordship and Signor Flaminio will think of something for this purpose."—*Letters of* TASSO *to* S. GONZAGA, *Opere*, vol. 10. p. 124. BLACK'S *Life of Tasso*, I. 402.

TO

JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN, D.D.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

JOHN ANSTER.

PREFACE.

SOME extracts from this translation of Faustus were published in Blackwood's Magazine so long ago as the year 1820. I believe that no part of the poem had before appeared in an English translation.

At the time I printed the extracts, it was my intention to publish a translation of the entire drama. I am afraid to confess to my readers, that, having in the first instance translated the passages from which I had received most pleasure, I satisfied myself with the feeling that I might at any time complete my task. The work, thus postponed, as I thought, for a few days or months, was indolently delayed from year to year. Other pursuits and studies engaged my time and thoughts. I will not say that I had wholly given up the intention of throwing into order these papers, which, for the greater part, have been written for several years; on the contrary, the wish continually recurred to me, and was kept awake in my mind by the cir-

cumstance, that the extracts published in Blackwood were every now and then referred to in different publications: such references were sometimes accompanied with the mention of my name; so that, if I did not find time or inclination to complete the translation, or if I felt myself unequal to the task, I should have yet felt it desirable to have the article in the Magazine reprinted. I think it, however, likely that the sort of indolence, which, when we delay letter-writing too long, affects every one of us, and which our best friends have most often to forgive, would make difficulties, which at first seemed next to none, so grow upon me as to be insuperable.

I was in this state of mind when Mr. Hayward's mention of the extracts in Blackwood in the Preface to his translation recalled my attention to the subject. The result has been the completion of my task, and the publication of this volume.

I mention all this, that I may not be accused of rashly entering upon a field pre-occupied. The accusation is not, however, one that, under any circumstances, would seem of much moment. Had I read any one of the translations of Faust before I had read the original, it is highly probable that the thought of translating it would never have occurred to me: nor can I see the slightest reason to with-

hold what I have written from publication, because others either have published translations or are engaged with the same subject. In many of the translations — in Lord Francis Egerton's particularly — I have read passages of great poetical beauty, with a pleasure certainly not diminished by my having been previously engaged in the same task. The passages in this, as in all poetry, which give me pleasure, can have no reference either to myself or my employments. If my task has had a tendency to create any peculiar feeling upon the subject, it would be this, — that I perhaps know the difficulties to be overcome, and therefore am likely to make the allowances which, above all other writers, a translator requires.

I wish I could imitate my author, and send forth this volume — as he did the original — without preface or explanation of any kind; but explanations not required by Germans, may yet be felt necessary here, when an attempt is made to introduce from their literature so very singular a work as Faust. There are peculiarities both in the conception and in the structure of the drama which seem to me to require a few words of notice. The easiest and least formal manner of discussing the subject is to state the difficulties with which those peculiarities embarrass a translator.

I have had great hesitation in translating some parts of the "Prologue in Heaven." To omit it, however, — nay, even to disguise or diminish its revolting effect by the colourings and shadings of language — would be to vary essentially the character of the whole drama. If the distinction between the foundations of Morals and true Taste were one which my own mind could acknowledge to be altogether just, I should content myself with saying, that, though the passage were truly felt to be an offence against the latter, yet, for all such offences, the author, and not the translator, is the person on whom such censure should fall. To judge by its effect upon my own mind, the presumptuous and scornful bearing of Mephistopheles in the Highest Presence cannot but violently shock and wound the feelings; but yet, does not this daring levity too remarkably characterize the scepticism, which Mephistopheles personifies, to have it omitted in any adequate exhibition of that scepticism? And if it forms so necessary a part of the conception, that it could not but be found in any delineation of it even from the pulpit, then, surely, the objection to the same matter assuming the form of dialogue — for the question is not of stage representation — is one which, whether well or ill founded, must be admitted to be exclusively one of Taste; and I would

suggest, that, however shocked the reader may be at first meeting the audacious dialogue, it is not impossible that, on a question of his own art, the great artist may after all be in the right; and that in no other way could he hope so perfectly to exhibit the character of that spirit, to which even in the Highest Presence neither humility nor elevation is possible.

It is too late to inquire whether the Fallen Angel is a fitting subject for poetry. The conception has been a hundred times embodied in the literature of every country of Europe, and to decide the question (supposing it still an open one) as the criticism which condemns Goethe would require, is in fact to demand that Poetry should cease to deal with the haunting mysteries of our nature and our condition; should confine itself to the task of exhibiting surface manners — to the arts of deceiving and amusing the imagination, — by expressing in metaphors, borrowed from the language of strong passion, states of mind in which such passion not only does not exist, but is impossible, — by clothing in one euphuistic robe or other (for the fashion will vary soon) forms of feeling so habitual as to be of little more moment than those of ordinary courtesy. — Do I think these things unworthy of the poet's occupation? Assuredly not;—it is no light service

to render life more happy. It is no light service to create a security for generosity of conduct and feeling, by making the very forms of language in some degree utter calm reproach to him who would wilfully offend even against the lighter charities of life. But all this — and descriptive and didactic poetry, and all that requires from the poet less than the devotion of the whole man — his purposes and powers — is comparatively as nothing. The unresisted demand which Milton, and which in our own day Wordsworth, makes upon his reader's highest and best powers, — the sympathy — so intense is it, that we ourselves seem to share with the poet in the act of creation — has it not its birth in our conviction of their perfect fair dealing with their own minds and with ours — in the earnest sincerity with which they appeal to our own experience, and thus continually recall the shapeless past, and create anew moments of our former being — rendering visible, as it were, a something before felt, but which, to be seen, required this new and diviner light? — And can we regard as excluded from his proper province — without at the same time destroying that faith in the poet, which renders possible the miracles of his art — the intimations more or less vaguely given us of our future destiny and our present relation with Spirits?

I am far from defending the conception or the execution of this remarkable passage; but I have no doubt that, did I feel it a worthy task to exhibit what are perhaps the blemishes of the noblest poem in any modern language, I could point out in the "Paradise Lost" a hundred passages as likely as this to offend the taste which declaims against Goethe, for what it pardons — perhaps applauds — in Milton.

How far the purposes of the poet may require or justify that which, considered in itself, may for this argument be regarded as a blemish — how far such shading may be necessary to enable him to exhibit in fitting prominence, in effective light and true proportions, objects which could neither be omitted nor otherwise adequately shown — I will not now inquire; but once admitting that the highest subjects which can occupy man's thought are within the province of the poet, I have no doubt that any fair criticism on the particular mode in which he has treated his subject must be conducted with exclusive reference to the purposes of his art. If the "Fallen Angel" is permitted to be the hero of Epic or Dramatic Poetry, we must allow the poet to give him the burning language of hatred, and defiance, and despair; if the "Northern Phantom," the Gothic conception of the grotesque and half-formed

monster, be allowed as a part of his proper machinery to the fabulist; can we, when we have thus far submitted our imagination to this species of willing delusion, at once stop short, and refuse to proceed further under the guidance of the poet? Shall we allow him to show us in the first scene, the magician or the witch sealing the contract with their blood, and then complain that the last act is an offence against piety, because it exhibits the triumph of the fiend as he carries off his victim in fire, or introduces some casuist more subtle than the Devil detecting a flaw by which he defeats the legal effect of the instrument under which the fiend claims? If we admit the demoniac character of modern scepticism to be a fitting subject of poetry, we must be prepared to allow great latitude to the poet who undertakes its exhibition.

But justly considered, these passages will be received by all persons who read poetry in a kindred spirit with more than pardon, even where they do not command sympathy or approval. The very caprices in which the poet allows himself to indulge, are evidence at least of the perfect freedom with which his own mind is at work. Could such a mind as Milton's be, when embodying each of its conceptions, regarded as pleading with some captious critic of the hour, instead of obeying in genial

movement the impulses of its own spirit, it is probable that some of the deformities of the poem would be removed; but I have no doubt that in the same spirit of servile compliance every thing peculiar would have been adjusted by some model of the day — that all would have been rendered uniform, and regular — that the poem would have been as much read then, and as little read now, as if it were one of Mr. Waller's. The transcendent beauties of the poem could never have existed, except on the condition of the fearless exercise of the author's own genius. Do I think that he wrote in defiance of rules? Assuredly not; — but the rules which he did adopt, were not the arbitrary measures accidentally supplied by the vitiated taste of his own day. — Less than the perfect success of the divine poem, could not have saved any statement of its plan in detailed argument from seeming to afford just ground for such criticism as Voltaire's or Waller's. Had no more than the poet's own *arguments* of the several books remained, there would not have been wanting those who would have charged with irreverence the attempt to describe in man's words the councils of Heaven, and to clothe with material imagery the wars of angels and archangels. I regard the passages to which I allude, as among what I will venture — hesitatingly — to call

the less successful parts of the poem; but I am sure that nothing less than the poet's feeling of full freedom to deal as he would with all parts of his subject would have made the poem — I will not say in its long-sustained elevation, but even in any one of its distinguishing features — what it is; so that each single passage is, as it were, a symbol * of the whole — each fragment expressive of the author's full mind, and in its degree exhibiting the creative spirit of the same living imagination felt alike through all. Nothing but the success of Goethe's perilous attempt would be felt as justifying it — but of that success I think I have a right to demand, as against the vague prejudices which in one way or another have possessed the English Public, that the admiration — all but unbounded — of his own country should be regarded as evidence. I demand

* I use the word "symbol" in the sense in which it has been used by Mr. Coleridge. A symbol "always partakes of the reality which it renders intelligible." — (*First Lay Sermon*, p. 37.) The passage from which I quote is one which, with reference to my present subject, I should not be justified in transcribing. Like every passage in the more serious works of that great and good man, it is one which, the more it is dwelt upon and received into the mind, the more important will it appear. The train of thought, in the passage to which I refer, is more fully exhibited in the "Aids to Reflection."

but a hearing for him; what the decision may be I have no right to predict — still less to dictate.

It is curious enough, that, in Goethe's case, the offence is increased by that which, fairly considered, should be its apology. The imitation of the old "mystery," or "miracle-play," as Mr. Collier has taught us to call it — the earliest form of the modern European drama — was felt by the poet as giving him a licence — the privileges of which were more readily permitted in his own country, where representations of the kind were frequent in his childhood — were in very late years still lingering — and are probably not yet altogether discontinued.

I have, for the purpose of preparing my reader for the licence which the poet claims, ventured to adopt the suggestion given in an article in the Quarterly Review *, and have called the poem *a dramatic mystery* — extending, perhaps, the meaning of the word beyond its precise limits. In the notes to this volume, the reader will find many instances

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxiv. p. 137. Some extracts from this article are given in the notes to this volume; — but the reader who feels at all interested in the subject of Faust, or the more extensive one of the licence which the poet has a right to claim, will have reason to thank me for directing his attention to the article. I differ from the writer in his view of some passages, but the paper is replete with valuable information.

of the *forms* which Goethe has imitated as innocently, if I may say so, as our own Wartons and Percies — if in our day there be dignitaries of antiquarian tastes, — might reprint the original poems. In the *Adamo* of *Andreini* — of which I regret that I have seen no more than the account drawn up by Hayley and Cowper — Cowper was not shocked by the impiety that scandalized Voltaire — I find in the list of characters, "God the Father, Choruses of Cherubims and Seraphims, with Beelzebub and the rest." The preface to this drama is preserved in Hayley's Life of Milton; and so little did the poet think of such criticism as we have now-a-days to deal with, that after very strikingly pointing out the difficulties of his subject, which he regards himself as having overcome, he adds, in that happy piety which ascribes the origin and the fulfilment of every worthy purpose to the fountain of every good gift; "Whence," says the good man, "I am inclined to believe that the favour of God, regarding rather my good intentions than my defects, (for as he often withdraws the heart of man from evil, so he conducts it insensibly to good,) gave direction to my hand, and completed my work. Wherefore to that alone I am indebted for the little grace that may be found in the present labour; knowing, that as Omnipotence is accustomed to produce wonders

from the rude and unformed chaos, so from the still ruder chaos of my mind, it may have called forth this production, if not for any other purpose, yet to be sacred, and to make as it were a mute speak in my person, in despite of poverty of genius; as on the other hand it is accustomed to strike mute the most eloquent tongues when they employ themselves on subjects low and profane."

I will suppose that I have so far engaged the sympathy of my reader, that he will listen to a few words relating to the translation itself. I have, as far as I could, endeavoured to communicate the effect produced on my own mind and ear by the poem which I have translated; how far I have been successful I am, perhaps, less able than the most careless of my readers to determine. I have, as far as I could, truly expressed the meaning of the original; where I have failed, it has either been from mistaking what the author intended, or from want of skill in the use of my own language. I have in no instance ventured to substitute any thing of my own for Goethe's, or to suppress what he has written. In so long a work, a phrase may be now and then varied, an accidental image supplied, a line added or omitted—seldom for any other reason than as one of those artifices of style, of which every writer, whether in prose or verse, now and

then avails himself, and which must be regarded as among the implied privileges of every person who has ever translated a sentence from one language into another.

To verbal fidelity I can, of course, make no claim; yet I have not wilfully deviated from it. I have not sought to represent my author's thoughts by equivalents as they are called; but if I may venture to describe what, after all, has been rather the result of accident than of any fixed purpose, I should say that I have always given a pretty accurate translation of the very words, now and then expanding the thought by the addition of a clause which does little more than express something more fully implied in the German than in such English phrases as occurred to me. — In this way it is not unlikely that I may have sometimes been misled into exhibiting some things in fuller light than was my author's purpose — dwelling perhaps on some thought that a writer of more skill might present in fewer words. I can easily imagine too, that, not being familiar with the spoken language, I may have, in some instances, fallen into the mistake, which it would appear to me has deceived some of our discoverers in metaphysics, of looking for the thought rather in the etymology of the words which the author employs, than in the meaning which they have

acquired in their practical application: I may have fancied metaphors continuing to lurk, with a sort of sly meaning, in phrases originally metaphorical, but to which custom has affixed a certain application; and the low familiarity of the language given to Mephistopheles is, of course, not unlikely to create mistakes of this sort. I am not aware of the existence of such mistakes, yet I cannot but apprehend the possibility of them.

It has sometimes happened that I felt as puzzled as Goethe's German commentators; and I am not quite sure that I have not in such cases rather sought to express some thought lying at the root as it were of the entire discussion, than succeeded in expressing any thing which they—or rather any one of them, for they seldom agree — may tell us is Goethe's meaning. I have now and then, when they differed from each other, ventured to differ from all; and when I have seemed to myself to see the meaning lying before me on the surface, have hesitated to break it up for the purpose of digging into some supposed mine beneath.

The satire against the German critics and metaphysicians, which occurs in the Walpurgis Night, will be as intelligible here as in Germany. The boundaries of the human mind are every where the same. — The same riddles have perplexed schoolman

and sophist,—have been the subject of satire alike to Aristophanes and Erasmus. The German metaphysicians defy satire; and the sentences which Goethe gives to his Idealist and Realist are an unexaggerated statement of their respective doctrines. The individuals whom he has glanced at, are not in all cases remembered even in Germany; and Goethe avoided answering questions on the subject. The jokes themselves are of the same kind as Johnson's proof of man's free agency by walking across a room,—one of those practical jests of which Aristophanes is full, which prove or disprove nothing. In the Walpurgis Night, the author of "The Joys of Werter"—a parody on the "Sorrows"—is thus placed, criticising with a reviewer's seriousness the extravagance of the witch dances; vehemently denying the power, nay the existence, of Spirits, while he seeks to regulate their movements, and is the only person who appears quite in earnest through the whole scene. The "Golden Bridal," in the same way, gives some verses in which it is probable that Goethe was thinking of Fichte or Schelling; and others, which it would require a worthless acquaintance with the heroes of the German Dunciad,—if there be such a register of those whom Goethe and Schiller regarded as enemies,—to explain particularly. The humour sometimes consists in making the cant terms of the

different schools of infidel philosophy with which Germany has been infested jingle into rhyme. I have not thought myself at liberty to abridge any part of the work. In this strange scene, omission or alteration would seem to me even less allowable than in any other passage, as it is manifest that the crowd of images has been whirled together, with intended reference to the purpose of distracting Faustus from the recollection of Margaret, and thus preparing for the catastrophe which immediately follows: and — so consummate are the artifices of arrangement in this elaborate poem — the object is at the same time attained, and was, we know, designed by the poet, of deceiving, by the multiplicity and variety of the matter thus flung before it, the reader's mind into the belief of a considerable interval having passed between the time when we left Margaret fainting in the cathedral, and that in which we meet her in the prison. But it is fit to say that any deep meaning is not to be sought in rubbish of the kind; a playful turn of expression, a droll rhyme, a trifling pun, any thing and every thing were welcome in what Goethe called his Walpurgis sack. "For thirty years," said he to Falk, "the critics have been sorely vexed and tormented in spirit by the broomsticks on the Blocksberg, and the Cat's dialogue in the Witch's

kitchen, which occurs in Faust. And all the interpreting and allegorizing of this dramatic humoristic extravaganza have never thoroughly prospered. Really people should learn, when they are young, to make and to take a joke, and to throw away scraps as scraps."* The critics supplied keys enough for every sentence which was given a hundred meanings, and Goethe appears to have regarded their notes and comments as the principal part of the amusement.

I have given in my notes but few extracts from the German commentaries on Faust: no one who has looked into the sources of information open to the English reader, can be ignorant of the spirit in which they are written, and of the feeling with which Goethe regarded the hierophants who could "tell him his dream and the interpretation thereof." Every word is made a mystery of. The poet, whom his admirers of the higher forms regard as little less than inspired, has revealed something which has been a secret from all others of mankind; or in his very silence and forbearance from speech, there is mystery; and all this in the passages which, to the unassisted reader, are seemingly of no other importance than as they carry on the story.—Mr.

* Mrs. Austin's Characteristics of Goethe, vol. i. p. 114.

Landor has, after three centuries, revealed the hidden purpose of Don Quixote, and the Italian poets have yet more lately found interpreters to allegorize what seemed to be love-sonnets into dreams of imaginary republics. Of such fancyings there is no end: and unhappily it has so often happened that the vanity of the poet has listened to those who would spiritualize his songs, that such interpretations are not absolutely devoid of plausibility — nay, of something like authority. I own I should with great hesitation listen to a poet, some years after the publication of his work, endeavouring to persuade himself or others that what we had admired as some joyous creation of romance was, in serious truth, nothing but the phantom of a dead theology. I am ill disposed to listen to such theories, and I am quite sure that they have seldom been of much use to the poet. Tasso had fortunately completed his poem before he began to invent the justifying allegory; and his second poem on the same subject, in which he was, with full consciousness of the double purpose, relating a story of chivalrous adventure, and at the same time evolving a system of philosophy, "in which should be exhibited, under the mask of various princes and soldiers, the natural man, consisting of soul and body," could scarcely have been other than the failure which it turned out to be. I do not

believe that, in the first conception of Faust, any allegories of any kind were before the poet's mind: I have not, therefore, perplexed myself or my readers with those which have been suggested. Of what trifling use in ascertaining even the literal meaning of any disputed passage, the German commentators can be, may be at once learned by looking at Mr. Hayward's extracts from Falk, Schubart, &c. It is a pleasant thing to see the natives of the poet's own land—nay, his familiar friends—guessing pretty much after our own fashion at the same passages which we find difficult. Shakspeare is easier than his commentators, and so is Goethe. The difficulties which have interrupted commentators and translators are not difficulties of language. The answer to some of the questions, which a perusal of Faust suggests, must be found in the depths of the mind itself, in self-reflection, and those habits of thought which are not the growth of the moment. Some difficulties also arise from the anxiety of the author to keep in his own possession the secret of the intended continuation of Faust, and yet give such obscure intimations of it as, when that "secret tale of wonder" should be revealed, would make the former and the latter parts of the work unite, and give the intended sequel the appearance of a necessary part of the original design. The First Part is in this way

not only darkened at times with the shadows of coming events, but of events themselves unfixed and wavering. A feeling of mystery upon the subject was sought to be kept awake in the reader's mind. Thus, in Maturin's drama of "Bertram," the figure of the demon knight in the original conception of the piece, though he never mingles in the action, yet remains in the back-ground, and, as the horrors of the scene darken, seems not unlikely at any moment to take his place among the *dramatis personæ*.*

I dwell with the more anxiety on this subject, because, although in Germany commentaries have been written and lectures delivered on the subject—although in England and France the work has been often translated—yet I am by no means sure that in any one passage which has puzzled a reader possessing such knowledge of the original as to be fairly entitled to express any opinion on the subject, the difficulties which suggest themselves on a first reading have been altogether removed. The language is now and then intentionally enigmatical; and I have had in some cases to adopt language less expressive than I might have readily found, if it

* The printed drama omits the passages to which I allude. They will be found in Sir Walter Scott's review of Bertram in the Edinburgh Review.

was not necessary to select words which, while they are intended to suggest one signification, are such as not to exclude a different and sometimes even an opposed meaning — nay, which latter meaning, if I have been skilful enough in conveying what I believe my author to have meant, will, when attention is directed to it, but not till then, appear to have been from the beginning such as ought to have awakened suspicion to more being meant than at first met the ear. In the temptation scene, for instance:—

"Sights shalt thou see, that man hath never seen."

It is clear that words might be easily selected which would better express the thought which Mephistopheles wishes Faustus to receive from this very ambiguous promise; yet I think such a translation would exclude somewhat of the *half-aside* meaning of the passage, from which we seem to learn that the promise was from the first intentionally deceptive — that from something either in the nature of the gifts themselves, or else in the nature or character of the being to whom they are offered, the result will be a mockery of the hopes excited. I have chosen an instance that does not very perfectly illustrate what I mean; but I cannot, without destroying the effect of the passages to which I more particularly allude, distinctly point them out. I

would only say, that I have observed in the disquisitions of those writers who have endeavoured to exhibit "the infinite matter of Faust *," something

* "The various attempts to continue the infinite matter of Faust where Goethe drops it, although in themselves fruitless and unsuccessful, at least show in what manifold ways this great poem may be conceived, and how it presents a different side to every individuality. As the sunbeam breaks itself differently in every eye, and the starred heaven and nature are different for every soul-mirror, so it is with this immeasurable and exhaustless poem. We have seen illustrators, and continuers of Faust, who, captivated by the practical wisdom which pervades it, considered the whole poem as one great collection of maxims of life: we have met with others who saw nothing else in it but a pantheistical solution of the enigma of existence; others, again, more alive to the genius of poetry, admired only the poetical clothing of the ideas, which otherwise seemed to them to have little significance; and others, again, saw nothing peculiar but the felicitous exposition of a philosophical theory, and the specification of certain errors of practical life. All these are right; for from all these points of view Faust is great and significant: but whilst it appears to follow these several directions as radiations from a focus, at the same time it contains (but for the most part concealed) its peculiar, truly great, and principal direction; and this is the reconcilement of the great contradiction of the world, the establishment of peace between the Real and the Ideal. No one who loses sight of this, the great foundation of Faust, will find himself in a condition — we do not say to explain or continue, but even to read and comprehend the poem. This principal basis underlies all its particular tendencies — the religious, the philosophical, the scientific, the practical; and for this very reason is it, that the theologian, the scholar, the man of the world, and the student of philosophy, to what-

of an unreasonable desire to exact from the translator, in each particular passage, more than what a due consideration of the relation of those passages to the entire drama would warrant. Something of this fault pervades the whole of a very able article on the subject of Faust, by a native of Germany, in Curry's Dublin University Magazine. In the manifold varieties of purpose more or less obscurely manifested in Faust, this writer sees but one; and that which he every where sees and demands a translator to exhibit, is yet, like the Achilles of the Iliad, allowed to be absent even from the reader's thoughts through the greater part of the work, and is so imperfectly suggested, that I am not sure in what way the solution of the problem, — the reconcilement of the Ideal with the Real — for such we are told is the object of the poet, — is at last effected. I would not willingly be supposed to undervalue the paper of which I speak: on the contrary, I have derived much instruction from it; and the conductors of the publication in which it appeared will be doing some service to the students of Goethe's works, if they are enabled to procure

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ever school he may belong, are all sure of finding something to interest them in this all-embracing production." * — Hayward, pp. vi.—viii.

* From a German Review.

the promised continuation of Mr. Zander's commentary on Faustus.

The true and only difficulty of Faust is the subject itself. The author, building on the old nursery story, has made use of the legend to exhibit the position of Man in a world, which, if considered by itself, is insufficient for his happiness. The problem to be solved is the same that forms the subject of every one of Southey's great moral poems, where freedom and happiness, broken and interrupted by surrounding circumstances, is at last secured. — "The last best friend is Death." In Southey, the triumph is every where anticipated; — of the life, which is to be for immortality, the birth has already commenced; — the poet expresses his own faith not alone in the ultimate predominance of Good — for this who can disbelieve? — but in its present predominance; so that the disturbing mysteries of sin and pain, and all that haunts and disquiets us in the contemplation and the experience of life, while they still remain unexplained, seem as if their very existence was but some strange delusion — a something to pass away. The witchcraft of Thalaba is a dream — the faith of the hero is an enduring thing; the thrones of penal fire in Kehama, firm as their foundations are fixed in Padalon, are felt to be but unsubstantial pageant-

ry; but is there not a life, permanent, endurable, eternal, for the constancy of Ladurlad and the love of Kailyal? But in all there is the same struggle for life in an element felt not to be the natural one: in all Death comes as the reconciling angel — to every one of his heroes is the same support given — in every one of his poems is the same lesson taught.

In the parts of Goethe's drama published during his life, the same problem was presented, but no solution was even suggested; at least, I remember but one passage in which it could be anticipated how the poet solves the difficulties which, in his drama, are still more complicated, than in the poems I have just mentioned, by his hero becoming the victim of every artifice of the tempter. In that passage it seems to be obscurely intimated that the victim will finally escape from the toils — that while the desire for good continues, man cannot utterly fall — that sin is but the error of one wandering in permitted darkness — that evil known as evil will cease to be — that increase of light is, in fact, all that man wants to release him from error and perplexity; for if I rightly understand my author, it cannot properly be called sin. If this be Goethe's creed, I have little hesitation in describing it as "vain wisdom all, and false philosophy." The in-

crease of light and of knowledge may be easily imagined without any correspondent effect on character; and the most fearful enigma of our mysterious nature is the possibility of sinning against the light. If what Goethe means be this,— that, while the principle of conscience still survives, there is hope for man; that every undirected aspiration is evidence not alone of his fitness for something better, but also of this, — that what we call moral evil is only the evil of surrounding circumstances, and that the ultimate rescue for which man is to hope, is not a change of nature and heart, but a removal of all that is inconvenient in his circumstances, and the provision of a heaven fitted for his unchanged nature; and if the poem is to be regarded as seriously teaching this doctrine, or any doctrine that involves the admission of these principles; — I have nothing more to say, than that among "the shapings of the unregenerate heart," no wilder theory has been before suggested; that in my view, the most dreary infidelity would be almost better than such a hopeless faith. A belief, that regards as indifferent every thing but vague sentiment, is worse than any scepticism.

After all, a poem will be judged as a poem. The "Faust" of Goethe will have as little effect on mo-

rality or theology, as the "Faustus" of Marlowe. It will be read with but little reference to any distinct purpose. It is impossible that a work which was the object of the author's repeated attention through his whole life — for the first scenes were published in 1787, and the continuation was among his very last writings — should not have undergone as many alterations of plan as ever were projected for Richardson's Romance, when, during the interval in which the successive volumes of Clarissa appeared, he and his fair correspondents were engaged in planning a suitable termination to the story. And as far as the drama may be supposed seriously to embody the author's philosophical speculations, it must represent opinions, which, if with the German critics, we suppose to be unchanged from the time of the conception of the plot to its final completion, we must at the same time regard the author's mind as the only thing on earth unaffected by the strange revolutions both of opinion and of fortune which it was its destiny to witness. In fact, it is the fashion — one learned from the German critics — to overrate the claims of the poem in these respects; and no one was more amused than Goethe himself at the seriousness of the disputes on the subject.

Retzch's outlines are the only comments on Faust

of the slightest value; and their great excellence tends to suggest, in some things, an exaggerated estimate of the merits of the original. Between the works of Retzch and Shelley, a finer Walpurgis Night than the original is given to us.

To recur, however, to the subject which in this desultory preface must be supposed to be chiefly before my mind, I would add, that to exhibit the character of Mephistopheles is, perhaps, the greatest of the difficulties with which a translator of Goethe has to contend. The flexibility of the German language is such, that transitions from the most solemn feelings to the lowest and most offensive familiarity scarcely disturb the reader with a sense of abruptness. Both are in Faust: both almost in every page. To disguise or colour this would be a manifest violation of the translator's duty; and if in the translation they appear in strong or startling contrast, the translator has failed. The contrasts are not violent. Nothing can be less so. Mephistopheles's falsehoods are, if we think of man only as an intellectual being, always true: where they are met by Faustus in argument, Mephistopheles is sure to be in the right. In some noble passages, the dominion of a better principle in our nature than the mere intellect, is asserted by Faustus in the spirit of the fine reply in Joanna Baillie: —

" I am not skilled in nice distinctions, father;"

but the danger which in most of these scenes a translator incurs, is, in the effort of vindicating Faustus, the hazard of his marking the contrasts too strongly — calling too earnestly for the reader's sympathy with Faustus — and suggesting, even in the neutral passages of the poem, something of more abhorrence for Mephistopheles than is consistent with the puppet-show sort of existence given to him by Goethe — making him the actual devil, rather than the demon of the stage and the nursery. In the German language, which seems to run at once into any moulds, there is no difficulty in giving expression in verse to any thing, however remote from

* Tragedy of *Orra*. On looking for the passage, which I ventured to quote from memory, I find the line is somewhat different.

URSTON.

Gentle daughter,
So pressed thou mayest feign, and yet be blameless,
A trusty guardian's faith with thee he holds not,
And therefore thou art free to meet his wrongs
With what defence thou hast.

ORRA (*proudly*).

Nay pardon me; I, with an unshorn crown,
Must hold the truth in plain simplicity,
And am in nice distinctions most unskilful.

Plays on the Passions, vol. iii. p. 33.

poetical feeling. Dialogue, therefore, which with us would certainly be clothed in prose, does not claim any thing of a higher character by being in verse. The form of Poetry may thus be preserved throughout, with all its obvious advantages, and without any of the inconveniences to which it subjects an English writer. In our language it is scarcely possible to preserve the form without somewhat of the colouring, or at least of the conventional language of poetry. Scarcely any skill will enable a writer of verse to preserve the colloquial diction throughout — and I fear, that were he perfectly successful, the effect would be in a little time that of tediousness. With all his mastery of words, and with his unequalled humour, Swift is surely tedious — Butler, if still read, is felt to be a weary study — and more than the name of Byrom, who is certainly more readable than either, is probably little known. Blank verse in its very lowest forms, or the prose of some of Shakspeare's least prominent passages, could it be successfully imitated by a writer of our day, would probably give the best chance of repeating the effect produced by the original in some of the scenes. Still this would seem to be evading the difficulty; and while I have, as I best could, sought to avoid tediousness by what will perhaps be regarded as capricious changes of versification, I

have never ventured on prose where my author has used metre. Had the language given to Mephistopheles the support of passion or of metaphor, it would then have been easily translated — but there is no aid of this kind. It is mere outline — wholly unshadowed. Here it may be supposed — here, if any where, mere literal translation is the only style that can be adopted. There is not and cannot be room for those compensations — as they have been called — by which the translator, satisfied to lose some graceful turn of thought or felicity of expression, which he finds it difficult to preserve, endeavours to supply its place by something more suitable to the genius of the language in which he is writing. Unfortunately there is a peculiarity in the style given to Mephistopheles which baffles all these calculations, and deprives the most literal translation, equally with that in which more freedom is assumed, of any chance of altogether preserving the effect of the original; — without going so far as to make Mephistopheles speak a different dialect from Faustus, yet by the introduction of Swabian words, or words used in a sense different from the pure German, and at times of French words, he is made to speak in a tone and accent as it were wholly different from Faustus, which, while it is at once caught by a reader of the

original, a translator can scarcely hope for such indulgence as to give him any fair chance of successfully expressing. For this is undoubtedly among the difficulties which a translator must make up his account to meet. The prominent passages in an original poem will probably be read with no ungenerous or uncongenial feeling. Where Passion, or Sentiment, or Reasoning speaks its appropriate language, sympathy and indulgence may naturally be hoped for; — where they are not found, it may be safely affirmed that the author has failed in his art. If such passages be read with languor, there can be no appeal from a decision which — assuming the reader to be free from all unfavourable prejudice — is not, and cannot be, other than just. The power of a Kemble could not essentially vary the effect of such a passage. The "mighty actor" does no more than express that which, without his aid, we should have recognized. How different is it in the case of a sneer or a sarcasm — one of those comments in which the turn of the eye, the tone of the voice, is all in all — which, deprive them of the body in which they exist, cease to have a continuing life. — If I may speak of what I have written, I would say that the passages in which Faustus's character is exhibited, are probably so presented here to the English reader, that the general conception must be re-

garded as preserved — whatever may be the failure in details. In representing Mephistopheles — having to exact more from the reader than any but the most indulgent reader will concede to a favourite author, and more than a translator can hope from any one whatever — I can scarcely form a conjecture whether Goethe's fiend will be recognized by those who know his features in the original — still less whether, to English readers, my translation will have the effect of at all giving him the advantage of a proper introduction. I am sure, however — quite sure — that to render the character intelligible, the aid of the " audacious " prologue could not have been dispensed with; — I am also equally sure that a due consideration of that prologue, though it may interfere with the pleasure of a first reading of Faust, will do more to reconcile the reader to the drama, than it would be possible otherwise to effect. — Omitting for the moment the permitted licence of the Mystery, or Miracle-play, which the two prologues not alone suggest, but demand for the author, there is an advantage gained in exhibiting from the first, that, throughout the entire poem, Faust is in a process of change — that his being is in a state of growth — that what the genial influences of nature might have done for him, as for others, has been interrupted by pursuits incapable

of conferring happiness — and that to re-create, it is necessary to destroy. — But I must forbear — and not forget that there is, perhaps, something unbecoming in a translator's discussing the merits of the work with which he is too intimately connected, to be regarded as an impartial judge.

Of such of the other translations of Faust as have had any effect on mine, I cannot be wholly silent. To Mr. Hayward, in common with every reader of Goethe, I feel great obligations; and his notice of the extracts from Faust which I had long ago published, gave me great gratification and demands my warmest thanks. Of Shelley I have elsewhere spoken in this Preface. I do not willingly venture on ground which he has made his own. My extracts from Faustus were published in Blackwood, before Mr. Shelley had translated any part of the poem. His translations were confined to passages not given in Blackwood — but it so happened, that in the progress of my intended task of translating the whole drama, I had completed the Walpurgis Night before the publication of Mr. Shelley's. I do not mention this for the purpose of vindicating myself against any resemblances between Shelley's version and mine; there are none — and if there were any, this statement would be no vindication, as even while

the sheets were passing through the press, I have made alterations and corrections in this, as in other parts of the poem; but admiring as I do the particular scene in Shelley, I should, had I not already translated the passage, have hazarded asking the permission of his relatives to reprint the fragment from his poems, rather than venture on a translation myself: as it is, I think it not impossible that there may be readers to whom both translations may give pleasure.

I have only to add, that many of the notes to this volume are from books not always easily accessible, and now rarely looked into. To understand the character of a student of Faustus's age, they are worth examining. My first intention was to confine myself to subjects that were likely, in their very remoteness from ordinary studies, to possess some interest. I have been led further than I intended, chiefly because I was provoked at the depreciating tone which some late writers have thought it not unbecoming to use when speaking of Goethe. A formal discussion of the merits of the work which I translate was not to be thought of by me. I have preferred adopting the plan pursued in the late editions of Byron and Scott; and showing by a few extracts from writers of high character, the effect which the poem has produced. I perhaps ought

also to say, that as I wished my book to possess an interest of its own, and as I was anxious, as far as the nature of my undertaking permitted me, that the different publications on the subject of Faustus should as little as possible interfere with each other, it gratifies me to find that my notes are for the greater part derived from sources wholly different from those of Mr. Hayward and Mr. Blackie; from both of which — in particular those of Mr. Hayward, who has left nothing undone — I have received much pleasure and instruction.

As this volume has been for a considerable time announced, I ought to state that the whole of the translation, and the greater part of the notes, were printed before January last. The delay in the transmission of proofs between England and Ireland necessarily made the printing more tedious than if I had been resident in London. The state of political excitement was such during the whole interval, as to have made me — in common with the authors of much more important works — anxious to defer the publication of mine to some calmer period. That excitement still continues, and seems so unlikely to subside, that it is with considerable hesitation I venture to publish this volume — so impossible does it seem at present, even were the translation what it ought to be, to recall the public mind to any

thing so remote from the all-absorbing subjects of political interest by which it is now occupied, and demanding the exercise of such tranquil tastes, as the study of a philosophical poem.

Dublin, North Frederick Street,
April 23. 1835.

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FAUSTUS.

DEDICATION.

AGAIN, fair images, ye flutter near,
As erst ye shone to cheer the mourner's eye,
And may I hope that ye will linger here?
Will my heart leap as in the days gone by?
Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,
Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky!
Beneath your lightning-glance my spirit burns,
Magic is breathing — youth and joy returns!

What forms rise beautiful of happy years?
What lovely shadows float before me fast?
Like an old song still tingling in the ears,
I hear the voice of loves and friendships past; —
Renewed each sorrow, and each joy appears,
That marked life's changing labyrinthine waste;
The friends return, who passed in youth away,
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day

But, ah! they cannot hear my closing song,
Those hearts, for whom my earliest lays were tried:
Departed is, alas! the friendly throng,
And dumb the echoing spirits that replied;
If some still live this stranger world among,
Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide,
To men unknown my griefs must I impart,
Whose very praise is sorrow to the heart!

Again it comes! a long unwonted feeling,
A wish for that calm solemn phantom-land
My song is swelling now, now lowly stealing,
Like Æol's harp, by varying breezes fanned,
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders show a heart unmanned,
— Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The PAST — the PAST alone, seems true to me!

FAUSTUS.

PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MR. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

My two good friends, on whom I have depended,
At all times to assist me and advise;
Aid your old friend once more — to-night he tries,
(And greatly fears the fate that may attend it)
For Germany a novel enterprise,
To please the public I am most desirous;
Live and let live, has ever been their maxim,
Gladly they pay the trifle that we tax 'em,
And gratitude should with new zeal inspire us.
Our temporary theatre 's erected,
Planks laid, posts raised, and something is expected.
Already have the audience ta'en their station,
With eye-brows lifted up in expectation;
They come with bounding spirits — hearts excited,
Determined to be charmed — amazed — delighted!

I know the people's taste — their whims — caprices,
Could always get up popular new pieces;
But never have I been before so harassed
As now — so thoroughly perplext, embarrassed!
Every one reads so much of every thing:
The books they read are not the best, 'tis true:
But then they are for ever reading — reading!
This being so, how can we hope to bring
Any thing out, that shall be good and new?
What chance of now as formerly succeeding?
How I delight to see the people striving
To force their way into our crowded booth,
Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth,
Digging with elbows, through the passage driving,
As if it were St. Peter's gate, and leading
To something more desirable than Eden;
Long before FOUR, while daylight's strong as ever,
All hurrying to the box of the receiver,
Breaking their necks for tickets — thrusting — jamming,
As at a baker's door in time of famine!

On men so various in their disposition,
So different in manners — rank — condition;
How is a miracle like this effected?
The poet — he alone is the magician.
On thee, my friend, we call — from thee expect it.

POET.

Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd,
My powers desert me in the noisy throng;
Hide, hide me from the multitude, whose loud
And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
Against my will; and lead me to some lone
And silent vale — some scene in fairy-land,
There only will the poet's heart expand,
Surrendered to the impulses of song,
Lost in delicious visions of its own,
Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest
Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest!

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
The whole a rabble's madness may destroy;
And this, when, after toil of many years,
Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears,
To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
As the vain heart too easily believed;
Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
The truly great, the genuine, the sublime
Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,
Unnoticed long, receives from after-time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!

MR. MERRYMAN.

Enough of this cold cant of future ages,
And men hereafter doting on your pages;
To prattle thus of other times is pleasant,
And all the while neglect our own, the PRESENT.
If on the unborn we squander our exertion,
Who will supply the living with diversion?
And, clamour as you authors may about it,
We want amusement, will not go without it;
A fashionable group is no small matter,
Methinks, a poet's vanity to flatter:
He who, profusely lavishing invention,
Pleases himself, need feel no apprehension;
The crowd soon share the feelings of the poet,
The praise he seeks they liberally bestow it:
The more that come, the better for the writer;
Each flash of wit is farther felt — seems brighter,
And every little point appreciated,
By some one in the circle over-rated,
All is above its value estimated:
Take courage then, — come — now for a *chef-d'œuvre* —
To make a name — to live, and live for ever —
Call FANCY up, with her attendant troop,
REASON and JUDGMENT, PASSION, MELANCHOLY,
WIT, FEELING, and be sure among the group
Not to forget the little darling, FOLLY!

MANAGER.

But above all, give them enough of action;
He who gives most, will give most satisfaction;
They come to see a *show* — no work whatever,
Unless it be a show, can win their favour;
Therefore, by this their taste, be thou admonished,
Weave brilliant scenes to captivate their eyes:
Let them but stare and gape, and be astonished,
Soon as a dramatist your fame will rise.
A show is what they want; they love and pay for it;
Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it;
And he who gives one is a certain favourite;
Would you please many, you must give good measure;
Then each finds something in 't to yield him pleasure;
The more you give, the greater sure your chance is
To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.
The interest of a piece, no doubt, increases
Divided thus, and broken into pieces.
Such a ragoût is soon prepared, nor shall it
Be otherwise than pleasing to each palate;
And, for my part, methinks it little matters:
Though you may call your work a finished whole,
The public soon will tear this whole to tatters,
And but on piecemeal parts their praises dole.

POET.

You cannot think how very mean a task,
How humbling to a genuine artist's mind,
To furnish such a drama as you ask:
The poor pretender's bungling tricks, I find,
Are now established as the rules of trade,—
Receipts — by which successful plays are made!

MANAGER.

Such an objection is of little weight
Against my reasoning. If a person chooses
To work effectively, no doubt he uses
The instrument that 's most appropriate.
Your play may—for your audience—be too good;—
Coarse lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood —
Blocks — with the hatchet only to be hewed! —
One comes to drive away ennui or spleen;
Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table;
A third, than all the rest less tolerable,
From reading a review or magazine.
Hither all haste, anticipate delight,
As to a Masque, desire each face illuming,
And each, some novel character assuming,
Place for awhile their own half out of sight.
The ladies, too, tricked out in brilliant gear,
Themselves ambitious actresses appear,
And, though unpaid, are still performers here.
What do you dream, in your poetic pride?
Think you a full house can be satisfied

And every auditor an ardent cheerer?
Pray, only look at them a little nearer;
One half are cold spectators, inattentive;
The other dead to every fine incentive;
One fellow's thinking of a game of cards;
One on a wild night of intoxication:
Why court for such a set the kind regards
Of the coy Muse — her highest fascination?
I tell thee only, give enough — enough;
Still more and more — no matter of what stuff,
You cannot go astray; let all your views
Be only for the moment to amuse,
To keep them in amazement or distraction;
Man is incapable of satisfaction.
Why, what affects you thus — is 't inspiration?
A reverie? — oh! can it be vexation?

POET.

Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find;
What! shall the poet squander then away,
And spend in worthless, worse than idle, play,
The highest gift that ever nature gave,
The inalienable birthright of mankind,
The freedom of the independent mind,
And sink into an humble trading slave?
Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
And why can nothing his proud march oppose,
As through all elements the conqueror goes?

Oh ! is it not the harmony within,
The music which hath for its dwelling-place
His own rich soul — the heart that can receive
And hold in its unlimited embrace
All things inanimate, and all that live?
When Nature, like a tired and stupid sloven,
Twists with dull fingers the coarse threads of life,
When all things, that, together interwoven,
In happy concord still agreeing,
Should join to form the web of being,
Are tangled in inextricable strife;
Who then can cheer life's drear monotony,
Bestow upon the dead new animation,
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord, that, in the general consecration,
Bears part with all in musical relation?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion? bid the serious mind
Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours?
Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,
When wanders forth the ladye of his choice?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath — the artist's proudest ornament —
Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined
The best reward his country can present?
Whose voice is fame? who gives us to inherit
Olympus, and the loved Elysian field?

The soul of MAN sublimed — man's soaring spirit
Seen in the POET, gloriously revealed.

FRIEND.

A poet then should regulate his fancies,
Like that of life should get up his romances;
First a chance meeting — then the young folk tarry
Together — toy and trifle, sigh and marry,
Are link'd for ever, scarcely half intending it,
Once met — 'tis fixed — no changing and no mending it.
Thus a romance runs: fortune, then reverses;
Rapture, then coldness; bridal dresses — hearses;
The lady dying — letters from the lover,
And, ere you think of it, the thing is over.
Adopt this principle; write fast and gaily,
Give, in your play, the life we witness daily;
The life which all men live, yet few men notice,
Yet which will please ('tis very strange, but so 'tis),
Will please, when forced again on their attention
More than the wonders of remote invention;
Shift your scenes rapidly — and in the mirror
You hold up to the age show its own error —
Glimmerings of truth — calm sentiment — smart strictures —
Actors in bustle — clouds of moving pictures —
Such pantomime is sure to be regarded;
The public pleased, the dramatist rewarded:

This will attract the tender and the feeling;
The young, whose minds are yet unformed and plastic
Will crowd to you with love enthusiastic,
Hang rapturously o'er a work, revealing
Their own hearts to themselves, in solitude
Will feast on the remembered visions — stealing
From them their sweet and melancholy food:
Still the true charm, by which they are affected
Is this, — each sees his secret heart reflected:
Ready alike to weep or smile are they,
Admire the bard, adore his fancy's play;
Float with him on imagination's wing,
Think all his thoughts, are his in every thing,
Are, while they dream not of it, all they see:
Youth — youth is the true time for sympathy.
Hope little from the formal and the old;
Frozen with vanity, they must be cold;
Their sympathies are day by day diminished,
Till nothing can be made of men so finished;
Why they know every thing, all perfect they,
What could they learn from poet or from play?
With them all progress long ago is ended;
Try any novelty, they are offended:
Self is the secret; to enlarge their range
Of thought, were seeking in themselves a change:
Your true admirer is the generous spirit,
Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit
As if of his own being it were part,
And growing with the growth of his own heart;

Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth
Is taught him by the poet—this is Youth;
Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so knowing,
And no one thanks the poet but the growing.

POET.

Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young—
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing,
Then, as I wander'd free,
In every field, for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing!
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
In every bud a mystery;
Magic in every thing unknown:—
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance—

Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—
Give me my youth again!

FRIEND.

Why, my good friend, for youth thus sigh and prattle,
I own 'twould be a fine thing in a battle;
If a young beauty on your arm were leaning,
Then, I admit, the wish would have some meaning;
In running, for a wager, a long distance,
A young man's sinews would be some assistance;
Or if, after a dance, a man was thinking
Of reeling out the night in glorious drinking;
But you have only among chords, well known
Of the familiar harp, with graceful finger
Freely to stray at large, or fondly linger,
Courting some wandering fancies of your own;
While, with capricious windings and delays,
Loitering, or lost in an enchanted maze
Of sweet sounds, the rich melody, at will
Gliding, here rests, here indolently strays,
Is ever free, yet evermore obeys
The hidden guide, that journeys with it still.
This is, old gentleman, your occupation,
Nor think that it makes less our veneration.
"Age," says the song, "the faculties bewildering,
Renders men childish"—no! it finds them children.

MANAGER.

Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory
Of flattering phrases — courteous — complimentary.
You both lose time in words unnecessary,
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry;
Think not of tuning now or preparation,
Strike up, my boy — no fear — no hesitation,
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
But once assume the poet — then the fire
From heaven will come to kindle and inspire.
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
A hearty, brisk, and animating tipple;
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for, at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering — 'twill be the same story
To-morrow — and the next more dilatory;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? seize this very minute —
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated —
Begin it, and the work will be completed!
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out whate'er they please, and laugh at censurers,

Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery—
Command enough of dresses and machinery;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin—
The greater and the lesser lights of heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.
Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—
Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle of wide nature,
Hurry with speed more swift than words can tell,
Rapid as thought—from HEAVEN—through EARTH
—to HELL.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

DER HERR, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, *afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along:
New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight,
Mysterious all — yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light!

GABRIEL.

Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.

The vexed sea foams — waves leap and moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,
And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.

MICHAEL.

And winds with winds mad war maintain,
From sea to land, from land to sea;
And heave round earth, a living chain
Of interwoven agency —
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal,
Fast lightnings flash with deadly ray,
While, Lord, with Thee thy servants feel
Calm effluence of abiding day.

ALL.

New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from thy sight;
Mysterious all, yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since Thou, O Lord, dost visit us once more,
To ask how things are going on, and since
You have received me kindly heretofore,
I venture to the levee of my prince.
Pardon me, if I fail, after the sort
Of bending courtiers here, to pay my court;

The company is far too fine for me,
They smile with scorn such folk in heaven to see.
High hymns and solemn words are not my forte.
Pathos from me would look too like a joke;
Words, that from others had set angels weeping,
To laughter would your very self provoke,
If laughter were not wholly out of keeping.
Nothing of suns or worlds have I to say,
I only see how men fret on their day;
The little god of earth is still the same
Strange thing he was, when first to life he came;
That life were somewhat better, if the light
Of Heaven had not been given to spoil him quite.
Reason he calls it—see its blessed fruit,
Than the brute beast man is a beastlier brute;
He seems to me, if I may venture on
Such a comparison, to be like one
Of those long lank-legged grashoppers, whose song
The self-same creak, chirps, as they bound along,
Monotonous and restless in the grass,
'Twere well 'twas in grass always; but, alas,
They thrust their snouts in every filth they pass.

Der Herr.

Hast thou no more than this to say,
Thou, who complainest every day?
Are all things evil in thy sight?
Does nothing on the earth move right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not any thing, my lord—poor men so fervent
And foolish are—I almost feel compassion.

Der Herr.

Dost thou know FAUST?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

Der Herr.

Yes: my servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Truly, he serves in a peculiar fashion;
Child though he be of human birth,
His food and drink are not of earth.
Foolish—even he at times will feel
The folly in such hopes to deal:—
His fancies hurry him afar;
Of heaven he asks its highest star;
Self-willed and spoiled, in mad pursuit,
Of earth demands its fairest fruit;
And all that both can give supplied,
Behold him still unsatisfied!

Der Herr.

Yes: for he serves in a perplexing scene,
That oft misleads him. Still his WILL is right;

Soon comes the time to lead him into light.
Now is the first prophetic green,
The hopes and promises of spring,
The unformed bud and blossoming;
And he who reared the tree and knows the clime
Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you wager you don't lose him yet,
With all his promise? Had I only freedom
On my own path with easy lure to lead him,
I've not a doubt of it I win the bet.

Der Herr.

As long as on the earth endures his life
To deal with him have full and free permission;
Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cheerfully I agree to the condition;
I have no fancy for the dead: your youth,
With full fresh cheeks, tastes daintier to my tooth.
Should a corpse call, the answer at my house
Is, " Not at home." Cats like a tender mouse.

Der Herr.

Be it permitted: from his source divert
And draw this Spirit captive down with thee;
Till baffled and in shame thou dost admit,
" A good man, clouded though his senses be
By error, is no willing slave to it."
His consciousness of good will it desert

The good man?—yea, even in his darkest hours
Still doth he war with Darkness and the Powers
Of Darkness;—for the light he cannot see
Still round him feels;—and, if he be not free,
Struggles against this strange captivity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, this can neither make me fear nor fret;
I cannot have a doubt about the bet.
Oh! in what triumph shall I crow at winning!
Dust he shall eat, and eat with pleasure yet,
Like that first SNAKE in my poor heraldry,
Who has been eating it from the beginning.

Der Herr.

Still visit here. With any thing but loathing
I look on folk like you. My work demands
Such servants. Of the Spirits of Denial
The pleasantest, that figures in Man's Trial,
Is old INIQUITY * in his Fool's clothing;
The VICE is never heavy upon hands:
Without the Knave the Mystery were nothing.
For MAN'S activity soon tires,
(A lazy being at the best)
And sting and spur requires.

* In the original "*Der Schalk*" the droll of the old mysteries and moralities. "*The formal Vice Iniquity.*"—RICHARD THE THIRD. "——*the old* VICE, *Who, with dagger of lath, In his rage and his wrath, Cries ah! ha! to the Devil.*"—TWELFTH NIGHT. The characters of the DEVIL and the VICE which were originally distinct became in the progress of the dramatic art soon blended into one. "The province of making the spectators merry descended from the Devil in the mystery to the Vice or Iniquity of the Morality, who originally personified some bad quality incident to human nature, as Pride, Lust, &c."—STRUTT. "Some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*."—JOHNSON. The best account I know of the word "Der Schalk" is in KOLLER'S *Faust Papers*.

In indolent enjoyment Man would live,
And this companion, whom I therefore give,
Goads, urges, drives — is devil, and cannot rest.
But ye, true sons of God, be yours the sight
Of living Beauty and Eternal Light!
The Universal Soul, in which all move,
And live, and are, encompass you in love;
And all that flows unfixed and undefined
In glimmering phantasy before the mind,
Bid Thought's enduring chain for ever bind!

[*Heaven closes.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

I'm very glad to have it in my power
To see him now and then; he is so civil:
I rather like our good old governor —
Think only of his speaking to the devil!

TIME, *Night.*

SCENE, *A high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber* — FAUSTUS *at his desk — restless.*

FAUSTUS.

ALAS! I have explored
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine;
And over deep Divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal;
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first!
Here am I — boast and wonder of the school;
Magister, *Doctor*, and I lead
These ten years past, my pupils' creed;
Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please.
And now to feel that nothing can be known!
This is a thought that burns into my heart.
I have been more acute than all these triflers,
Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;
Have sounded all the depths of every science.
Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,

Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil;
But I have lost all peace of mind:
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue.
Unhappy, ignorant, and blind,
I cannot hope to teach mankind.
Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
Without one joy that earth can give,
Could dog — were I a dog — so live?
Therefore to magic, with severe
And patient toil, have I applied,
Despairing of all other guide,
That from some Spirit I might hear
Deep truths, to others unrevealed,
And mysteries from mankind sealed;
And never more, with shame of heart,
Teach things, of which I know no part.
Oh, for a glance into the earth!
To see below its dark foundations,
Life's embryo seeds before their birth
And Nature's silent operations.
Thus end at once this vexing fever
Of words — mere words — repeated ever.

Beautiful Moon! — Ah! would that now,
For the last time, thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow!

Oft by this desk, at middle night,
I have sat gazing for thy light,
Wearied with search, through volumes endless,
I sate 'mong papers — crowded books,
Alone — when thou, friend of the friendless,
Camest smiling in, with soothing looks.
Oh, that upon some headland height
I now were wandering in thy light!
Floating with Spirits, like a shadow,
Round mountain-cave, o'er twilight meadow;
And from the toil of thought relieved,
No longer sickened and deceived,
In thy soft dew could bathe, and find
Tranquillity and health of mind.

Alas! and am I in the gloom
Still of this cursed dungeon room?
Where even heaven's light, so beautiful,
Through the stained glass comes thick and dull;
'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
Through whose pages worms are stealing;
Dreary walls, where dusty paper
Bears deep stains of smoky vapour;
Glasses, instruments, all lumber
Of this kind the place encumber;
All a man of learning gathers,
All bequeathed me by my fathers,

Crucibles from years undated,
Chairs of structure antiquated,
Are in strange confusion hurled!
Here, Faustus, is thy world — a world!

And dost thou ask, why in thy breast
The fearful heart is not at rest?
Why painful-feelings, undefined,
With icy pressure cramp thy mind?
From living nature thou hast fled
To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead;
And for the lovely scenes which Heaven
Hath made man for, to man hath given;
Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
Of brute and human skeletons!

Away — away and far away!
This book, where secret spells are scanned,
Traced by NOSTRADAM'S own hand,
Will be thy strength and stay:
The courses of the stars to thee
No longer are a mystery;
The thoughts of Nature thou canst seek,
As Spirits with their brothers speak.
It is, it is the sunrise hour
Of thy own being; light, and power,

And fervour to the soul are given,
As proudly it ascends its heaven.
To ponder here, o'er spells and signs,
Symbolic letters, circles, lines;
And from their actual use refrain,
Were time and labour lost in vain:
Then ye, whom I feel floating near me,
Spirits, answer, ye who hear me!

[*He opens the book, and lights upon the sign of* MACROCOSMUS.

Ha! what new life divine, intense,
Floods in a moment every sense;
I feel the dawn of youth again,
Visiting each glowing vein!
Was it a god who wrote this sign?
The tumults of my soul are stilled,
My withered heart with rapture filled:
In virtue of the spell divine,
The secret powers that nature mould,
Their essence and their acts unfold —
Am I a god? — Can mortal sight
Enjoy, endure this burst of light?
How clear these silent characters!
All Nature present to my view,
And each creative act of hers —
And is the glorious vision true?

The wise man's words at length are plain,
Whose sense so long I sought in vain:
" The Worlde of Spirits no Clouds conceale:
" Man's Eye is dim, it cannot see.
" Man's Heart is dead, it cannot feele.
" Thou, who wouldst knowe the Things that be,
" Bathe thy Heart in the Sunrise red,
" Till its Stains of earthlie drosse are fled."

[*He looks over the sign attentively.*

Oh! how the spell before my sight
Brings nature's hidden ways to light:
See! all things with each other blending —
Each to all its being lending —
All on each in turn depending —
Heavenly ministers descending —
And again to heaven up-tending —
Floating, mingling, interweaving —
Rising, sinking, and receiving
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each, the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving;
Breathing blessings, see them bending,
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While every where diffused is harmony unending!

Oh! what a vision — but a vision only!
Can heart of man embrace

Illimitable Nature?
Fountain of life, forth-welling;
The same in every place;
That dost support and cheer
Wide heaven, and teeming earth, and every creature
That hath therein its dwelling,
Oh! could the blighted soul but feel thee near!
To thee still turns the withered heart;
To thee the spirit, seared and lonely,
Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative;
On thy maternal bosom feed and live.
I ask a solace thou dost not impart;
The food I hunger for thou dost not give!

[*He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, till his eye rests on the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.*

How differently this sign affects my frame!
Spirit of Earth! my nature is the same,
Or near akin to thine!
How fearlessly I read this sign!
And feel even now new powers are mine;
While my brain burns, as though with wine;
Give me the agitated strife,
The madness of the world of life;
I feel within my soul the birth
Of strength, enabling me to bear,
And thoughts, impelling me to share

The fortunes, good or evil, of the earth;
To battle with the tempest's breath,
Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.
All around grows cold and cloudy,
The moon withdraws her ray;
The lamp's loose flame is shivering,
It fades, it dies away.
Ha! round my brow what sparkles ruddy
In trembling light are quivering?
And, to and fro,
Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,
Rolled and unrolled,
In crimson fold,
They float and flow!
From the vaulted space above,
A shuddering horror seems to move
Down, — down upon me creeps and seizes
The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes;
'Tis thou — I feel thee, SPIRIT, near,
Thou hast heard the spell, and thou
Art hovering around me now;
Spirit! to my sight appear,
How my heart is torn in sunder —
All my thoughts convulsed with wonder —
Every faculty and feeling
Strained to welcome thy revealing.

Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,
Though death may be the price, I cannot choose
but see!

[*He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the Spirit mysteriously; a red flame is seen playing about, and in the flame the* SPIRIT.

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUSTUS (*averting his face*).

Form of horror, hence!

SPIRIT.

Hither from my distant sphere,
Thou hast compelled me to appear;
Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence,
With importuning violence;
And now ——

FAUSTUS.

I shudder, overpowered with fear

SPIRIT.

With what anxiety of mind
Didst thou demand to gaze on me,
My voice to hear, my form to see?
Thy longings, earnest and intense,
Have reached my sphere, and wrung me thence!

And now — what pitiful despair
Hath seized thee — thee, thou more than man? —
Where is the courage that could dare
To call on fleshless spirits? — where
The soul, that could conceive and plan,
Yea, and create its world; — whose pride
The bounds, which limit man, defied —
Heaved with high sense of inborn powers,
Nor feared to mete its strength with ours?
Where art thou, FAUSTUS? thou whose voice I heard,
Whose mighty spirit pressed itself to mine!
Art thou the same, whose senses thus are shattered,
Whose very being in my breath is scattered,
Whose soul, into itself retreating,
Vain worm! can scarce endure the fearful meeting? —
Is this, indeed, the miserable sequel?

FAUSTUS.

Creature of flame, shall I grow pale before thee?
'Twas I that called thee — FAUSTUS — I, thine equal!

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,
Hither and thither
Over and under,
Wend I and wander —
Birth and the grave —
A limitless ocean,

Where the restless wave
Undulates ever —
Under and over
Their toiling strife,
I mingle and hover,
The spirit of life:
Hear the murmuring wheel of time, unawed,
As I weave the living mantle of God!

FAUSTUS.

Spirit, whose presence circles the wide earth,
How near akin to thine I feel my nature!

SPIRIT.

Man, thou art like those beings which thy mind
Can image, not like me! [*Vanishes.*

FAUSTUS (*overpowered with confusion*).

Not like thee!
Formed in the image of the Deity,
And yet unmeet to be compared with thee!
[*A knock.*
'S death, 'tis this pupil lad of mine —
He comes my airy guests to banish.
This elevating converse dread,
These visions, dazzlingly outspread
Before my senses, all will vanish
At the formal fellow's tread!

[*Enter Wagner in his dressing-gown and night-cap — a lamp in his hand. Faustus turns round, displeased.*

WAGNER.

Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.
You have been reciting some Greek play, no doubt;
I wish to improve myself in this same art;
'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
An actor might give lessons to a parson.

FAUSTUS.

Yes! when your parson is himself an actor;
A circumstance which very often happens!

WAGNER.

Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever
In his dull study; if he sees the world
Never, unless on some chance holyday,
Looks at it from a distance, through a telescope,
How can he learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade?

FAUSTUS.

If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts

Of hearers, with communicated power,
In vain you strive — in vain you study earnestly.
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors;
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart!

WAGNER.

EXPRESSION, graceful utterance, is the first
And best acquirement of the orator.
This do I feel, and feel my want of it!

FAUSTUS.

Dost thou seek genuine and worthy fame?
Not as our town declaimers use, delighted,
Like a brute beast, with chimes of jingling bells;
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance — ask no toil of elocution;
And when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh! these fine holyday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out common-places,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,

And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.

WAGNER.

The search of knowledge is a weary one,
And life how short! *Ars longa, Vita brevis!*
How often have the heart and brain, o'er-tasked,
Shrunk back despairing from enquiries vain!
Oh! with what difficulty are the means
Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge!
And when the path is found, ere we have trod
Half the long way—poor wretches! we must die!

FAUSTUS.

Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
Whose healing waters still the thirst within?
Oh! never yet hath mortal drunk
A draught restorative,
That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

WAGNER.

Pardon me—but you will at least confess
That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
Into the spirit of the ages past;
To see how wise men thought in olden time,
And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.

FAUSTUS.

Oh yes! as far as from the earth to heaven!
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
In which those ages are beheld reflected,
With what distortion strange heaven only knows.
Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;
A lumber-room of dusty documents,
Furnished with all approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! History!
Facts dramatised say rather — action — plot —
Sentiment, every thing the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

WAGNER.

But then the world, man's heart and mind, are things
Of which 'twere well that each man had some knowledge.

FAUSTUS.

Why yes! — they call it *knowledge*. Who may dare
To name things by their real names? The few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded — to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
They have been nailed to crosses — thrown to flames.
Pardon me; but 'tis very late, my friend;
Too late to hold this conversation longer.

WAGNER.

How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Gathering instruction from your learned words!
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more:
I have been diligent in all my studies;
Given my whole heart and time to the pursuit;
And I know much, but would learn every thing.
[*Exit.*

FAUSTUS (*alone*).

How hope abandons not the meanest mind!
Poor lad! he clings to learning's poorest forms,
Delves eagerly for fancied gold to find
Worms — dust; is happy among dust and worms!

And did human accents dare
To disturb the midnight air
With their mean and worthless sound,
Here, where Spirits breathed around?
Yet, dull intruder as thou art,
I thank thee from my very heart.
When my senses sank beneath
Despair, and sought relief in death;
When life within me dying shivered,
Thy presence from the trance delivered.
Oh, while I stood before that giant stature,
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature!

Image of God! I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay,
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene.
High above cherubs — above all that serve,
Raised up immeasurably — every nerve
Of Nature's life seemed animate with mine;
Her very veins with blood from my veins filled —
Her spirit moving as my spirit willed;
Then did I in creations of my own
(Oh, is not man in every thing divine!)
Build worlds — or bidding them no longer be —
Exert, enjoy a sense of deity —
Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone;
All by one word of thunder overthrown!

Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee!
True, I compelled thee to appear,
But had no power to hold thee here.
Oh! at that glorious moment how I felt —
How little and how great!
Thy presence flung me shuddering back
Into man's abject state;
That inexplicable trance
Of utter, hopeless ignorance!
Who now shall teach me? what shall I avoid?
Shall I resist this impulse, or obey?
What is this life of ours? alike destroyed
By what we do or suffer! — will the day
Come never, when it is to be enjoyed?

Whate'er of noblest and of best
Man's soul can reach, is clogged and prest
By low considerations that adhere
Inseparably. Oh! when we obtain
The goods of this world, soon do we restrain
Our loftier aspirations; and we call
Man's better riches a delusion vain,
The mockery of an empty vision all!
The lordly feelings given us at our birth
Are numbed — our true life dies — 'mong the low cares of earth.

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
Imagination spreads her wing unchecked!
Deeming all things within her ample scope;
And oh, how small a space suffices her,
When Fortune flees away, vain flatterer,
And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked!
Deep in the breast Care builds her nest,
And ever-torturing scares all rest:
Each day assumes some new disguise,
With some new art the temper tries,
Fretting the mind with house affairs,
Suggesting doubts of wife or heirs,
Hinting dark fancies to the soul,
Of fire and flood — of dirk and bowl.
Man trembles thus each hour at fancied crosses,
And weeps for ever at ideal losses.

Am not I like the gods? — Alas! I tremble,
Feeling imprest upon my soul the thought
Of the mean worm, whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought.

Is this not dust in which I live?
This prison-place, what can it give
Of life or comfort? wheresoe'er
The sick eye turns, it sees one tier —

Along the blank high wall — of shelves
And gloomy volumes, which themselves
Are dust and lumber; and the scrolls
That crowd the hundred pigeon-holes
And crevices of that old case —
That darkens and confines the space
Already but too small — 'mong these
What can life be but a disease?
Here housed in dust, with grub and moth,
I sicken — mind and body both.
— Shall I find here the cure I ask,
Resume the edifying task
Of reading, in a thousand pages,
That care-worn man has, in all ages,
Sowed Vanity to reap Despair?
That one, mayhap, has here and there
Been less unhappy?

Hollow Skull,
I almost fancy I divine
A meaning in thy spectral smile.
Saith it not that thy brain, like mine,
Still loved, and sought the Beautiful;
Loved Truth for Truth's own sake; and sought,
Regardless of aught else the while,
Like mine, the light of cloudless day —
And, in unsatisfying thought
By twilight glimmers led astray,
Like mine at length sank over-wrought?

Every thing fails me—every thing—
These instruments, do they not all
Mock me? lathe, cylinder, and ring,
And cog and wheel—in vain I call
On you for aid, ye keys of Science,
I stand before the guarded door
Of Nature; but it bids defiance
To latch or ward: in vain I prove
Your powers—the strong bolts will not move.
Mysterious, in the blaze of day,
Nature pursues her tranquil way:
The veil she wears, if hand profane
Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain,
Though from her spirit thine receives,
When hushed it listens and believes,
Secrets, revealed—else vainly sought,
Her free gift when man questions not,
Think not with levers or with screws
To wring them out if she refuse.

Old furniture—cumbrous and mean!
It is not, has not ever been
Of use to me—why here? because
My father's furniture it was!
— Old Roll; and here it still remains,
And soiled with smoke, its very stains
Might count how many a year the light
Hath, from this desk, through the dead night,
Burn'd in its sad lamp, nothing bright!

—'Twere better did I dissipate,
Long since, my little means, than be
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight:
All that thy fathers leave to thee,
At once ENJOY it—thus alone
Can man make any thing his own;
A hindrance all that we employ not —
A burden all that we enjoy not.
HE knows, who rightly estimates,
That what the moment can employ,
What it requires and can enjoy,
The MOMENT for itself creates.

What can it be, that thither draws
The eye, and holds it there, as though
The flask a very magnet were?
And whence, oh, whence this lavish glow,
This lustre of enchanted light,
Pour'd down at once, and every where —
Birth of the moment —like the flood
Of splendour round us, when at night
Breathes moonlight over a wide wood?

Oh phial! — happy phial! — here
Hope is, — I greet thee, — I revere
Thee as Art's best result — in Thee
Science and Mind triumphant see, —
Essence of all sweet slumber-dews!
Spirit of all most delicate

Yet deadliest powers! — be thou my friend —
A true friend — thou wilt not refuse
Thy own old master this! — I gaze
On thee — the pain subsides — the weight
That pressed me down less heavy weighs.

I grasp thee — faithful friend art thou: —
Already do I feel the strife
That preyed upon my powers of life
Calmed into peace; and now — and now
The swell, that troubled the clear spring
Of my vext spirit, ebbs away;
Outspread, like ocean, Life and Day
Shine with a glow of welcoming; —
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles from other skies!

And, lo! a car of fire to me
Glides softly hither; from within
Come winged impulses, to bear
The child of earth to freer air:
Already do I seem to win
My happy course, from bondage free,
On paths unknown, to climes unknown,
Glad spheres of pure activity!
Powers yet unfelt — worlds yet untrod —
And life, poured every where abroad,

And rapture worthy of a God!
— Worm that thou art, and can it be
Such joy is thine, is given to thee?
Determine only, — 'tis thy own;
Say thy firm farewell to the sun,
The kindly sun — its smiling earth —
One moment, one, — and all is done, —
One pang — then comes the second birth!
— Find life where others fear to die;
Take measure of thy strength, and burst —
Burst wide the gate of liberty;
— Show, by man's acts man's spirit durst
Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim;
Stand fearless, face to face with Him!

Shudder not now at that blank cave
Where, in self-torturing disease,
Pale Fancy hears sad Spirits rave,
And is herself the hell she sees.
— Press through the strait, where stands Despair
Guarding it, and the fiery wave
Boils up, — and know no terror there!
Determine; — be of happy cheer
In this high hour — be thy advance
The proud step of a triumph-day;
— Be firm, and cast away all fear; —
And freely, — if such be the chance —
Flow into nothingness away!

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou!
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet; years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,
Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup;
Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
Of curious carving, and the merry task
Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask
Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed:
The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
All now are with me: all, that of old times
Can speak, are speaking to my heart; the nights
Of boyhood, and their manifold delights;
Oh! never more to gay friend sitting next
Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me
Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,
And into meaning read each mystery;

This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
Will set it thinking in another mood;
Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood;
It is my choice; I mixed it, and will drink:
My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn.

[*He places the goblet to his mouth.*

Bells heard, and voices in chorus.

EASTER HYMN.—*Chorus of Angels.*

CHRIST is from the grave arisen,
Joy is His. For Him the weary
Earth hath ceased its thraldom dreary,
And the cares that prey on mortals:
He hath burst the grave's stern portals;
The grave is no prison:
The Lord hath arisen!

FAUSTUS.

Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and heavenly!
How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
The cup uplifted from the eager lips!
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn?
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already

Flows forth your solemn song of consolation?
That song, which once, from angel lips resounding
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard,
The pledge and proof of a new covenant!

HYMN *continued.— Chorus of Women.*

We laid him for burial
'Mong aloes and myrrh;
His children and friends
Laid their dead Master here!
All wrapt in his grave-dress,
We left him in fear—
Ah! where shall we seek him?
The Lord is not here!

Chorus of Angels.

The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer;
Temptation hath tried him,
But he was the stronger.
Happy, happy victory!
Love, submission, self-denial
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial;
The grave is no prison:
The Lord hath arisen.

FAUSTUS.

Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild, most powerful,
What seek ye here? — Why will ye come to me
In dusty gloom immersed? — Oh! rather speak
To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
I hear your message, but I have not faith —
And Miracle is Faith's beloved offspring!
I cannot force myself into the spheres,
Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,
Even now they call me back again to life;
Oh! once, in boyhood's time, the love of Heaven
Came down upon me, with mysterious kiss
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
Then did the voices of these bells, melodious
Mingle with hopes and feelings mystical;
And prayer was then indeed a burning joy!
Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Drove me, a wanderer through fields and woods;
Then tears rushed hot and fast — then was the birth
Of a new life and a new world for me;
These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
This music welcomed in the happy spring;
And now am I once more a little child,
And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps —

Then sing ye forth — sweet songs that breathe of heaven !
Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again.

HYMN *continued.* — *Chorus of Disciples.*

He, who was buried,
Hath burst from the grave !
From death re-assuming ,
The life that he gave,
Is risen in glory,
Is mighty to save !

And onward — still onward
Arising, ascending,
To the right hand of Power
And Joy never-ending.

Enthroned in brightness,
His labours are over ;
On earth his disciples
Still struggle and suffer !

His children deserted
Disconsolate languish —
Thou art gone, and to glory —
Hast left us in anguish !

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen,
The Lord hath ascended;
The dominion of death
And corruption is ended.

Your work of obedience
Haste to begin:
Break from the bondage
Of Satan and Sin.

In your lives HIS laws obey
Let love your governed bosoms sway—
Blessings to the poor convey,
To GOD with humble spirit pray,
To MAN his benefits display:
Act thus, and he, your MASTER dear,
Though unseen, is ever near!

BEFORE THE GATE.

Persons of all descriptions strolling out.

A Party of Tradesmen.

What are you going for in that direction?

Second Party.

We are going to the Jägerhaus.

First Party.

And we
Are strolling down to the Mill.

A Tradesman.

I would advise you
Rather to take a walk to the Wasserhof.

A Second.

The road to it is not a pleasant one.

Second Party.

What are you for?

A Third.

I go with the other party.

A Fourth.

Take my advice, and let us come to Burgdorf:
There, any way, we shall be sure of finding
The prettiest girls, and the brownest beer,
And boxing in the primest style.

A Fifth.

What, boy,
Art at it still? two drubbings, one would think,
Might satisfy a reasonable man.
I wo'n't go there with you — I hate the place!

Servant Maid.

No! no! — not I — I'll go back to the town.

Another.

We'll find him surely waiting at the poplars.

The First.

Great good is that to me, — he'll give his arm
To you — and dance with you — and why should I go
For nothing in the world but your amusement?

THE SECOND.

To-day he'll certainly not be alone,
His curly-headed friend will be with him.

STUDENT.

Look there — look there — how well those girls step out —
Come, brother, come let's keep them company.
Stiff ale, biting tobacco, and a girl
In her smart dress, are the best things I know.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Only look there — what pretty fellows these are!
'Tis quite a shame, when they might have the best
Of company, to see them running after
A pair of vulgar minxes — servant girls.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the First*).

Stay, easy — here are two fine girls behind us,
Showily dressed. I know one of them well —
And, I may say, am half in love with her.
Innocent things! with what a modest gait
And shy step they affect to pace; and yet,
For all their bashfulness, they'll take us with them.

FIRST STUDENT.

Join them, yourself — not I — I hate restraint.

Give me the girl that gives a man no trouble,
That on the week-days does her week-day work,
And, the day after, work that she loves better.

CITIZEN.

Well, I do not like this new burgomaster.
Not a day passes but he grows more insolent,
Forsooth! presuming on his dignity.
And what good is he to us after all?
The town is growing worse from day to day,
They are more strict upon us now than ever,
And raise continually the rates and taxes.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Masters good, and ladies bright,
Rosy-cheeked, and richly dressed,
Look upon a wretched sight,
And relieve the poor distressed:
Let me not in vain implore!
Pity me! — with chime and voice
Would I cheer you — let the poor
When all else are glad, rejoice!
I must beg, for I must live.
Help me! blessed they who give!
When all other men are gay
Is the beggar's harvest day.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Well! give me, on a saint's day, or a Sunday,
When we have time for it, a tale of war
And warlike doings far away in Turkey —
How they are busy killing one another.
'Tis pleasant to stand gazing from the window,
Draining your glass at times, and looking on
The painted barges calmly gliding down
The easy river. Then the homeward walk
In the cool evening hour; this makes the heart
Glad, and at peace with all things and itself.
Yes! give me peace at home, and peaceful times!

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ay, so say I — break every head abroad —
Turn all things topsy-turvy, so they leave us
Quiet at home.

OLD WOMAN (*to the Citizen's Daughters*).

Ha! but you are nicely dressed,
And very pretty creatures — you'll win hearts
To-day — ay, that you will — only don't look
So very proud — yes! that is something better —
I know what my young pets are wishing for,
And thinking of, and they shall have it too!

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha, come on — I'd not be seen
With the old witch in public; yet she showed me,
On last St. Andrew's night, in flesh and blood,
My future lover.

THE OTHER.

In the glass she showed
Me mine. The figure was a soldier's, and
With him a band of gay bold fellows. Since,
I have been looking round, and seeking for him,
But all in vain — 'tis folly — he won't come.

SOLDIER.

Towns with turrets, walls, and fences,
Maidens with their haughty glances,
These the soldier seeks with ardour,
Say to conquer which is harder?
Death and danger he despises,
When he looks upon the prizes.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
And his prize is fame and beauty.

Rush we, at the trumpet's measure,
With blithe hearts to death and pleasure;
How the soldier's blood is warming
When we think of cities storming!

Fortress strong, and maiden tender,
Must alike to us surrender.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

FAUSTUS.

River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile —
Green are the fields with promise — far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless — but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white
Mocking a little while the coming bloom —
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow —
Every where life — every where vegetation —
All nature animate with glowing hues —
Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses!
Turn round, and from this height look back upon
The town: from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!
All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
A resurrection too — so changed are they,

So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
Of poor mean houses — from consuming toil
Laborious — from the work-yard and the shop —
From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
And the oppression of confining streets,
And from the solemn twilight of dim churches —
All are abroad — all happy in the sun.
Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
Thro' fields and gardens they disperse themselves!
How the wide water, far as we can see,
Is joyous with innumerable boats!
See, there, one almost sinking with its load
Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths
Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!
And, hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!
Oh! happiness like this is real heaven!
The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting —
Here may I feel that I too am a man!

WAGNER.

Doctor, to be with you is creditable —
Instructive too: but never would I loiter
Here by myself — I hate these coarse amusements:
Fiddlers, and clamorous throats, and kettle-drums,
Are to my mind things quite intolerable;
Men rave, as if possessed by evil spirits,
And call their madness joy and harmony!

(PEASANTS *dancing and singing.*)

The shepherd for the dance was drest
In ribands, wreath, and Sunday vest;
All were dancing full of glee,
Underneath the linden tree!

'Tis merry and merry — heigh-ho, heigh-ho;
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

Soon he runs to join the rest;
Up to a pretty girl he prest;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow —
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise,
Up she raised her timid eyes!
" 'Tis strange that you should use me so,

So, so — heigh-ho —
'Tis rude of you to use me so."

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance —
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!

" And do not make so free," she said;
" I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel "— and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark! again, the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden tree.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry — heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

OLD PEASANT.

This, doctor, is so kind of you,
A man of rank and learning too;
Who, but yourself, would condescend
Thus with the poor, the poor man's friend,
To join our sports? In this brown cheer
Accept the pledge we tender here,
A draught of life may it become
And years on years, oh! may you reach,
As cheerful as these beads of foam,
As countless, too, a year for each!

FAUSTUS.

Blest be the draught restorative!
I pledge you — happy may you live!

[*The people collect in a circle round him.*

OLD PEASANT.

Yes! witness thou the poor man's glee,
And share in his festivity:
In this hath fortune fairly dealt
With him who, in the evil day
Of the black sickness, with us dwelt,
When Plague was numbering his prey—
In strength and health how many gather
To this day's pastimes, whom thy father
Rescued from death in that last stage,
When the disease, tired out at length
Is followed by the fever's rage,
And prostrate sinks the vital strength;
And you, too, in that time of dread
And death, a young man, visited
Each house of sickness:—evermore,
Day after day, the black hearse bore
Corse after corse—still, day by day,
The good man held his fearless way
Unscathed; for God a blessing gave,
And saved the man who sought to save.

ALL.

For thee, tried friend, our prayers we raise,
And, when we wish thee length of days,
'Tis for himself that each man prays.

FAUSTUS.

In thanks to the Great Father bend,
We are but servants to extend
Blessings, that flow from man's one Friend.

WAGNER.

With what a sense of pure delight,
Master, must thou enjoy the sight
Of this vast crowd, and the unchecked
Expression of their deep respect!
Oh, happy he, who thus to Heaven
Can render back the talents given!
The pious father points thee out
To his young folk—they gaze, and ask,
And gaze again—and crowd about.
The blithe musician in his task
Pauses—the dancers turn to thee,
And gather into groups to see
The man they honour passing by—
And then the gratulating shout—
And then the caps flung up on high:
They almost worship thee—almost
Would bend the knee as to the host.

FAUSTUS.

A few steps farther—and we reach yon stone;
Here sit we down, and rest after our walk—

Here have I often sate in thoughtful mood
Alone—and here in agonies of prayer,
And fast, and vigil—rich in hope—in faith
Unwavering—sought with tears and sighs, and hands
Wringing in supplication, to extort
From Him in heaven, that he would stay that plague.
These praises come upon my ear like scorn—
Oh, could you read the secrets of this heart,
You then would see how little we deserved,
Father or son, the thanks of these poor people.
My father, a reserved and moody man,
Not without pride, felt by himself and others,
Living almost alone, held strange opinions,
Tinged with the hues of his peculiar mind,
And, therefore, even the more indulged and cherished.
Thus fanciful, and serious in his fancies,
O'er Nature and her consecrated circles,
That with vain interdict sought to oppose,
Oft would he try his wild experiments:
In his black cell with crucible and fire
(One or two adepts his sole company)
He toiled; and, following many a quaint receipt,
Would force rebellious metals to obey,
And in indissoluble union link
Antagonists irreconcilable.
There, passionate adorer, the Red Lion
With the White Lily, in a tepid bath

Was strangely wedded — and his silver bride
And he from chamber hurried on to chamber,
Tortured and tried with many a fiery pang,
Suffered together, till in coloured light,
Ascending in the glass, shone the Young Queen:
This was our medicine — they who took it died,
None asked, or thought of asking, who recovered.
Thus have we with our diabolic mixture,
In these sweet valleys, 'mong these quiet hills,
Been guests more fatal than the pestilence.
I have myself to thousands given this poison,
They withered, and are dead — and I must live,
I, who have been their death, must live to hear
This lavish praise on the rash murderers.

WAGNER.

How can this be so painful? Can a man
Do more than practise what his own day knows —
All that thy father taught must have been heard,
By thee, as by a young man learning then —
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
When thy time came to teach, thou didst enlarge
The field of science; and thy son, who learns
From thee, will for himself discoveries make,
Greater than thine, perhaps — yet but for thine
Impossible. If this be so, why grieve?

FAUSTUS.

Oh, he, indeed, is happy, who still feels,

And cherishes within his heart the hope
To lift himself above this sea of errors!
Of things we know not, each day do we find
The want of knowledge — all we know is useless:
But 'tis not wise to sadden with such thoughts
This hour of beauty and benignity:
Look yonder, with delighted heart and eye,
On those low cottages that shine so bright
(Each with its garden plot of smiling green),
Robed in the glory of the setting sun!
But he is parting — fading, — day is over —
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.
Oh, for a wing to raise me up from earth,
Nearer, and yet more near, to the bright orb,
That unrestrained I still might follow him!
Then should I see, in one unvarying glow
Of deathless evening, the reposing world
Beneath me — the hills kindling — the sweet vales,
Beyond the hills, asleep in the soft beams;
The silver streamlet, at the silent touch
Of heavenly light, transfigured into gold,
Flowing in brightness inexpressible!
Nothing to stop or stay my godlike motion!
The rugged hill, with its wild cliffs, in vain
Would rise to hide the sun; in vain would strive
To check my glorious course; the sea already,
With its illumined bays, that burn beneath
The lord of day, before the astonished eyes

Opens its bosom — and he seems at last
Just sinking — no — a power unfelt before —
An impulse indescribable succeeds!
Onward, entranced, I haste to drink the beams
Of the unfading light — before me day —
And night left still behind — and overhead
Wide heaven — and under me the spreading sea! —
A glorious vision, while the setting sun
Is lingëring! Oh, to the spirit's flight,
How faint and feeble are material wings!
Yet such our nature is, that when the lark,
High over us, unseen, in the blue sky
Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves
Press up from earth, as 'twere in rivalry,—
And when above the savage hill of pines,
The eagle sweeps with outspread wings,—and when
The crane pursues, high off his homeward path,
Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely!

WAGNER.

I, too, have had my hours of reverie;
But impulse such as this I never felt.
Of wood and field the eye will soon grow weary;
I'd never envy the wild birds their wings.
How different are the pleasures of the mind,
Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf,
They make the nights of winter bright and cheerful;
They spread a sense of pleasure through the frame

And when you see some old and treasured parchments,
All heaven descends to your delighted senses!

FAUSTUS.

Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire;
Oh, never learn another! in my breast,
Alas! two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling there for mastery!
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely, with scarce separable organs;
The other struggles to redeem itself,
And rise from the entanglements of earth —
Still feels its true home is not here — still longs
And strives — and would with violence regain
The fields, its own by birthright — realms of light
And joy, where, — Man in vain would disbelieve
The instincts of his nature, that confirm
The loved tradition, — dwelt our sires of old.
If — as 'tis said — spirits be in the air,
Moving, with lordly wings, 'tween earth and heaven,
And if, oh if ye listen when we call,
Come from your golden "incense-breathing" clouds,
Bear me away to new and varied life!
Oh, were the magic mantle mine, which bore
The wearer at his will to distant lands,
How little would I prize the envied robes
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

WĂGNER.

Venture not thus to invoke the well-known host,
Who spread, a living stream, through the waste air,
Who watch industriously man's thousand motions,
For ever active in the work of evil.
From all sides pour they on us: from the north,
With thrilling hiss, they drive their arrowy tongues;
And, speeding from the parching east, they feed
On the dry lungs, and drink the breath of life;
And the south sends them forth, at middle day,
From wildernesses dry and desolate,
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain;
And from the west they flow, a cloudy deluge,
That, like the welcome shower of early spring,
First promises refreshment and relief,
Then rushing down, with torrents ruinous,
Involves in one unsparing desolation
Valley, and meadow-field, and beast, and man:—
Ready for evil, with delight they hear,
Obey man's bidding to deceive his soul.
Like angel-ministers of Heaven they seem,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
But let's away—the sky is grey already,
The air grows chill—the mist is falling heavy—
At evening *home*'s the best place for a man!
What ails thee? why, with such astonished eyes,

Dost thou stand staring into the dusk twilight?
What seest thou there that can affect thee thus?

FAUSTUS.

Do you see that black dog, where through the green
blades
Of the soft springing corn, and the old stubble,
He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

WAGNER.

I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him
As any way strange.

FAUSTUS.

Look at him carefully,
What do you take him now to be?

WAGNER.

Why, nothing
But a rough poodle-dog, who, in the way
Of dogs, is searching for his master's footsteps.

FAUSTUS.

Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer
Each turn, — and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched

WAGNER.

I can see nothing more than a black dog;
It must be some deception of your eyes.

FAUSTUS.

Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
Hereafter to entangle and ensnare!

WAGNER.

In doubt and fear the poodle's leaping round us,
Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

FAUSTUS.

The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis, —
He's very near us!

WAGNER.

'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spectre; see, he snarls at strangers,
Barks, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
As all dogs do.

FAUSTUS.

We'll bring him home with us. —
Come, pretty fellow!

WAGNER.

He's a merry dog, —
If you stand still, he stands and waits for you, —
Speak to him, and he straight leaps up upon you, —
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
Or plunge into the water for your stick.

FAUSTUS.

You're right — I can see nothing of the spectre
In him; it can be nothing more than training.

WAGNER.

A dog, well-trained, soon learns the art
To win upon a good man's heart; —
The wisest love them best — and see,
Our friend already follows thee —
Soon shall we see the happy creature,
Prime favourite, round the doctor skip:
With every student for his teacher,
How can we doubt his scholarship?

SCENE. FAUSTUS's *Study.*

Enter FAUSTUS, *with the Dog.*

FAUSTUS.

O'er silent field, and lonely lawn
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn;
At twilight's holy heartfelt hour,
In man his better soul hath power.
The passions are at peace within,
And still each stormy thought of sin.
The yielding bosom, overawed,
Breathes love to man, and love to God!

Rest, poodle, rest — lie down in quiet!
Why runs he up and down the floor?
What can it be he looks so shy at,
Smelling and snuffling at the door?
Pleasant wert thou in our mountain ramble,
Didst make us merry with trick and gambol,
Go to sleep on the cushion — a soft snug nest —
Take thy ease, in thine inn, like a welcome guest.

When in our narrow cell each night,
The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
When from the bosom doubt and fear
Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear —
Then reason re-assumes her reign,
And hope begins to bloom again,
And in the hush of outward strife,
We seem to hear the streams of life,
And seek, alas! — in vain essay —
Its hidden fountains far away.

Cease, dog, to growl, thy beastly howl
Ill suits the holy tone of feeling,
Whose influence o'er my soul is stealing —
With men 'tis common to contemn,
Whatever is too good, too fair,
Too high to be conceived by them,
And is't that like those wretched carles,
This dog, at what he knows not, snarls!

These withering thoughts, do what I will,
They come — the fountain of the heart is chill.
— How oft have I experienced change like this!
Yet is it not unblest in the event;
For, seeking to supply the natural dearth,
We learn to prize things loftier than the earth,
And the heart seeks support and light from heaven.
And such support and light — oh, is it given

Any where but in the New Testament?
Strong impulse sways me to translate the text
Of that most holy book with honest feeling,
In the loved language of my native land,
The mysteries of heavenly truth revealing.

[*He opens a volume, and prepares to commence his translation.*

"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD,"— alas!
The first line stops me — how shall I proceed?
"The word" cannot express the meaning here —
I must translate the passage differently,
If by the spirit I am rightly guided.
Once more, — "IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE THOUGHT,"—
Consider the first line attentively,
Lest hurrying on too fast you lose the meaning.
Was it then *Thought* that has created all things?
Can Thought make Matter? Let us try the line
Once more, — "IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE POWER,"—
This will not do — even while I write the phrase
I feel its faults — oh, help me, Holy Spirit,
I'll weigh the passage once again, and write
Boldly, — "IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE ACT."

— Cease, teasing dog, this angry howl,
These moans dissatisfied and dull, —
Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
Noise like this I cannot suffer, —

One of us must leave the closet, if
You still keep growling — that is positive;
To use a guest so is not pleasant,
But none could bear this whine incessant!
The door you see is open yonder,
And let me hint; you're free to wander —
But can what I see be real,
Or is all some trick ideal?
'Tis surely something more than nature, —
Form is changed, and size, and stature,
Larger, loftier, erecter,
This seeming dog must be a spectre; —
With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,
Like an hippopotamus,
— And here to bring this whelp of hell,
Oh, at last, I know thee well,
For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
Nought's like the lock of SOLOMON.

SPIRITS *without.*

One is in prison:
Listen to reason:
Venture not on:
Where he hath gone
Follow him none:
Watch we all! watch we well!
The old lynx of hell

Has fallen in the snare,
Is trapped unaware,
Like a fox in the gin;
He is in: he is in:
Stay we without,
Sweep we about,
Backward and forward,
Southward and norward,
Our colleague assisting,
His fetters untwisting,
Lightening their pressure
By mystical measure,
At our motions and voices,
Our brother rejoices,
For us hath he offered,
His safety, and suffered,
We are his debtors,
Let's loosen his fetters.

FAUSTUS.

To conquer him must I rehearse,
First that deep mysterious verse,
Which each elemental spirit,
Of the orders four, who hear it.
Trembling, will confess and fear it.

Scorching SALAMANDER, burn,
NYMPH of WATER, twist and turn,

Vanish, SYLPH, to thy far home,
Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME.

He is but a sorry scholar,
To whom each elemental ruler,
Their acts and attributes essential,
And their influence potential,
And their sympathies auxiliar,
Are not matters quite familiar;
Little knows he, little merits
A dominion over Spirits.

Fiery SALAMANDER, wither
In the red flame's fiery glow!
Rushing, as waves rush together,
WATER-NYMPH, in water flow!
Gleamy SYLPH OF AIR, glance fleeter,
And more bright, than midnight meteor!
Slave of homely drudgery,
Lubber INCUBUS, flee, flee
To the task that waits for thee!
Spirit, that within the beast
Art imprisoned, be released!
Kingly sway hath SOLOMON
Over subject spirits won;
— Forth! — obey the spell and seal
Elemental natures feel!

By Spirits of a different kind,
Is the brute possessed, I find;
Grinning he lies, and mocks the charm
That has no power to work him harm.
Spectre! by a stronger spell
Thy obedience I compel —

Outcast creature, see the sign
Of the human and Divine.
Bow before the Uncreated,
Whom the world has seen and hated:
Canst thou read Him? Canst thou see?
Dread to hear me name His name,
Through all heaven diffused is He,
Died on earth a death of shame.

Ha! with terror undissembled,
Methinks the brute at last has trembled;
As behind the stove he lies,
See him swell and see him pant;
And his bristles how they rise
As he rouses, — and his size
Large as is the elephant, —
Larger yet the room he crowds, —
He will vanish in the clouds.
— Spare the roof in thy retreat,
Lie down at the master's feet.
Thou shalt feel the scorching glow

(Mine is not an idle threat)
Of the heat divine — shalt know
Pangs of fiercer torment yet.
— Still resisting? — Tarry not
For the three-times glowing light,
Blaze beyond endurance bright —
Reluctantly must I at length
Speak the spell of greatest strength.

MEPHISTOPHELES *comes forward, as the mist sinks, in the dress of a travelling scholar, from behind the stove.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why all this uproar? Is there any thing
In my poor power to serve you?

FAUSTUS.

This then was
The poodle's kernel — travelling scholar — psha! —
A most strange case of the kind — I cannot but
Laugh when I think of it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most learned master,
Your humble servant — you've been broiling me
After a pretty fashion — sweated me
To the very vengeance. I'm in a fine stew.

FAUSTUS.

Thy name.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! ask so frivolous a question?
You, who esteem the WORD so very lightly,
Manifestations being nothing worth; —
Who, undeluded by the shows that cheat
The gross material eye, would look into
Nothing less than the very depth and essence
Of beings!

FAUSTUS.

With you, gentlemen, we learn
The nature of the being from the name.
Generally, 'tis a most expressive one:
For instance, one of you is called the GOD
OF FLIES — one the CORRUPTER — one the LIAR —
What are you now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A member of that power
Which evermore wills evil, and does good.

FAUSTUS.

What may this riddle mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit
That evermore deny, — and in denying
Evermore am I right — " No !" say I, " No !"
To all projected or produced — whate'er
Comes into being merits nothing but
Perdition — better then that nothing were
Brought into being ; — what you men call sin —
Destruction — in short, evil — is my province,
My proper element.

FAUSTUS.

You call yourself
A part, yet stand before me whole.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I speak
The truth — the modest truth — though man may deem,
— World that he is of folly, — of himself,
As of a whole, such am not I — I am
Part of a part, which part at first was all,
A part of Darkness who gave birth to Light ;
Proud Light, who each day is diminishing
Her mother's rank, confines each day her range,
Yet conquers not, for in the constant strife
Light still must cling to *body* for existence ;

From *body* streams she — she makes *body* bright;
Body opposes and arrests her beams;
And so, I trust, when body is no more,
Light, too, will share the inevitable doom.

FAUSTUS.

A creditable line of business this;
If I conceive you rightly, wholesale dealing
Has with you been a most unprosperous trade.
Nothing can you reduce to nothing, and
After your failure are beginning business
Upon a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And even in this way
But little can be done, — there ever is
To that, which would make nothing, still the something
Opposed of the coarse world, — the clumsy lump —
There stands it still resisting. I have tried
Every thing — deluges, storms, earthquakes, lightnings —
Still rests it there the self-same sea and land.
Even o'er the death-doomed race of men and beasts,
How little is the conquest I have gained!
How many generations in their graves
Have I seen laid, and still the young fresh blood
Will circulate, and still the spirit of life
Decays not! 'Tis enough to drive me mad.

In air, in water, and in earth, up spring
A thousand bursting germs; in dry and damp,
In warm and cold — all things are full of life.
Fire is the one exception — were there not
A saving clause of that kind, I'd have nothing,
Nothing whatever, I could call my own.

FAUSTUS.

So thou opposest thy cold devil's fist,
And clenchest it in malice impotent,
'Gainst nature's first and holiest principle —
Strange son of chaos, this may well move laughter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well — this point we may talk about hereafter —
But now, with your permission, I would go.

FAUSTUS.

That you can, whether I permit or no.
Why ask me? Now that you have found your way,
I hope to see you often here. Good day! ——
This the window — that the door — and yonder
The chimney. Why thus stare about and ponder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am not free: a little obstacle,
I did not see, confines me to your cell, —
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

FAUSTUS.

The pentagram? — is it not to your taste?
But, son of hell, if this indeed be so,
How came you in, I should be glad to know, —
How was it, that the charm no earlier wrought?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The lines were not as perfect as they ought:
The outer angle's incomplete.

FAUSTUS.

Well — 'twas a pleasant evening's feat —
A most unlooked-for accident —
Strange prize, and yet more strangely sent.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The dog, without perceiving it,
Leaped in — the devil has somehow
Seen it — is in the house — and now
Can find no way of leaving it.

FAUSTUS.

Why not the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why? — because
It is enacted in the laws

Which bind us devils and phantoms, " that
Whatever point we enter at,
We at the same return :" — thus we
In our first choice are ever free ; —
— Choose, — and the right of choice is o'er,
We, who were free, are free no more.

FAUSTUS.

Hell has its codes of law then — well,
I will think better now of hell.
If laws be binding and obeyed,
Then compacts with you may be made.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Made and fulfilled, too — nowhere better —
We keep our promise to the letter ;
But points of law like this require
Some time and thought — are apt to tire,
And I am hurried — we may treat
On them at leisure when we meet
Again — but now I ask permission
To go.

FAUSTUS.

One moment — I am wishing
To question further one who brings
Good news, and tells such pleasant things.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let me go now — I come again,
You may ask any question then.

FAUSTUS.

Ay, old fox, ay, come, catch me there —
I laid no net — I set no snare,
And if you walked into the trap —
'Twas your own act, and my good hap;
Luck like this can hardly last —
Catch the devil and keep him fast —
Part with a prize, on which none could have reckoned!
The first chance gone, pray who will give a second?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you insist on it — I stay;
And just to while the hours away,
I would amuse you, as I may;
For I have pleasant arts and power,
With shows to while the passing hour.

FAUSTUS.

If it be pleasant, try your art —
As audience I will play my part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In one hour shall more intense
Pleasure flow on every sense,
Than the weary year could give,
In such life as here you live —
The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
The images they bring to thee,
Are no empty exhibition
Of the skill of a magician;
Pictures fair and music's tone,
Speak to eye and ear alone;
But odours sweet around thee sporting,
Lingering tastes thy palate courting,
Feelings gratified, enraptured,
All thy senses shall be captured.
Preparation need not we —
Spirits, begin your melody.

SPIRITS *sing.*

Vanish, dark arches,
That over us bend,
Let the blue sky in beauty
Look in like a friend.
Oh, that the black clouds
Asunder were riven,
That the small stars were brightening
All through the wide heaven!

And look at them smiling
In beautiful splendour,
Suns, but with glory
More placid and tender;
Children of heaven,
In spiritual beauty,
Descending, and bending
With billowy motion,
And others, their brothers,
Downward are thronging,
Willing devotion
Flowing to meet them,
Loving hearts longing,
Sighing to greet them.
O'er field and o'er flower,
On bank and in bower,
Ribands are fluttering,
Graceful they move,
Where lovers are uttering
Feelings of love,
Bower on bower,
Tendril and flower:
Clustering grapes,
The vine's purple treasure,
Have fallen in the wine-vat,
And bleed in its pressure —
Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
Over bright precious stones

It rolls on from its fountain,
Leaving behind it
Meadow and mountain,
It lingers in wide lakes, more leisurely flowing
Where the hills to behold it with pleasure are glowing.
And the winged throng
Fly rejoicing along,
Onward and onward,
With wings steering sun-ward,
To where the bright islands, with magical motion,
Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean.
Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
As over land or over waters
Chance the idle parties scatters.
Some upon the far hills gleaming,
Some along the bright lakes streaming,
Some their forms in air suspending,
Float in circles never-ending.
All their feeling and employment
Is the spirit of enjoyment,
While the gracious stars above them
Smile to say how much they love them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps, — thanks to my little favourites —
Why ye have fairly sung away his wits,

And so he thought the devil to catch and keep! —
Well, well, I am a concert in your debt —
Still cloud with dreams his unsuspecting sleep,
Antic and wild! — still in illusion steep
His fancy! — hover round and round him yet,
Haply dreaming, that I am
Prisoner of the pentagram!
— Tooth of rat . . . gets rid of that . . .
Gnawing, sawing, bit by bit,
Till there be no trace of it; —
Little need of conjuring,
Rats to such a place to bring;
One is rustling in the wall,
He will hear my whispered call —

The master of the Mice and Rats,
Flies and Frogs, and Bugs and Bats,
Sends his summons to appear; —
Forth! and gnaw the threshold here; —
He hath spilt the fragrant oil,
Till it vanish tooth must toil: —
— Sir Rat hath heard me — see him run
To the task that soon is done;
Yonder angle, 'tis, confines
Your master — gnaw the meeting-lines: —
Now the corner, near the door,
All is done in one bite more.

The prisoner and the pentagram are gone,
Dream, FAUSTUS, till we meet again, dream on!

FAUSTUS (*awaking*).

Am I again deceived? — and must I deem
These gorgeous images, but phantoms shaped
In the delusion of a lying dream?
And so there was no devil at all, 'twould seem —
And it was but a poodle that escaped!

FAUSTUS'S STUDY.

FAUSTUS — MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS.

A knock! — Come in — who now comes to torment me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUSTUS.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You must command me thrice.

FAUSTUS.

Come in, then.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That will do — I'm satisfied —
We soon shall be the best friends in the world.

[*Enters.*

From your mind to scatter wholly
The mists of peevish melancholy,
Hither come I now, and bear
Of a young lord the noble air,
And mask me in his character;
My dress is splendid, you behold,
Blazing with the ruddy gold,
With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
And the long sword hanging by my side,
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather —
I'm a fine fellow altogether.
And now, my friend, without delay,
Equip yourself in like array,
That, light and free, you thus may see
Life's many pleasures what they be!

FAUSTUS.

Oh! I would feel in such a dress more bitterly
Then arrow cramping limits of man's nature!
I am too old to yield myself to pleasure,
Too young to have the appetite departed.
What can earth give me now? "Refrain, refrain!"
This is the everlasting song — the chime
Perpetually jingling in the ears,
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
To see another day, which, in its course,

Will not fulfil one wish of mine — not one!
The teasing crowd of small anxieties,
That each day brings, have frittered into dust
All joy, until the very hope of joy
Is something, that the heart has ceased to feel; —
And life's poor masquerade — vapid and wayward,
And worthless as it is — breaks in upon,
And dissipates, the world, which for itself
The lonely man's imagination builds;
— And, when the night is come, with heavy heart
Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
Hideous and scaring. The in-dwelling spirit,
Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
But has no power to move external nature;
And therefore is existence burdensome,
And death desirable, and life detested.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet death's a guest not altogether welcome.

FAUSTUS.

Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour
Of splendour, death around his temples binds
The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he
Whom, in his true love's arms, he finds reposing —
Oh, that before that mighty Spirit's power

My individual being was dissolved,
My life absorbed, my soul unchained from earth!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet to-night I've seen a certain man
Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!

FAUSTUS.

'Tis then, it seems, your gentlemanly practice
To amuse yourself in playing the spy's part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not ALL, but I know many things.

FAUSTUS.

From harrowing thoughts, a well-known winning lay —
Sweet music — long-remembered words awaked me.
All that remained of my boy's heart was captive
To the dear echo of more happy days.
This makes me curse all these unholy things,
This magic jugglery, that fools the soul —
These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it,
And bind it in this dungeon of despair!
Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts
That man conceives of his own attributes!
And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
The false delusive images of things

That slave and mock the senses! cursed be
The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think
Of fame — of deathless and enduring names!
Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
We call our own,—wife, child, or slave, or plough;—
Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
He spreads the couch of indolent repose;
And cursed be that highest joy of life,
The sweet grape's balmy and luxurious juice;
And cursed be all hope and all belief;
And cursed, more than all, man's tame endurance.

Song of invisible SPIRITS.

Woe, woe! thou hast destroyed it:
This beautiful world
The hand, that up-buoyed it,
To darkness has hurled —
A demigod cursed it —
A shock from the Spirit that shaped and enjoyed it;
A blight from the heart that conceived and that nursed it;
Horror and ruin
Swift are ensuing:
Its fragments we sweep
In Chaos to darkle,
Over brightness we weep
That ceases to sparkle.

Son of earth,
To second birth,
Call again the pageant splendid —
Oh, restore what thou hast rended —
Be no more the wreck thou art —
Recommence, with clearer sense,
And build within thy secret heart;
Re-create, with better fate,
Another world on firmer ground,
And far and near, and all around,
With songs of joy and triumphing,
Heaven and the happy earth shall ring.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Listen to the witching lay!
Wise and wily ones be they;
Little ones of mine, and good
Children are they — sly and shrewd:
Childlike are their voices — age
Never uttered words more sage;
Active life — the joys of sense
Counsels all experience, —
And my little ones do well,
Courting thee 'mong men to dwell,
Far from this monastic cell;
Where passions and young blood together
In solitude grow dry and wither.

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Oh, listen, and let charms like these
Thy feelings and thy fancy seize.
Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,
Which like a vulture preys upon thy life;
The worst society will make thee feel
That thou, too, art a man, and among men —
Not that I mean to mix you with the rabble.
I'm not myself one of the higher orders;
But if you will in company with me
See life, I will contrive to manage matters,
And make arrangements to convenience you,
Cheerfully — from this moment am your comrade;
Or, if you like me, am your servant — nay,
Your slave.

FAUSTUS.

And what must I give in return?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, time enough to think of that hereafter.

FAUSTUS.

No, no! the devil is selfish — very selfish —
Does nothing for God's sake or from good nature:
Come, out with your conditions, and speak plainly —
There's little luck, I trow, with such a servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I bind myself to be thy servant *here,*
To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding;
And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.

FAUSTUS.

THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small concern;
When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms,
There may be others then, for aught I care.
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
And this sun shines upon my miseries!
And were I once divorced from them I care not
What may hereafter happen — of these things
I'll hear no more — I do not seek to know
If man, in future life, still hates and loves;
If in these spheres there be, as well as here,
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
Debasement and superiority.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With feelings such as these you well may venture.
Make only the engagement, and at once
All will be pleasure — I have rare devices,
And of my craft will show thee many marvels,
Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up:
Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

FAUSTUS.

Poor devil — and what is all that thou canst show?
Thinkest thou man's spirit, when man is himself,
His longings infinite, and his aspirings,
And his desires, have ever been conceived
By such as thou art? No, no! pitiful devil —
These shows of thine, what are they? — jugglers' tricks!
Cunning art thou, I guess, in nigromancy,
The very prince of conjurors and enchanters:
Meats hast thou — ay, that, tasted, turn to ashes;
Red gold hast thou, indeed, but gold it is
To the eye only — glides as restlessly
As quicksilver, and mocks the grasping hand;
And games of chance, where yet none chance to win;
And with thee comes, no doubt, thy glee-maiden,
And she will smile — ay, will she — and will lean
Upon my heart, and there with winning eyes
Will woo another; and thou wilt present,
As on a stage, pageants of kings and conquest —
Airy ambition, and its dreams divine,
That, like the meteor, vanish into nothing —
Poor mockeries of life's poor realities!
In what enchanted garden grows the fruit,

That dies, ere our desire for it be dead?
Show me the trees, that still retain the charm,
That once apparelled them, of vernal light,
As if each new day breathed on them new being!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fine things to fancy! — to be sure you shall
Have this or any thing you wish to ask for; —
Something less spiritual were something better,
But by and by we'll find the Doctor's taste
Improving, — we'll have our own pleasant places,
And our tit bits — and our snug little parties,
And — what will keep the Doctor's spirit quiet; —
— I promise you, you'll feel what comfort is.

FAUSTUS.

Comfort and quiet! — no, no! none of these
For me — I ask them not — I seek them not.
If ever I upon the bed of sloth
Lie down and rest, then be the hour, in which
I so lie down and rest, my last of life.
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Delude me into self-complacent smiles,
Cheat me into tranquillity? come, then,
And welcome life's last day — be this our wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done.

FAUSTUS.

And done, say I — clench we at once the bargain.
If ever time should flow so calmly on,
Soothing my spirits into such oblivion,
That in the pleasant trance I would arrest,
And hail the happy moment in its course,
Bidding it linger with me — "Oh, how fair
"Art thou, delicious moment!" — "Happy days,
"Why will ye flee?" — "Fair visions! yet a little
"Abide with me, and bless me — fly not yet,"
Or words like these — then throw me into fetters —
Then willingly do I consent to perish;
Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;
Then is thy service at an end — and then
The clock may cease to strike — the hand to move —
For me be time then passed away for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well — for we will not forget.

FAUSTUS.

Remember, or forget it, as you please;
I have resolved — and that not rashly: *here,*
While I remain, I needs must be a slave —
What matter, therefore, whether thine, or whose?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will to-day, then, at the Doctor's table
Attend as servant, and discharge the duties.
Just one thing more—as life and death's uncertain,
I'd wish to have a line or two in writing.

FAUSTUS.

And dost thou ask a writing, too, poor pedant?
Know you not Man? Man's nature? or Man's word?
Is it not enough that I have spoken it?
My very life — all that I have and am,
What is it but an echo of my word,
Pledge of the will that gives it utterance?
If words be nothing, what is writing more?
Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness, —
Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
Raving regardlessly? roll they not on?
Must they not roll? — and can it be that I;
In this perpetual movement, shall not move —
Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise?
Yet in this fancy all believe alike:
If a delusion, all men are deluded —
And is there one that would be undeceived?
Truth and the feeling of integrity
Are of the heart's own essence — should they call
For sufferings, none repents the sacrifice.

Oh, happy he, whom Truth accompanies
In all his walks — from outward cumbrance free —
Pure of all soil — dwelling within the heart,
Light to his steps and guidance : oracle
To lead or to mislead, none doth he seek ;
Consults no casuist, but an honest conscience ;
Of sacrifices recks not, and repents not.
But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,
With seal and signature, all shrink from this
As something that offends and wounds our nature ;
It robs, methinks, the words of all their life,
The letter, and that only binds us now ;
Such virtue, and no other can it have,
As seal and stamp, as lead and wax can give —
But why ? — why argue for it or against it ?—
Is writing more than the unwritten word ?
— What, evil one, what is it you require ?
Brass ? marble ? parchment ? paper ? — do you wish
Graver or chissel ? or plain pen and ink ? —
Have which you please — any or all of them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why this excitement ? why this waste of oratory ?
These frantic gestures ? — any scrap will do ; —
Just scratch your name, there, in a drop of blood.

FAUSTUS.

A silly farce — but if it gratifies you ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood it must be — blood has peculiar virtues.

FAUSTUS.

Fear not that I will break this covenant:
The only impulse now that sways my powers,
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised!
I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,
My rank is not more high than thine; I am
Degraded and despised by the Great Spirit;
Nature is sealed from me; the web of thought
Is shattered; burst into a thousand threads;
I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge.
Now in the depths of sensuality
To still these burning passions; to be wrapped
In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
With things miraculous to feast the senses!
Let's fling ourselves into the stream of time,
Into the tumbling waves of accident,
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
Mingle and alternate, as it may be;
Restlessness is man's best activity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing whatever is there to restrain you —
If your desires be as you say, to taste
Of every sweet — sip all things – settle nowhere—
Catching each moment while upon the wing

In random motion all that meets the eye,
Rifling from every flower its bloom and fragrance,
If any thing will do that is amusing —
I wish you joy of this new life — come on —
Set to at once — come — come, no bashful loitering.

FAUSTUS.

Hearken. I have not said one word of bliss —
Henceforth do I devote and yield myself,
Heart, soul, and life, to rapturous excitement —
Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,
As, when we stand upon a precipice,
Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl!
From this day forward am I dedicate
To the indulgence of tempestuous passion —
Love agonising — idolising hatred —
Cheering vexation — all that animates
And is our nature; and the heart, serened
And separated from the toil of knowledge,
Cured of the fever that so long oppressed it,
Shall cease to shut itself against the wounds
Of pain: whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind
In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
Expand myself until mankind become
A part, as 'twere, of my identity,
And they and I at last together perish.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Believe me, who for many thousand years
Have fed on this hard food unwillingly.
Man from the cradle to the grave, in youth
Or age, is still unable to digest
The ancient leaven of grief, that spreads through all.
Oh, well mayest thou give faith to one of us,
Who tells thee that this universal life
Is suited to the Deity alone:
Himself, he dwells in brightness everlasting;
Us he hath driven into eternal darkness;
For day and night *your* nature is adapted.

FAUSTUS.

This daunts not me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Said boldly and said well!
To me there seems to be one obstacle;
Ars longa, vita brevis — the old story —
Take a few lessons more — and then determine.
Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
Imagining high attributes to heap
On you — the lion's magnanimity —
The fleetness of the stag — the fiery blood
That dances in the hearts of Italy —

The constancy and firmness of the North —
Let his invention gift you with the secret,
With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine —
To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
Yet following closely some cold plan of reason --
Oh, if I chanced to meet a man, who thus
Could reconcile all contrarieties,
In truth I know no other name that I
Could give him justly, than " *Sir Microcosm.*"

FAUSTUS.

What am I, then? if it be thus impossible
For *man,* however he may strive, to win
The crown for which his every feeling pants?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art at last that which thou wert at first —
Fix to thy head ten thousand lying curls,
Or place thy feet on stilts a cubit high,
Still wilt thou end in being what thou art.

FAUSTUS.

I feel that 'tis in vain I would assume
The universal feelings of mankind —
Their soul and being; — I must end at last,
Feeling within myself no added powers,
Not by one hair's breadth higher than before, —
As far as ever from the eternal nature!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You view the thing, good sir, as men view things:
This must be made more clear, or we will lose
Life's pleasures — what, the vengeance — hands
and feet,
And head and heart, are thine, confessedly.
But are the things which I command, enjoy,
And use at will, the less to be called mine?
When I behold six horses at my service,
Is not their strength, and speed, and vigour, mine?
I move as rapidly, and feel, in truth,
As if their four-and-twenty limbs were mine.
But come, let's haste into society, —
Away into the world, and yield ourselves
Up to the pleasures which the senses give —
I tell thee, that a calculating wretch —
Your moralist — your deep philosopher —
Is like a beast upon a withered heath,
By a bad spirit hurried round and round,
In the same grassless circle — while, on all sides,
Unseen by him, the bright green pastures shine.

FAUSTUS.

But how begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, must we fly from hence —
What place of martyrdom is this? what life
Is this to lead? or can you call it life,
Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever?
Afraid, even in a hint, to intimate
Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd
Your lecture-room; even now upon the stairs
I hear the foot of one.

FAUSTUS.

Impossible; I cannot see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor lad has been waiting a long while;
We should not let him go without some notice;
Come now, let me put on your cap and gown,
This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
In a few minutes I'll have done with him;
Meanwhile, go you, get ready for our journey!

[FAUSTUS *exit.*

(MEPHISTOPHELES *in* FAUSTUS's *long gown.*)

Ay, thus continue to contemn
Reason and wisdom, and man's powers,
And every hope he can inherit!
Still speak despisingly of them,

Heart-hardened by an evil spirit;
Soul and senses in confusion,
Mocked by magical delusion;
Still indulge derision vain.
Mine thou art, and must remain!
What need of seal, or signature
In blood, such spirit to secure?
His is an eager, restless mind,
That presses forward unconfined;
And, in the anticipation
Of a brisk imagination,
Ever active, still outmeasures
The slow steps of earthly pleasures:
Him, through the world's wild vanity,
Its wearisome inanity,
Will I hurry forward, thus
Breaking his impetuous
And fiery temper — he will sprawl,
And start, and stand — then stick and fall —
Meats and wines unsatisfying
Shall before his lips be flying —
The withered spirit seeks in vain
Health and refreshment to obtain —
And though he had not sold it to the devil,
A soul like his could not escape from evil.

STUDENT *enters.*

STUDENT.

I am but just arrived — your name
My chief attraction ; and I came
At once, — forgive my strong desire
To see and speak to him, whose fame
Has spread so far — whom all admire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fame has been most obliging, then :
You see a man like other men —
Did you seek farther, you might meet
Abler instructors.

STUDENT.

I entreat
Your care and counsel — with a guide
Where could I better be supplied ?
I come with heart and spirits free,
And youth — and the professor's fee.
My mother scarce would let me come ;
But I love learning more than home —
Have for improvement travelled far ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And in the best place for it are.

STUDENT.

And yet, if I the truth may say,
I would I were again away:
Walls like these, and halls like these,
Will, I fear, in no wise please!
The narrow gloom of this cold room,
Where nothing green is ever seen;
No lawn — no tree — no floweret's bloom —
'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
And my wasted senses shrinking —
I mourn the hour that I came hither;
Ear, and eye, and heart will die,
Thought, and the power of thought, will wither.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This is all custom: as at first
Unwillingly the young child sips
The breast; but soon, with eager thirst,
And pressure of delighted lips,
Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
The living food on which he lives;
Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
Wilt drink from Wisdom's nursing breast.

STUDENT.

Oh, to my heart shall she be strained
With love! — but how is she obtained?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, let me beg, that you will mention
What line of life is your intention?

STUDENT.

Oh, I long ardently to know
Whatever man may learn below,
All that we contemplate on earth,
And all that in the heaven hath birth,
To roam through learning's wondrous maze,
And comprehend all nature's ways.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right; but by prudence still be guided,
Guard most, that thought and mind be not
Much dissipated and divided.

STUDENT.

With soul and strength will I apply,
But now and then could seize with pleasure
A few short hours of idle leisure,
A little thoughtless liberty;
A pleasant summer holyday,
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make good use of your time, for fast
Time flies, and is for ever past;

To make time for yourself begin
By order — method — discipline;
For this I counsel my young friend
A course of logic to attend;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots stalk pompously!
With solemn look, and crippled pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace:
Nor here and there, through paths oblique,
In devious wanderings idly strike;
Then in long lessons are you taught,
That, in the processes of thought,
Which hitherto unmarked had gone,
Like eating, and like drinking, on,
One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
In things which were till now so free.
But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
Even so is formed the web of thought;
One movement leads a thousand threads,
Unseen they move, as now above
The shuttle darts, and now darts under;
One beat combines a thousand twines,
And, with one blow, at once will go
A thousand binding ties asunder.
And thus with your philosopher
Who teaches wisely to infer—
The first was so — the second so —
Then must the third and fourth be so —

And *if the premises be hollow*
That the conclusion will not follow.
Such things charm students every where,
But none is a philosopher —
For he, who seeks to learn, or gives
Descriptions of, a thing that lives,
Begins with " murdering, to dissect,"
The lifeless parts he may inspect —
The limbs are there beneath his knife,
And all — but that which gave them life!
Alas! the spirit hath withdrawn,
That which informed the mass is gone —
They scrutinise it, when it ceases
To be itself, and count its pieces —
Finger and feel them, and call this
Experiment — analysis.
Is what we handle then the whole?
Is there no animating soul?
In nature is there nothing meant?
No law, no language of intent?
Oh! could your chemist, in whose hand
The fragments are, but understand
The terms he uses! " *Encheiresis*
Naturæ" — for the phrase expresses
With scorn, that it seems strange should be
In words thus accidentally,
How less than nothing can avail
These tricks of dabbling and detail.

STUDENT.

I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No matter — next time you'll get better on —
When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

STUDENT.

My brain is stupified — I feel
As if, within my head, a wheel
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Next — most important thing of all —
With zeal to metaphysics fall.
There, see — or think that you see — plain,
What — does not pass within the brain.
Our faculties are too confined
To guide us here — the human mind
Fails — and we are and must be blind.
Thoughts are or are not in the head, —
Use serviceable words instead;
But first be sure the next half year
At every lecture to appear —
Five hours each day for lecturing —
Be there the moment the bells ring.

Be sure beforehand to prepare,
Have read the syllabus with care;
Have every paragraph well conned,
Watch, lest the teacher go beyond
The matter written in his book;
Then as you write his dictates, look
That you take down *verbatim* all
And every sentence he lets fall,
As if each sentence scripture were,
That comes from the professor's chair.

STUDENT.

This, sir, you need not tell me twice —
I feel how useful the advice;
What one has thus in black and white,
He can take home with him at night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But what profession is your choice?

STUDENT.

Law shall not ever have my voice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this, I own, you show discerning:
I know, and do not like, this learning.
Laws every where are like the taint
Of an inherited complaint,

The curse of an infected race:
Their downward progress you may trace,
From land to land, through blighted nations,
Afflicting distant generations —
Reason made nonsense by their rules,
And honesty the badge of fools;
Unhappy, that it was thy fate
To have been born an age too late.
The laws for thy great grandsire made
Are laws to thee — must be obeyed —
Must be obeyed, and why? Because,
Bad though they be, they are the laws;
But of the rights by nature taught,
And born with man, they take no thought

STUDENT.

You deepen my abhorrence for
That, which I did before abhor —
I wish to learn Theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fear to lead you wrong — and I
Speak here with more of hesitation.
It is a dangerous vocation,
This same Theology: its ways
Are such a tangled serpent maze —
Such poison every where disguised —
And every where as medicine prized —

That which is which, or why 'tis so,
Few can conjecture — none can know.
The best thing that the case affords
Is — stick to some one doctor's words:
Maintain his doctrines out and out,
Admit no qualifying doubt;
But stick to words at any rate,
Their magic bids the temple gate
Of Certainty fly safely ope —
Words, words alone, are your best hope.

STUDENT.

But in each word must be a thought ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is, or we may so assume, —
Not always found, nor always sought,
While words — mere words, supply its room.
Words answer well, when men enlist 'em,
In building up a favourite system;
With words men dogmatise, deceive;
With words dispute, on words believe;
And be the meaning much or little,
TheWord can lose nor jot nor tittle.

STUDENT.

Pardon — I feel my questions tease you.
Just for a moment more — one word

On Medicine, so please you.
With but three years for it, it were absurd
For one like me, without a guide,
To enter on a course so wide;
And your experience may suggest,
In such a field, what path is best.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm sick of this pedantic tone,
Too long assumed. Now for my own!

(*Aloud.*)

The trade of medicine's easiest of all:
'Tis but to study all things — every where —
Nature and man — the great world and the small —
Then leave them at hap-hazard still to fare.
It is, you see, plainly impossible
That one man should be skilled in every science—
Who learns the little that he can, does well:
The secret of the art is self-reliance.
The best man in his line is he who seizes
For his own use each favourable crisis.
— You are well made — have common sense,
And do not want for impudence.
Be fearless — others will confide no less,
When you are confident of your success —
The only obstacle is indecision;
But, above all, win to yourself the women —

They have their thousand weaknesses and aches,
And the one cure for them is the Physician.
A due consideration for the sex
Will teach the value of decorous seeming:
Let but appearances be unsuspicious,
And they are every thing their doctor wishes.
The real value of degrees
And rank in the profession is,
That any character for knowledge
You need not take the pains to earn,
But by credentials from a college
Your patrons all they want may learn,
And as in one approved and tried,
Unhesitatingly confide.
Then in the very earliest stage
Of new acquaintanceship you lead them,
Enjoying every privilege
Of tête-à-tête familiar freedom;
Although the young physician's eyes
Exhibit half, and half disguise
Something, like tenderness, the while
Mingling with the habitual guile
Of the sly acquiescent smile:
Then may you feel the taper wrist,
Nor will there one of them resist
The hand professionally prest
— Permitted boldness — on her breast,

Or round her waist the free arm thrown,
To feel how much too tight her zone.

STUDENT.

This seems more feasible — one sees
Something like reason in all this —
Winning the household through the wife.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Theory, friend, is old and grey,
And green the golden tree of life!

STUDENT.

Is this reality? — so like a dream
All seems! May I, upon some future day,
Resume my visit? — learn the grounds and root
Of these your doctrines?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come when it may suit.

STUDENT.

One favour more — deem not your guest
Intrusive — grant me this request —
Just in my album write a line.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With pleasure.

[*Writes, and returns the Book.*

STUDENT (*reads*).

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

[*Shuts it respectfully, and exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If the wily proverb guide thee, and my cousin the sly snake,
A weary man thy likeness to the gods will of thee make!

FAUSTUS *enters.*

Where go we now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! wheresoe'er you please;—
See all that's to be seen in common life,
And then, so please you, visit the gay world,
Dancing and revelling scot-free, and careless
Who pays the piper.

FAUSTUS.

What, with my long beard?
How shall I trim it into decent shape?

And I want ease of manners, and the knowledge
Of life — why, the experiment must fail!
I cannot — never could at any time —
Be what society requires: I am
Abashed in company — shall every moment
Be at a loss!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My good friend, have no fear
On this score — be but self-possessed — that is
The only art of life.

FAUSTUS.

How do you mean
To travel? — where are servants? horses? carriage?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We only spread this mantle out, and it
Wafts us through air in this our daring journey.
Bring out with you no loads of heavy baggage:
A little gas, which I will soon have ready,
Will lift us high above the earth; — light laden,
We will move fast, and soon be far away!
Welcome, my friend, to the new life before you —
A pleasant change. I wish you joy of it!

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

SET OF MERRY COMPANIONS.

FROSCH.

Is no one laughing? — no one drinking?
Come, come, a truce to sober thinking!
Hang these long faces — come, be sprightly!
What, you that used to blaze so brightly!
All dull and damp — smoking together
Like dunghill straw in rainy weather?

BRANDER.

'Tis your fault that we are not jolly —
Have you no beastliness, no folly
To treat us to-night?

FROSCH (*throws a glass of wine over* BRANDER'S *head*).

Have both.

BRANDER.

Brute that you are! Were I not loth ——

FROSCH.

You got but what you asked me for.

SIEBEL.

Come, come, we'll have no civil war —
We'll have no difference of opinion
In this our absolute dominion.
Whoever quarrels, kick him out —
Now raise the chorus round about —
Lift every voice, and swill, and shout —
With holla — holla — ho!

ALTMAYER.

Help! help! I am lost — bring me cotton! the cheers
Will split open my skull, and play hell with my ears.

SIEBEL.

When the arches ring again,
We feel the bass in full power then.

FROSCH.

Right, right, say I, with all my heart;
If any one in evil part
Takes any thing, that here is done,
Why, kick him out, the bitch's son.

ALTMAYER.

A tara — lara — da.

FROSCH.

All throats are tuned.

(*Sings.*)

The holy Romish empire now,
How does it hold together?

BRANDER.

A nasty song — psha! — a political song —
A most offensive song. Thank God each day,
Rising from bed, that you have nought to say
With governing this Romish empire; I
Greatly rejoice and bless my stars therefore,
I am not Emperor or Chancellor;
Still I see no sufficient reason why
We should not have a ruler; — I propose
That we elect a Pope — what qualification
Should mark a candidate for consecration,
All of ye know.

FROSCH (*sings*).

Greet her, Lady Nightingale,
Greet my love ten thousand times.

SIEBEL.

Love-meetings and greetings — let us not hear of them.

FROSCH.

Love-greetings and meetings — who can keep clear
of them ?

(*Sings.*)

Undo the door in stilly night —
Open latch — thy love keeps watch;
For thy sake — is he awake,
Shut-to the door at morning's light.

SIEBEL.

Yes! sing, sing on — a little while sing on!
Sing her sweet praises! — I will laugh anon.
Me she deceived, and thee she is deceiving,
Devil that she is — whom there is no believing —
Has played the same tricks with each man that
sought her —
I wish some goblin of the forest caught her
On a cross-road — or that, from the witch-dances
On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat,
With his long-bearded chin and meg-a-geg throat,
Made up to her — 'tis some such brute she
fancies; —
A young fellow of proper flesh and blood,
To be thus thrown away were far too good;
From me no serenading should she gain,
Other than dashing in each window-pane.

BRANDER (*striking on the table*).

Silence there — silence — all attend to me —
Gentlemen, I know life, and how to live;
And, as some of us seem in love to be,
A song for love-sick people will I give.
Your merry singer is the best physician
For a poor devil in such sad condition.
Here all of you attend — come, cease your chattering —
And listen to a song of the first pattern —
And all join in the chorus: —

(*Sings.*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
Whose paunch each day grew smoother;
He dined on butter, supped on fat,
And looked like Doctor Luther.
The cook put poison in his way,
And when our poor rat tasted it,
He felt a cramping in his heart,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And he ran round, and out he ran,
And looking for a cure, he
Drank at each puddle, gnawed, and scratched,
And raved in perfect fury.

In pain he fell — in pain he sprang,
The cook with pleasure gazed at it;
Poor creature felt at heart a pang,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And torture drove him at noon-day
To run into the kitchen;
He fell down on the hearth, and lay
Convulsing there and screeching.
Loud laughed the cook to see him sprawl
In death, and feel she hasted it:
Ha! ha! quoth she, your heart is gone,
As sure as if Love wasted it.
As sure as if Love wasted it.

SIEBEL.

How the heavy logs enjoy it,
As if a rat had nothing good,
And 'twere a virtue to destroy it.

BRANDER.

The rats, it seems, are special favourites;
Creatures of generous gentle blood,
And hold high place in your good graces.

ALTMAYER.

Old baldpate, with the paunch there, — how his wits
Are gone! —'to him the rat's case his own case is —

With food too good for it the belly swollen,
Then the poor thing in death convulsions rolling —
No wonder it should jar and strike
Upon his nerves — it is too like.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUSTUS *enter.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in conversation with* FAUSTUS).

— And first I feel anxiety,
To show you our "Society
Of merry fellows;" — free and gay,
Regular rioters are they,
And their whole life is holiday;
The requisites for happiness
Are few, are — what these men possess:
With lively spirits — self-conceit —
And little, very little wit —
'Tis the same life, the whole year round,
The self-same set together found; —
Each night, their songs — their drink — their game —
Their mirth — their very jests the same;
And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jokes are smitten:
They ask no more than thus to sup —
Without a head-ache to get up —
And while the host will credit give
Are satisfied — and thus they live!

BRANDER.

They're travellers off a journey, you may see it
In their odd manners — are not here an hour.

FROSCH.

You're right, quite right! Leipzig, say I, for ever!
Leipzig's a little Paris in itself:
You'd know our Leipzig people any where.
Their manners are so finished.

SIEBEL.

But these strangers,
What, think you, are they?

FROSCH.

Only wait a moment —
In the twinkle of a bumper I will tell you —
I'll worm it out of them as easily
As draw an infant's tooth: let me alone
For managing them: I guess that they belong
To the nobility, they look so haughty,
So distant, — you would almost say — displeased.

BRANDER.

They are mountebanks, I'll lay you any wager.

ALTMAYER.

Probably.

FROSCH.

See if I don't screw it out.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

Always the same, they never scent the devil,
Even when he has them by the nape of the neck.

FAUSTUS.

Your servant, gentlemen —

SIEBEL.

Thanks, sir, and yours —
(*Looking at* MEPHISTOPHELES, *in a low tone.*)
The fellow limps a little on one foot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you permit us to sit down with you,
And for good wine, which cannot be had here,
Give us the pleasure of good company?

ALTMAYER.

You seem a most fastidious gentleman.

FROSCH.

You are lately come from Rippach, are you not, sirs? —
Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we did not stop; — last time we spoke to
him
He told us some good stories of his cousins —
And sent his compliments to each of you.

ALTMAYER.

A home thrust that — the fellow's not to be done.

SIEBEL.

He knows the world, and how to make out life.

FROSCH.

Wait, wait, until —— I'll have him before long.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Was I deceived, for just as we came in
We heard, or thought we heard, a merry chorus
Of practised voices? — what a rich effect
Music must have along this vaulted roof.

FROSCH.

You are a virtuoso then —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, no!
My skill is next to none — but I love music.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A hundred, if you please.

SIEBEL.

Something original — something brand-new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We're just returned from Spain, romantic Spain,
The land of wine and song.

(*Sings.*)

Once on a time there was a king,
A lovely queen had he —
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea.

FROSCH.

A flea! is it possible I heard him right?
A flea! oh, what a guest to grace a palace!

Once on a time, there was a king,
A lovely queen had he —
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea!

He called the royal tailor,
Who measures him, and stitches
A coat for the young favourite,
And a little pair of breeches.

BRANDER.

Forget not, sire, to charge the tailor strictly
That they be well and fashionably made —
And as he sets a value on his head,
That he shall leave no seam, or plait, or wrinkle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of silk and satin were the clothes
Our young lord looked so fine in —
He sported ribands — and a cross
Upon his breast was shining!
Soon Minister, he wore a star,
Lived splendidly and gaily,
His poor relations all got place,
And thronged the palace daily.

And Queen and Maid got bites and stings,
And were afraid to scratch 'em;
They cursed the flea and all his kin,
But did not dare to catch 'em!
But we, if we get sting or bite,
None hinders us to scratch 'em;
And if the fleas be troublesome,
We kill them when we catch 'em.

CHORUS. — *And if, &c.*

FROSCH.

Bravo! bravo! that was excellent.

SIEBEL.

We'll catch and play the devil with the fleas.

BRANDER.

With pointed nail and finger, pressed together.

ALTMAYER.

Freedom and Wine for ever! —Wine and Freedom!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly would I drink long life to Freedom;
But that your wines are execrably bad.

SIEBEL.

You must not venture to say this again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only I fear to vex our worthy host,
I'd give you something better from our cellars.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then. I'll take the blame on me.

FROSCH.

Pour out a bumper if you wish to please us —
None of your sample thimblefuls for me —
When I try wine, I like a deep long draught —
That is the only way to judge of it.

ALTMAYER (*in a low voice*).

I've strong suspicions they are from the Rhine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimlet.

BRANDER.

What to do with it? —
You cannot have your wine-casks at the door.

ALTMAYER.

Behind, there, is the landlord's chest of tools.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*taking up the gimlet*).

Now say what wine you wish.

FROSCH.

What do you mean?
Have you so many?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may choose his favourite.

ALTMAYER (*to* FROSCH).

Ha! you begin to lick your lips already.

FROSCH.

Well then, if I may choose, I'll take the Rhenish:
The best gifts we receive are from our country.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite* FROSCH'S *seat*).

Now get a little wax — and make some stoppers.

ALTMAYER.

'Tis plain that they are jugglers.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* BRANDER).

Sir, your choice?

BRANDER.

I'll have Champagne — sparkling Champagne for me!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores again; one of the party has in the mean time prepared the wax stoppers and stopped the gimlet holes.*

BRANDER.

One cannot always do without the Foreigner —
But give him to me in the shape of wine.

A true-born German hates with all his heart
A Frenchman — but their wines are excellent.

SIEBEL (*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches his seat*).

I'd have you know I hate all acid wines —
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tokay

Then let it be.

ALTMAYER.

No, gentlemen, this won't do!
Now look me straight in the face, old mountebank:
I see you but bamboozle us! —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes! yes!

A very likely story — to play tricks
On noble guests like you! now fast—make ready—
Out with the word — pray, sir, what shall I give you? —

ALTMAYER.

Any and all! whatever I can get.

(*After all the holes are bored and stopped*, MEPHISTOPHELES, *with strange gestures.*)

Grapes are of the vine-branch born;
The buck-goat's is a branch of horn

Wine is sap — and grapes are wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
All is clear to him that seeth —
Lift the veil and look beneath,
It is but a deeper glance
Under Nature's countenance —
Now behold — your prophet saith —
Miracles — if you have faith.

Every man draw up his stopper,
And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

ALL (*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each has chosen runs into his glass*).

Flow on, bright rill — flow on and fill
Our hearts with joy — flow on at will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Drink — but be cautious how you spill:
There's danger if a drop but falls.

[*They drink repeatedly.*

ALL (*sing*).

That we will — that we will! —
Happy as the cannibals:
Like five hundred swine we swill.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Look at them, they're the happiest of men.

FAUSTUS.

Take me away — I'll not come here again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wait till you see them in their glory:
We'll soon have fun!

SIEBEL (*drinking carelessly, spills some of the wine, which turns to flame*).

Help, help! fire, fire! — Hell fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Down, friendly Element! — be still, I say —
— This time 'twas but a drop of purgatory!

SIEBEL.

What means the fellow? Damn him — he shall pay
Dearly for this: you'd think he did not know us.

FROSCH (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Better take care no tricks like this to show us.

ALTMAYER.

The sooner we get rid of him the better —
There's nothing to be had from such a debtor.

SIEBEL.

You, sir, are guilty of strange impropriety;
Playing your mountebank pranks in such society.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-tub!

SIEBEL.

Broomstick! one would think
He might rest satisfied with these feats of his,
Without being impudent into the bargain.

BRANDER.

Be silent, and thankful that we do not flog you!

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table; fire flies out*).

I'm burnt — I'm burning!

SIEBEL.

Kill him — kill the scoundrel!
He's a magician! — Kill him! he's fair game!
[*They draw their knives and attack*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with solemn gestures*).

Wandering voices mock the ear!
Forms, that phantoms are, appear!

Be ye far away, and near!
Be ye there! and be ye here!

[*They stand gazing on each other in amazement.*

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? — in what lovely land?

FROSCH.

What a show of vineyards near!

SIEBEL.

Clustering grapes invite the hand.

BRANDER.

See them through the green leaves here —
Ripe and heavy — look at them; —
Oh! what grapes — and such a stem!

[*He seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others do the same one with the other, and are raising their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as from above*).

Clouds of Error pass away!
See ye how the Devil can play!
Let each startled rebeller
See who plays the Devil here.

[*Vanishes with* FAUSTUS. *The fellows start back from one another.*

SIEBEL.

What's this?

ALTMAYER.

How's this?

FROSCH.

Is this your nose?

BRANDER (*to* SIEBEL).

And yours, on which my fingers close?

ALTMAYER.

I feel the shock through every limb;
A chair! — I faint! — my eyes grow dim!

FROSCH.

What is the matter with you all?

SIEBEL.

Where is he? what's become of him?
If I can catch him, how I shall ——

ALTMAYER.

Catch him, indeed! 'tis easy trying
To deal with such — I saw him flying

Out of the cellar on a cask —
You may as well give up the task:
Cold, cold as lead these feet of mine
Are grown. -- (*Turning towards the table.*) We've
lost our well of wine.

SIEBEL.

All was deception — trick — design!

FROSCH.

Yet, what I drank, I thought was wine!

BRANDER.

The ripe grapes too — did they deceive?
— Who after this can but believe?

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

On a low hearth a large caldron is on the fire — in the thick smoke are discovered several strange figures. A FEMALE CAT-APE *is sitting beside the caldron, to skim it, and take care it does not boil over.* THE MALE CAT-APE, *with the young ones, sits near, warming himself; — fantastic articles of furniture, suitable to the place, seen hanging from the walls, &c.*

FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS.

This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me—
And, sayest thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here, in this loathsome den of filthy madness? —
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Make me a younger man by thirty winters?
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better —
My expectation is already gone!
— Is there in Nature no restorative
But this? Has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to restore the spring of life?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now do I recognise my friend's good sense;—
Yes! there are also natural means, by which
Life's bloom and vigour may again be given;
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms an odd chapter.

FAUSTUS.

I will learn it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is a means, and it requires not gold,
Magic, or medicine; — away with you
Into the fields — begin to hew and delve —
Confine yourself, and limit every wish
Within a narrow circle — feed upon
Meats, simple, undisguised — and live, in short,
Beast-like, 'mong beasts — deem it no degradation
Thyself to spread the dung upon the field,
The growth of which thou art to reap — this is
Indeed the best way to repair life's powers,
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

FAUSTUS.

This cannot be — I am not used to it —
Nor can I learn to take up now the spade —
Such narrow life would never do for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We must recur then to the witch.

FAUSTUS.

Why so?
—What's the particular use of an old hag
In the matter? Can't you cook the draught yourself?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were a pretty waste of time — why, man,
A thousand bridges might be built, before
'Tis done — it asks not skill and science only,
But patience must brood over it — the spirit
In silence must remain for years fermenting;
Time, and time only, clears and strengthens it, —
All things belonging to it are mysterious —
Its powers and its ingredients wonderful —
True —'twas the devil that first invented it,
But yet the devil can't make it — look — look,
yonder —
What a handsome crew they are — both maid and
man. —
(*To the Apes.*) It seems the mistress is from home.

THE APES.

Gone from home — to the rout,
Through the chimney she went out;

Gone to carouse
On the chimney stone on the top of the house!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will she stay
Long away?

APES.

'Twixt the time she comes and goes,
We can scarcely warm our toes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What think you of these dear young creatures?

FAUSTUS.

All makes me sick — voice, form, and features!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, I must own, I greatly relish
The graces which their style embellish.

[*To the* APES.

Tell me, execrable baby,
What the mess you mingle may be —
And the lumps, my pretty jewel!
That are floating in the gruel.

APES.

A beggar's dish — we boil and stew it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And most men, without knowing, chew it.

OLD APE (*fawning upon* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Throw the dice — begin, begin —
I am poor, so let me win —
Me to win, and you to lose,
Is the way that I would choose —
Money's all in all; — the witch
Is made honest, if made rich.
Give me gold, and by that rule,
Who will say I am a fool?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As the Ape talks of gold, see his lips growing watery,
I wish we could get him a share in the Lottery.

THE OLD APE (*while the young* CAT-APES *are playing and rolling round a large bowl*).

Such is the world!
So is it twirled,
Now rolling onward,
Now rolling downward,
Ceaselessly, restlessly,
Still does it spin;

Like glass it is brittle,
And broken by little,
Glimmering, shimmering,
Hollow within —
Living am I —
Stop, my dear son,
Thy sporting have done,
Think thou must die!
All is clay,
And must crumble away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What's the purpose of the sieve?

APE.

If a man comes here to thieve,
With this eye-glass thus we view him;
Raise it thus, and thus look through him.

[*Runs to the* FEMALE, *and makes her look through it at* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Through the sieve look there — look strait —
Read his features — read his fate.
Answer, if thou art not deaf —
Dost thou know him — the old thief?
Dost thou dread, from fear or shame,
To name him by his proper name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And what's the meaning of the pot?

APE.

How silly a sot,
To ask what's what;
The fool knows not
The use of the pot —
The use of the kettle —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly wittol,
Be quiet a little.

APE.

Be brisk — take the whisk, — and sit down on the settle.

[*Forces* MEPHISTOPHELES *to sit down.*

FAUSTUS (*who has been all this time before a glass, now approaching, and now standing off from it*).

What is this that I see — how heavenly fair
The form that shines in this enchanted glass!
Oh! lend me, Love, thy swift and silent wings,
That I may fly away to where she is!
Near me she seems, yet hopelessly removed,
And living in another atmosphere!
Alas! if from this spot I do but stir,

If I but venture to approach more near,
There seems a dusky cloud to gather o'er her; —
Image of woman, beyond woman fair,
Oh! beautiful transcendently — has Earth
Charms such as this — in that reclining form,
Say rather that all charms of many heavens
United are. — Can this indeed be woman?
Can this, indeed, be a created being?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fine cause of wonderment! — after seven days
Of work, if he who made this pretty world,
And who admired his workmanship, made something
Worth looking at! Ay, gaze on her in rapture —
This, by the way, is one of these same treasures
That I am pretty safe in promising:
Blessed the man who brings the fair bride home!

[FAUSTUS *continues looking into the glass* — MEPHISTOPHELES, *lolling on the settle, and with the whisk in his hand, continues speaking.*

Here on my kingly throne I sit me down,
With sceptre too — I only want a crown.

THE APES (*who have been playing all kind of fantastic gambols, bring* MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown with loud acclamations*).

Monarch proud —
With sweat and blood
Smear it — wear it —

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it in two pieces, with which they go dancing about.*

'Tis done — 'twas to be ;
We speak and we see —
We hearken — we listen —
We rhyme and we reason.

FAUSTUS (*still before the glass*).

Alas ! I feel my senses leaving me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And stranger still, even my head's growing giddy !

APES.

We have words, and we can link
Syllables that chime and chink ;
Sense unsought — thus is caught ; —
Every jingle is a thought —
Every word with meaning fraught —
Language, glib and random, thus
Does the work of thought for us ;
Let but your own fancy mingle
With the jargon and the jingle,
As you listen to the lays ;
Bring the meaning you are gleaning,
Give the poet all the praise.

FAUSTUS (*as before*).

My heart's on fire — let us depart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This is the true poetic art —
And I have never met with prettier poets,
Could they but keep the secrets of their trade.

[*The caldron, which the female* CAT-APE *has forgotten to attend to, begins to boil over — a great blaze arises, and streams up the chimney.* — THE WITCH *comes down through the flame, with horrid screams.*

THE WITCH.

Ou! Ou! Ou! Ou!
Damned beast! cursed sow! —
The pot has boiled over — the broth's overturned,
The liquor is lost, and the Mistress is burned!
Damned beast —
And what is this?
[*Seeing* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.
And who are ye?
What brings ye here?
Who sent ye here?
May fiery pain
Burn bone and brain!

[*Dips the skimming ladle in the caldron, and sprinkles the flames at* FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the* CAT-APES — *the* APES *whine.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*flourishes the fan, and breaks pots and glasses*).

Broken, broken!
Hell-broth splashing,
Glasses crashing,
Payment for the words you've spoken!
It is all in sport, my honey!
Nothing but a frolic funny!
Keeping time, old carrion odious,
Fitly with thy voice melodious!

[*The* WITCH *steps back with rage and astonishment.*

Knowest thou no more than that o'me,
Thou raw-boned old Anatomy!
Skeleton! the devil blast her!
— Know you not your Lord and Master?
Shall I dash the old deceiver's
Bones into a thousand shivers?
Smash her, and cats, and crocks together?
— Know ye not my vest's red leather?
Know ye not the cock-tail feather?
What mask is there upon my features,
To hide me thus from my own creatures?
— And am I called upon to mention
My name, my rank, and my pretension?

THE WITCH.

Pardon, my Lord, this rough salute:
I do not see the cloven foot,—
And where are your two ravens? — Where ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, old fool, — for once I spare; —
'Tis long since we have met, and strange
Has been, in such a time, the change —
The world's grown wise — in every movement
Is seen the Spirit of Improvement;
Reform to every thing extended —
Among the rest the devil is mended;
For court has left his wildernesses,
Thrown off his ancient savage dresses;
The curling tail and talons horrid,
And horns to guard the wrinkled forehead.
All gone — the northern phantom's vanished,
By modern education banished!
—As to the foot — against my will,
I bear that witness with me still;
'Twould injure me in the good graces
Of some who figure in high places;
So, what I can, I do to hide it,
And for the purpose, am provided
With padded calves — and thus am able
To limp no more than's fashionable —

Many young men, that I might mention,
Avail themselves of the invention.

THE WITCH.

Satan again — my own old boy,
Once more with me! — I'll die with joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, that name — I beg to be excused —
Call me not so again.

THE WITCH.

And why? and wherefore? what the mischief ails
The good old name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It has been too much used,
And sounds like something in the fairy tales;
Is so familiar, that men deem it fable;
Men believe nothing now above the level
Of every-day experience — they are able
To disprove all things; — don't believe a letter
That speaks of me, — are they for this the better?
— Devils that they are, they don't believe a devil!
Call me Lord Baron — no one can object
To that, or some such title of respect.
I am a cavalier, as good
As any — am of ancient blood;

Look at my scutcheon, all who doubt it —
See here — I never go without it.

[*Struts about with pompous gestures.*

THE WITCH (*laughing immoderately*).

Ha! ha! — this is so like you — is so clever —
You're, after all, the same gay rascal ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS.)

This, every day's experience teaches,
Is the true way to deal with witches.

THE WITCH.

What, gentlemen, would you desire
To drink?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you — we require
A bumper — one will be enough —
Of — you know well the right old stuff.
Give us the oldest you have here.

(*To* FAUSTUS.)

Its strength is doubled every year!

THE WITCH.

Most willingly — you need not ask
A second time — here is a flask,

I taste myself, now and again —
You'll not find any smell remain.
Here — take a dram — but if I give it
To him — you know he can't outlive it
An hour, unless some charm protect
His life from the assured effect.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a friend, 'twill do him good —
Thrives like yourself on witches' food —
There's nothing you can give that is
Too strong for such a stomach as his.
Come — chalk your circle — chant your charm —
Fill high the cup, 'twill do no harm.

[*The* WITCH, *with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. Meantime the glasses begin to chime and ring; the caldron to sound and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, places the* CAT-APES *within the circle; one is made to serve her for a reading-desk, others hold torches. She signs to* FAUSTUS *to approach.*

FAUSTUS (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

No, no! I'm sick of the whole scene!
What good is it? what can it mean?
These raving gestures? and this rapid
Torrent of nonsense? filthy — vapid

And loathsome cheat. — I've seen such stuff
Before; and hated it enough!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis pure professional farce — mere fudge —
You should not be so hard a judge!
She is but acting the physician;
This hocus-pocus exhibition
Assists the cure — makes the draught operate
With good effect, and at the proper rate.

[*She makes* FAUSTUS *enter the circle.*

THE WITCH (*with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*).

Understand me let all men!
Of One make Ten,
Let Two go then:
Bid Three
Now be
The square of Three:
Thus the Witch
Makes you rich:
Drop Four
From your score:
From Five and Six
You should fix
To take Seven and Eight,
Then all is complete.

And Nine is One,
And Ten is None,
This is the Witch's One-times-one.

FAUSTUS.

She seems in earnest, old deceiver!
— How like the ravings of a fever!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is an endless volume of this stuff —
I ought to know it — I've lost time enough
Puzzling it out — for downright contradiction
Is, to the wise and fools, an equal mystery.
My friend, in the old almanack of history,
You'll find such jumbles made of fact and fiction;
And by the help of this, or some such juggle,
Errors spread wide; — truth suffers in the struggle.
Doctrines are lisped by infants; taught in schools,
And are believed: for who contends with fools?
To customary words men still will link
Their faith — poor dolts — imagining they think!

WITCH.

The height, the might,
Of wisdom's light,
The knowledge from the wide world hidden,
Cheers humblest minds:
Who seeks not finds:
The welcome guest is the unbidden.

FAUSTUS.

This nonsense, so like meaning, splits
My skull. I soon would lose my wits:
Methinks, a million fools in choir
Are raving and will never tire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! enough! incomparable sibyl!
Hand us the drink — fill the cup to the brim —
No thimblefulls for us — no niggard dribble —
Fear not — such draught will never injure him,
He is one of us, and of the highest grade:
Has drunk deep before now — be not afraid!

[*The* WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup: as* FAUSTUS *raises it to his mouth, a light flame rises.*

Off with it fast — why should you fear it?
— Once down 'twill warm your heart and cheer it.
How's this? *my* friend, and much the same
As one of us — afraid of flame?

[*The* WITCH *dissolves the circle.* FAUSTUS *steps out.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

Now! out at once! you must not rest!

WITCH (*to* FAUSTUS).

Much good may it do! (*Aside.*) I hope the best!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the* WITCH).

If I can serve you, sure you might
Command me, on Walpurgis night.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song — a pretty glee.
Hum it a few times, — you will see
Some merit in it, and effect
More than you would at first expect.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

Come, quick! be for the present guided!
This draught will do you good, provided
It gets fair play; but it requires
Brisk motion till the frame perspires,
And its full force is felt to dart
At once through each and every part.
And then, not sooner, will I teach
What joys the lazy hand can reach,
Of indolent voluptuousness.
The pleasures that our nobles bless; —
Soon in thy cheery heart, I trow,
Will Cupid rock him to and fro.

Already the young urchin lurks
Within, and in the spirit works.

FAUSTUS.

Once more! — one other look into the glass! —
Fair form — too fair more than a form to be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come! come! no form the beauties can surpass,
That soon in living woman thou shalt see!

(*Aside.*) With this draught in him he will meet
A Helena in every street!

THE STREET.

FAUSTUS (*to* MARGARET *passing on*).

Fair lady, may I offer you my arm;
And will you suffer me to see you home?

MARGARET.

I am no lady — and I am not fair.
I want no guide to show me the way home.
[*Disengages herself, and exit.*

FAUSTUS.

By Heaven, she is a lovely child;
A fairer never met my eye,
Modest she seems, and good and mild,
Though something pert was her reply —
The red lips bright — the cheek's soft light —
My youth hath not departed quite!
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining —
And her light spirits' lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away!

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

FAUSTUS.

Hearken here, sir, get me the girl; and fast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The girl! — what girl? —

FAUSTUS.

She that this moment passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What — she? she was but now at church
At her confession — I was there.
And, hid by the confession chair,
Was listening to her from my lurch.
Poor thing — she is all innocence —
Had nothing in the world to tell!
With such to meddle is not well.
Her purity is a defence,
That leaves the tempter no pretence.
Upon this child I have no power.

FAUSTUS.

She's past fourteen, if she's an hour!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Could Liederlich be worse than this?
The profligate, whose folly is,
To think each flower of beauty his.
Calls it a purchasable trifle,
And every charm he sees would rifle;
Thinks truth and honour but a name —
My friend, give up this hopeless game.

FAUSTUS.

Sound doctrine this, most reverend,
I hope your sermon's at an end:
Now, once for all, conceited fellow,
I am determined on't, and tell you,
She must, this very night, be mine:
You and I part, if you decline.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Compose yourself — be reasonable —
If in a fortnight I be able
To make out opportunities!

FAUSTUS.

A fortnight! give me but seven hours!
I want no devil to help me then,
And ask no aid from any powers
But those belonging to all men,

To fool a child like this with ease,
And make her any thing I please.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How like a Frenchman! I regret
To see you discontented yet:
Why thus impatient? the delight
Is, after all, less exquisite,
Than when with some delay and doubt,
And difficulty fenced about,
You win the treasure guarded long;
Play with the pretty thing awhile,
And toy and trifle and beguile,
And to your will the soft wax mould, —
As witness many a story told,
Of true love in Italian song.

FAUSTUS.

But, fortunately, I require
No such incentives to desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, not to take or give offence,
Believe me, here all violence
Is useless — in a little while
The damsel may be won by guile; —
A stratagem, perhaps, may gain
The fortress — storming it were vain!

FAUSTUS.

Give me, meanwhile, some little thing
Of hers — a garter or a ring —
A kerchief from her snowy breast —
Show me the chamber of her rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To prove how sensibly I feel
Your pangs, and, if I could, to heal;
I gratify, without delay,
Your wish, and take you there to-day.

FAUSTUS.

And shall I see her? have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
She to a neighbour's has to go,
And when I find that she is gone,
You may indulge yourself alone;
Breathe in the very room where she
Hath slept, and dream of joys to be.

FAUSTUS.

May we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It scarce were pleasant
So early.

FAUSTUS.

Make me out some present.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon ! this promises
Speedy success — they all love dress !
Oh, I know many a place of pleasure,
Where such things are, and many a treasure
Buried of old, and soon will find
Some lure to win the young thing's mind.

EVENING.

A NEAT LITTLE ROOM.

MARGARET.

I would give something now to know
The gentleman who met me, though;
He had a proud and princely air,
Is one of the nobility;
Look on his brow, you read it there,
And if he were not, he would stare
With somewhat more civility. [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in — tread softly — but come in.

FAUSTUS (*after a pause*).

Leave me, now leave me, I entreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying about*).

The place is tidy and quite clean;
— Not every damsel's is so neat. [*Exit.*

FAUSTUS (*looking round*).

How calm! how happy dwells the tender light
In this still sanctuary reposing here,
And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
And blessing all. — Spirit of peace and love,
I give myself to thee! Oh, love, whose breath
Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
Be thou henceforth my life!
How round us breathe
In every thing the same prevailing quiet
And neatness, and the feeling of contentment!
— In low estate what more than riches are,
And this poor cell how very, very happy!

[*He throws himself on the leathern arm-chair beside the bed.*

Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
Year after year, the generations gone
Welcomed in joy and grief: how many a swarm
Of children round this patriarchal throne
Have gathered here! perhaps beside this seat —
I well can fancy it — a happy child
— Even now she scarce is more — at Christmas eve,
My love has knelt down at her grandsire's feet,
Among the children grouping to receive
The Christmas gifts, with pleasure undefiled,
Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
Her young round cheeks prest on his withered hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;
I feel it sway me while I linger here.
The sense of neatness, felt in every thing,
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
The little table with its covering,
The floor with clean sand crackling to the tread.
Every where round the hand beloved I trace,
That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
Where dreams and meditative thought,
And, nature, thy benignant powers
Within her virgin bosom wrought,
As day by day each influence pure,
Of heaven and earth her heart mature,
And fain would welcome forth, and win
To light, the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
Filled with the warmth of happy life; and here
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

But thou, accursed, what art thou?
What brings thee to her chamber now?
Alas! I tremble but to think,
And feel my heart within me shrink.

Poor Faustus! has some magic cloud
Befooled thine eyes? thy reason bowed?
Else why this burning passion strange?
And why to love this sudden change?
Oh man — unstable, erring, blind,
The plaything of the passing wind!

And, should she now return and meet
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
Into the coward! at her feet
In what confusion sink!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

Away — I see her at the door.

FAUSTUS.

I go, and I return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This casket, with its jewels rare,
I got it — but no matter where —
Or — what was to be given instead, —
Some things are better left unsaid; —
I've brought them for you — don't forget
To place them in her cabinet.
On her imagination seizing,
They soon will lull to rest her reason:

Then, guess you, how the dream will end.
I got them for another friend:
The casket and the trifles in it
He thought might buy a happy minute;
And he was one who knew the fashion
In which to woo, and woman's passion;
But child is child, and maid and lover
Play the same game the wide world over.

FAUSTUS.

I know not; ought I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Can you ask it?
Perhaps you wish to keep the casket;
If so — and that 'tis avarice —
I wish you joy of this cheap vice;
I'm glad the momentary bubble
Of love has burst — it saves me trouble;
And easier pastimes you may find
Than practising upon her mind.
My poor brain scarcely understands
What you are at — I rub my hands
And scratch my head.

[*Places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.*

Away — come quick —
Soon shall this young one, fancy-sick,

Think often of you — wish and will
All to one object pointing still;
And there are you, — as starched and dull
As if 'twere your old lecture-room,
And the two sisters beautiful,
PHYSICS and METAPHYSICS, whom
You loved so long, were standing there,
With their hagged faces and grey hair,
In person by the doctor's chair.
Come, come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET (*with a lamp*).

MARGARET.

It feels so close, so sultry here,
Yet out of doors I thought it chill.
—When will my mother come? A thrill
Runs through my frame — I am, I fear,
A foolish, foolish woman.
[*She begins to sing as she undresses herself.*

There was a king in Thulé,
And he loved an humble maid;
And she who loved him truly,
When she came to her death-bed,

A golden cup she gave him,
Which none could better prize;

And ever, as he drank of it,
Tears dimmed his flowing eyes.

And when he came to die,
To his heirs his wealth he told;
Left all without a sigh
But his mistress' cup of gold.

As at the royal banquet
Among his knights sate he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In their fortress o'er the sea,

Up stood the gay old monarch;
For the last time up he stood;
For the last time drained the blessed cup,
And threw it in the flood.

He saw it falling, filling,
And sinking in the sea;
His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,
And never more drank he.

[*She opens the press to put in her clothes, and perceives the casket.*

How came this brilliant casket here?
I locked the press, I'd almost swear.
The cover's beautiful — I wonder
What it may be that lies under?

Some pledge for money by my mother
Lent to somebody or other.
I think I'll open it — and, see,
Attached to it, and tempting me,
A riband with a little key.
How very beautiful it is!
I've never seen the like of this!
Jewels and pearls! — At mask or ball
'Twould grace the proudest dame of all
Who glitter at high festival.
I wonder how 'twould look on me?
Whose can the glorious splendour be?
[*She puts them on, and stands before the glass.*
Oh, if I had these ear-rings only!
Drest thus, I seem a different creature!
What good are charms of form and feature
Though poor maids are both mild and fair,
The world for ever leaves them lonely —
Man may praise,
Yet half he says
Seems less like kindness than compassion —
For gold he strives,
For gold he wives —
Alas! the *poor* are not in fashion!

PROMENADE.

FAUSTUS *walking up and down in thought — to him*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By Love, which I contemn, and Hell's
Essence of fire — things can't be worse :
Oh, that I could be something else
Than what I am, that I might curse !

FAUSTUS.

What ails thee now ? What pinches thee so sore ?
A face like that I never saw before.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd damn myself to everlasting evil,
But that I am myself the devil.

FAUSTUS.

This frantic scene — what can it mean ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think, only think, that splendid set
Of pearls, procured for Margaret,
A priest has made his own of them.

The mother, soon as she detected
The treasure, something wrong suspected.
The old hag o'er her book of prayer
Sits moping, mumbling, grumbling there,
Or, snuffling with suspicious nose,
Exploring through the house she goes,
On the scent, to ascertain
What is holy, what profane.
Curse her! she smelt no good event
From Margaret's rich ornament.
" My child," she said, " things thus unholy,
Or suited not for one so lowly,
Will seize and fasten on the heart,
And hold it till health, peace, depart.
To the Virgin Mary bring
These in humble offering; —
Sinful things of earth we give,
And receive from Heaven, instead,
Heaven's own food restorative,
That our precious souls may live
Fed on manna — angels' bread!"
At this poor Madge looked far from pleasant,
Provoked at having lost the present:
Why, thought she, is the gift rejected?
Or he, who gave it me, suspected?
The giver is a rich man — must
Be generous — and therefore just
And good — and why should we distrust?

The mother strait sends for the priest;
He comes, and he enjoys the jest.
His features brighten up with rapture,
And thus he preaches o'er his capture: —
" You feel the matter right, dear madam;
These pearls—'twere wrong the poor child had 'em:
To them who strive is grace accorded,
And he who conquers is rewarded.
The Church will feel (we cannot question)
No difficulty of digestion;
Will swallow without fear of surfeit
The ill-got goods that sin makes forfeit;
Whole realms, their produce and their profit,
She eats up, and thinks nothing of it:
The Church alone, with conscience quiet,
Can thrive upon this doubtful diet."

FAUSTUS.

That this is false each day evinces,
Or true as well of Jews and princes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On this, he swept into his pocket
Ear-rings and bracelet, chain and locket,
And made no more of pearls and casket,
Than if he pocketed a basket
Of nuts, — then treats them with a lecture
On vanity, — states his conjecture

Upon the uses of affliction,
And leaves them with his benediction.

FAUSTUS.

And Margaret ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits in restless mood —
Does nothing — knows not what she should —
Thinks night and day on what she lost,
But dwells on him who gave them most.

FAUSTUS.

Poor thing! her grief goes to my heart!
Bring her more jewels — come — be smart —
The first, coarse common things were they.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in affected vexation*).

Mere trinkets flung in sport away!
— My toil is nothing, nor the value
Of what I give! ——

FAUSTUS.

Be silent — shall you
Thus mock at me and my affection?
Act for my ends, by my direction.
Court thou the widow — tax invention
For sweet things — draw off her attention —

Come — come — you're dull as water gruel, —
Up — up — away for chain and jewel !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My lord, I cheerfully obey. [FAUSTUS *exit.*

How a man fooled with love will fling away
Sun, stars, earth, heaven, upon the chosen lady —
All cheap as presents to a child on May-day !

[*Exit.*

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA (*alone*).

God help and pity me, and pardon
My poor old man! he treats me badly; —
Thus to go off — 'tis very hard on
A wedded wife, — here pining sadly
Am I upon my lonely straw,
I loved and doted on him so,
His very will to me was law;
And for no reason thus to go
And die abroad (*weeping*) — he must have died —
Yet 'twould be satisfactory
If I could have it certified.

Enter MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Martha.

MARTHA.

What can the matter be?

MARGARET.

My knees are sinking under me.
I've found another casket, one
Like that so lately had and gone,
Laid in my press — of ebony —

The rings and jewels in it are
More brilliant than the former far.

MARTHA.

Your mother must not hear it, though,
Or straitway to the priest they go.

MARGARET.

Look at them, only look at them.

MARTHA.

Fortunate girl.

MARGARET.

Alas, one gem
I cannot — can I? — ever dare
Put on in church or any where.

MARTHA.

Come here as often as you please,
And try them on where no one sees:
Before the glass be whole hours spent
Adjusting every ornament.
We will enjoy their full effect,
With none your secret to suspect;
Then as occasions come, a ball,
A dance, a day of festival,

We let them one by one appear —
A chain, a pearl-drop in the ear —
And coin some story or another
To keep the matter from your mother.

MARGARET.

Twice to have had such caskets brought,
There's something in it more than ought!
[*A knock.*
Good God! my mother! I'll be seen.

MARTHA.

'Tis a strange gentleman.—Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters*).

I've come unceremoniously;
But, ladies, you will pardon me.
[*Retreats respectfully before* MARGARET.
To Mrs. Schwerdtlein was my visit:
I'm told this is her lodging. Is it?

MARTHA.

Sir, I'm the person. What's your pleasure?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll call when you are more at leisure:
You have a guest of consequence;
I'll call again in three hours hence.

MARTHA (*to* MARGARET).

The funniest thing I ever knew —
The gentleman imagined you
To be some lady of high rank.
I can't but laugh.

MARGARET.

I have to thank
The gentleman's extreme good nature.
I am a poor young humble creature:
These ornaments are not my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I did not judge by them alone;
'Tis something in your mien and glance.
— My visit was a lucky chance.

MARTHA (*aside*).

To know what brings him, I am dying.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I wish I had news more gratifying;
But blame me not, though sad it prove.
Your husband's dead, and sends his love.

MARTHA.

Is dead! the faithful creature dead!
My husband — would 'twere I instead.

MARGARET.

Friend, let thy strong good sense prevail
O'er grief —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And hear the full detail.

MARGARET.

I fear at all to think of love,
Such loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grief waits on joy — joy follows grief.

MARTHA.

Tell on; it will be some relief.

MEPHISTOPHELES

In Padua, at St. Anthony's,
In consecrated earth he lies!
A cool bed under the church floor,
Where he sleeps soundly.

MARTHA.

Nothing more?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, yes! a death-bed legacy:
His last commission was to thee,
To have three hundred masses said,
With requiem service for the dead.
His last was a religious thought:
This is the whole of what I brought.

MARTHA.

What, not a coin, no trinket token,
Nothing to soothe his poor heart-broken?
Why, the most paltry artisan,
The veriest wretch in form of man,
Some small memorial still will hoard,
Some little pledge in secret stored,
To show his love is not forgot —
Will starve — will beg — but parts it not!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, I'm sorry for his blindness
To the true value of your kindness:
'Tis your mistake, to think he squandered
His money — as he died, he pondered
The past — and, as his heart relented,
His sins and his bad luck repented.

MARGARET.

Unhappy men! I weep for them!
He shall not want my *requiem!*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, what an angel she will prove.
— So kind, so good, — in wedded love!

MARGARET.

Time long enough 'twill be till then.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'll find admirers 'mong the men:
If not a husband, yet some lover
Will soon these ripening charms discover:
Heaven gives us nothing better here
Than clasping one so loved, so dear.

MARGARET.

'Tis not the custom of the place.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, it is the case.

MARTHA.

Tell on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood at his bedside;
The rotting straw on which he died,
Something less foul than dung, not much,
Infectious to the smell and touch. —
He died a Christian, and in debt,
Settled his scores with Heaven; — the trifle
Due at the gin-shop, is due yet.
"Alas," said he, "I used my wife ill. —
"Would die at peace, did she forgive."

MARTHA.

Poor man! I long ago forgave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"But 'twas her folly, as I live!"

MARTHA.

What! standing on the very grave
Did he say this? assert this lie?
And did he tell you it was I,
I who was wrong? —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He did: but out
The truth has come, and leaves no doubt.

He lied: your very countenance
Decides the matter at a glance! —
" Mine was hard-work, you may conjecture,
(Thus ran his peevish death-bed lecture,)
" First, all her children to be fed;
" And while I toiled to make them bread,
" Not let to eat my crust in peace."

MARTHA.

What, will his slanders never cease?
Love, Honour, Truth, forgotten quite;
Our tendernesses day and night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so: he thought of you with great affection.
" As I," said he, " was late from Malta sailing,
" I found myself in prayer; a sudden rapture,
" Following a burst of tender recollection
" Of wife and children, and the prayer prevailing
" Was heard on high. That day we made a capture;
" A Turkish vessel laden with rich treasure
" For the great sultan: 'twas a gallant fight,
" And valour triumphed, and was well rewarded:
" And when they came the shares of each to measure,
" I got, to say the least of it, my right."

MARTHA.

What? how? a prize? think you, he buried it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows where heaven's four winds have scattered it?
Bury it? — no, his heart was far from sordid:
That his death proves, his generous nature hurried it.
A lady, one of your nice Neapolitans,
As he was loitering in their pleasant city,
Looked on his loneliness, kind soul, with pity,
And saw his vanity — and soothed and flattered it—
Fastened upon him, led him such a jolly dance,
That with his cash, and him, all was soon over.
Marks of affection, too, she gave her lover,
Of such a kind, that to the blessed hour
In which your poor saint died, he felt their power.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel, to use his wife and children so!
Ought not the poverty, which his neglect
Had heaped on us, his shameless course have checked?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It ought; and he is punished for it now:

But as this will not mend the case,
I would, if I were in your place,
Put on my mourning, keep a good eye out,
And wed again, when the year came about.

MARTHA.

Where could I find, in this wide world of men,
Any thing like my own poor man again?
There could not be a creature kinder, fonder;
His only fault was his desire to wander:
And when I think of him, my eyes are swimming:
He was so good, without a single vice,
Except his taste for foreign wines and women,
And the society they bring — and dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! if on his side he had only made
Allowances as just and generous,
Your quarrels had been easily allayed.
Why, I myself — if you indulge me thus —
With such good sense — in a few little things —
Am tempted to propose exchanging rings.

MARTHA.

Oh, Sir, you are a pleasant gentleman: —
Sure you were speaking but in jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd best be off: this vile old pest
Has her brains turned already with the plan
Of marrying me at once outright!
My only safety is in flight.
Damn her! she'll keep the devil to his word.
[*To* MARGARET.
How goes it with your heart?

MARGARET.

What means my lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as if to himself*).

— The good sweet innocent child!
(*Aloud.*) Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Sir! Sir! don't leave us till you tell
One little matter more: I want a witness
To prove his death and burial — how — when — where —
Formally proved; and you will see the fitness
Of having it on record — 'twould be pleasant
To have it in the papers of the week.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

" *At the mouth of two witnesses the matter*
" *Shall be established.*" — By good luck, at present
There's one in town, who to the fact can speak;
A man of character and high condition:
He'll make the necessary deposition—
I'll bring him in the evening.

MARTHA.

Don't be later.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young woman — shall we find her here?
She will so please him — nay, I do not flatter; —
A fine young man — has travelled far and near —
Is so admired — and so admires the sex,
And has so true a feeling of decorum.

MARGARET.

I feel afraid — to meet him would perplex
And so confuse — I'd blush to death before him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were he a king — should it be thus?

MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house —
We shall expect both gentlemen
This evening there — farewell till then.

THE STREET.

FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS.

How fare you? goes it swimmingly on and swift?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hurrah! my friend I'm glad to see your heart
On fire — she shall be yours in less than no time:
This evening, we all meet at Mrs. Schwerdtlein's.
Of all the women that I ever saw
She is the veriest gipsy — is the one
To mould his Margaret to the doctor's purpose.

FAUSTUS.

All promises well so far.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But we are asked
For something in return.

FAUSTUS.

That's reasonable —
As one good turn, they say, deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We are only asked to make a deposition,
In proper form, that her dead husband's bones
Are lying decently interred in Padua,
Quietly resting there in holy ground.

FAUSTUS.

Mighty fine doings! what a pretty jaunt
You have contrived for us!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas!
Why should we go? we are asked but to make oath —
This may be done without the toil of travel,
Or trouble of any kind.

FAUSTUS.

Is this your plan?
If you have nothing better to propose,
The scheme is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man!
Is it there you are now? Doctor, is this your scruple?

Is this the first time in your life that you
Have borne false witness? have you lectured on
God—and the world—and all that moves therein—
On Man — and on "how thought originates,"
And that enigma, man's mysterious nature,
The intellectual and the moral powers —
Have you not dealt in formal definitions,
With forehead unabashed, and heart undaunted?
Yet, if you did but own the truth, your conscience
Must tell you — does it not? — you know no more
Of all these matters than of Schwerdtlein's death.

FAUSTUS.

Thou art, and wert, and thou wilt ever be
A liar and sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes; if by appearances
Only you judge: you, a philosopher,
Should look a little deeper — you yourself,
Ere two days pass — will you not? — all in honour,
As you would call it — fool this poor child's fancy,
And swear, — your casuistry will then be silent —
How from your soul you love her — love her ever.

FAUSTUS.

Yes, and such oath is true —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

— As any other; —
And then of everlasting faith and love
Will be the talk, — of all-absorbing passion —
Of the one feeling — felt but once — for one:
Will this, too, be a language that the heart
Can recognise as true?

FAUSTUS.

Peace, fiend! it will,
If that I feel, and if for the emotion —
The frenzy call it, rather — I still seek
A name and can find none — if through the world
My fancy ranging seeks analogies
That are, and ever must remain, imperfect —
If words that speak of time be insufficient
Even feebly to express this burning feeling,
And that, thus forced, I call it endless — deathless —
Eternal — yes, eternal — say you that
Language like this is a Satanic lie?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet I am right.

FAUSTUS.

Hark ye — take this with you —
I'll spare my lungs, and cease to argue further —

But, as I said, take this with you: — no matter
What side a man adopts, or of what subject —
If he has but a tongue, he'll not want reasons
To prove him in the right; as now, for instance; —
I'm tired of talk — you then are in the right —
You must be, sure, when I acknowledge it.

THE GARDEN.

MARGARET *on* FAUSTUS'S *arm*, MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES. — *Walking loiteringly up and down.*

MARGARET.

You do but play with my simplicity,
And put me to the blush. A traveller
Learns such good nature — is so pleased with all things
And every body : — my poor talk, I know,
Has no attraction, that could for a moment
Engage the attention of a man, who has
Seen so much of the world ——

FAUSTUS.

One glance — one word —
One little word from thee, I value more
Than all the wisdom of th' world's wisest ones.
Kisses her hand.

MARGARET.

How could you think of it? How could you kiss it?
It is so coarse — so hard — is spoiled with all work

On every day — how could it but be coarse?
My mother's habits are too close — my tasks
Are too severe. [*They pass on.*

MARTHA.

And are you — are you always travelling thus?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! that claims of business and of duty
Should force me to it. We feel pangs at parting
From many a spot where yet we may not loiter.

MARTHA.

In youth's wild days, it cannot but be pleasant
This idle roaming round and round the world,
With wildfire spirits, and heart disengaged:
But soon comes age and sorrow; and to drag,
Through the last years of life, down to the grave
A solitary creature — like the wretch,
Who moves from prison on to execution —
This must be bad for body and for soul.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You make me shudder at the dreary prospect.

MARTHA.

Be wise — secure yourself in time. [*They pass on.*

MARGARET.

Yes! — out of sight, soon out of mind.
I feel this courtesy is kind; —
That you, who must have many a friend
Highly informed, should condescend
To speak with one in my poor station.
Of such neglected educatibn,
— In every thing so unimproved —

FAUSTUS.

Believe me, dearest, best beloved,
That, which the world calls information,
Is often but the glitter chilling
Of vanity and want of feeling.

MARGARET.

How?

FAUSTUS.

Ah! that — singleness of heart,
And absence of all artifice,
— Gifts, as they are, above all price,
Heaven's holiest blessing – should be thus
Of their own worth unconscious!
That — meekness, gentleness, the treasure
Which Nature, who doth still impart
To all in love, and lavish measure,

Gives to the child, whom she loves dearest, —
Should ——

MARGARET.

Think of me when you are gone,
A moment now and then — of you
I shall have time enough to think.

FAUSTUS.

Your time is passed, then, much alone?

MARGARET.

Why, yes; and then our house affairs,
Poor though they be, bring many cares.
We have no servant maid, and I
Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry;
Run far and near — rise ere the light,
And not lie down till láte at night.
And then my mother's temper's such,
In every thing she asks so much;
Of saving has so strict a sense,
And is so fearful of expense;
So anxious, so particular:
— Not that our circumstances are
So limited, as not to give
The means like other folk to live.
The property my father had,
And died possessed of, was not bad:

A house, and garden here, that yields
Something worth while, and some town fields,
Just at the gates. My days, somehow,
Are tolerably quiet now —
My brother earns a soldier's bread
Abroad; — my little sister's dead.
Trouble enough I had with her,
Yet cheerfully would I incur
Ten times the toil — so dear was she.

FAUSTUS.

A very angel, if like thee!

MARGARET.

Even from its birth, the child I nurst —
And so it loved me from the first.
Born to distress — its father torn
Away by death, ere it was born.
My mother, worn out with disease —
We long had given her up for gone —
Recovering faintly by degrees,
Came slowly, very slowly on.
She had no strength — she could not think
Of nursing it — and so, poor thing,
I reared it; for its natural drink,
With bread and water tried to bring
The creature on — and thus my own
It seemed to be, and mine alone —

Lay on my arm, and on my breast
Would play and nestle, and was blest.

FAUSTUS.

This must have been the purest joy.

MARGARET.

Yet were there hours of great annoy —
Its cradle was by my bedside:
It kept me half the night awake,
To make it quiet when I tried. —
At times must I get up, to take
The little urchin into bed;
This would not do — then must I rise,
Walk up and down with measured tread,
And seek with songs to hush its cries.
Then daylight brought its tasks to me:
Ere dawn must I at washing be —
Go to the market — light the fire;
And if I felt the trouble tire
On one day, 'twas the same the next.
I felt dispirited, and vext
At times; but I was wrong in this;
For, after all, his labour is
What gives a poor man's food its zest,
And makes his bed a bed of rest.

[*They pass on.*

MARTHA.

We women are the sufferers: who can make
Any thing of a dissolute old rake?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet have I perfect faith in woman's skill;
You may, for instance, make me what you will.

MARTHA.

But tell me plainly, have you never met
One whom you loved? — thought you of marriage yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A blessed state — in Proverbs we are told,
A good wife better is than pearls or gold.

MARTHA.

But is there none with preference you would name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All are polite and every where the same.

MARTHA.

Have you no one in seriousness addressed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies can you think that I would jest.?

MARTHA.

You still mistake me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I regret to find
How slow I am; but one thing to my mind
Is clear, that you are very, very kind.

[*They pass on.*

FAUSTUS.

And so thou didst, my angel — didst thou not? —
The moment that I came into the garden,
Remember me again, upon the spot?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? — I held down my eyes.

FAUSTUS.

And thou dost, — dost thou not? — the freedom pardon
Which, as you passed from the Cathedral home,
I rashly took?

MARGARET.

I felt so much surprise,
And was, I scarce can tell you, so confused,
And trembled like a guilty thing accused.

" Into his head could such a thought have come? —
What must he think of thee? — there must have been
Something improper in thy walk or mien;
Something that gave this gentleman to see,
Here is a girl with whom you may make free."
Yet must I own I did not then detect
How my heart pleaded for thee, nor suspect
I with myself was angry, that, with thee,
As angry, as I ought, I could not be.

FAUSTUS.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

One moment wait.

[*She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after another.*

FAUSTUS.

Why pluck the star-flower?
— Do you wish a bunch of flowers?

MARGARET.

No, I just fancied
Trying a little game of chance.

FAUSTUS.

What mean you?

MARGARET.

You will laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.*

FAUSTUS.

What are you murmuring?

MARGARET (*half aloud*).

He loves me — loves me not.

FAUSTUS.

Angelic creature!

MARGARET.

[*As she plucks off the last leaf with eager delight.*

He loves me!

FAUSTUS.

Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower
The answer of an oracle — "He loves thee!"
Dost thou know all the meaning of "He loves thee?"

[*Holds both her hands.*

MARGARET.

I am all over trembling.

FAUSTUS.

Tremble not!
Oh, let this look, this pressure of the hands,
Say, to thee, what no words can say: henceforth
Be our whole being lost in one another
In overflowing joy — that lives and lives
For ever and for ever! could it end,
It were —— but no, it cannot, cannot end!

[MARGARET *presses his hands; disengages herself from him, and runs away. He stands for a moment, thoughtful, and follows her.*

MARTHA.

The night is coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We should be going.

MARTHA.

I would invite you to stay longer, but
We live in a censorious neighbourhood.
They seem to have nothing to think of or to do
But watch the doors, and who go in and out:

Do what you will, your doings will be misconstrued:
But our young couple — saw you them?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They've flown
Up yonder walk — gay butterflies —

MARTHA.

He seems
Caught.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she too. 'Tis the way of the world

A SUMMER HOUSE.

MARGARET *runs in; fixes herself behind the door; holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

MARGARET.

He comes.

FAUSTUS.

Ah, rogue! and do you thus provoke me?
I've caught you at last. [*Kisses her.*

[MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*

FAUSTUS (*stamping*).

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend.

FAUSTUS.

A brute.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full time to go.

MARTHA (*comes up.*)

'Tis late, my lord. —

FAUSTUS.

May I not see you home?

MARGARET.

My mother would —— farewell.

FAUSTUS.

Must I then go?

Farewell.

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

To meet again, and soon.

[*Exeunt* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET.

How many things a man like this
Must know; — and I had but a "Yes,"
For every thing he said; — confused
By every word; yet he excused
Each fault of mine. What can it be,
That thus attaches him to me?

FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUSTUS (*alone*).

Yes! lofty Spirit, thou hast given me all,
All that I asked of thee; and not in vain,
In unconsuming fire revealed, hast thou
Been with me, manifesting gloriously
Thy presence — thou hast looked on me with love,
— Hast given me empire o'er majestic Nature;
Power to enjoy and feel! 'Twas not alone
The stranger's short permitted privilege
Of momentary wonder that thou gavest;
No, thou hast given me into her deep breast
As into a friend's secret heart to look;
Hast brought to me the tribes of living things:
Thus teaching me to recognise and love
My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;
Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!

Of my own heart the depths miraculous,
Its secret inward being all exposed!
And when before my eye the pure moon walks
High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
Before me seem to move, and mitigate
The too severe delight of earnest thought! —

Alas! even now I feel MAN'S joys must be
Imperfect ever. The ecstatic bliss,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods;
This is thy gift; but with it thou hast given,
Inseparably linked, this vile associate,
Whom I abominate, but cannot part: —
Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
To make me to myself contemptible;
And with a breath will scatter into nothing
All these high gifts; with what officious zeal
He fans my breast into a raging flame
Of passion, to possess that perfect form
Of loveliness! Thus, from desire I pass
On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
Even in enjoyment languish for desire!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have you not had enough of this before?

A pretty kind of life to live for ever!
Well enough for a trial. Come, come, let us
Seek something new.

FAUSTUS.

I wish you had something else
To do than thus torment me when I'm quiet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! well! and if you wish I'll leave you here
To your delights — never say it again.
Great loss to me, indeed, 'twould be to lose
A petulant, unsocial, crazy creature
Of a companion — kept the whole day long
Busy, and never can make any guess
From my lord's countenance, whether your worship
Is pleased or is displeased by what I do.

FAUSTUS.

Ay, there's the tone — that is so very like him:
Tires me to death — expects me then to thank him!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor child of earth! and couldst thou, then, have
borne
Thy life till now without my aid? 'Twas I
That saved thee from imaginations idle!
I guarded thee with long and anxious care;

And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
Idling in other worlds! Why sittest thou there,
Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
Dull as the moping owl? Why, like the toad,
Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone?
Sweet pastime this! most charming occupation!
I fear you've not forgotten your old trade.

FAUSTUS.

Couldst thou conceive what added life is given
In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
And couldst thou feel it — still thou wouldst remain
The devil thou art — still hate and poison it!
Wouldst grudge the short delight ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Delight indeed!
Yes, transcendental rapture! — mighty fine! —
In night and dew lying among the hills,
In ecstasy embracing earth and heaven —
To swell up till you are a kind of god —
To pierce into the marrow of the earth
In a fool's fancies — all the six-days' task
Of the creation in thy breast to feel —
And in the pride of conscious power enjoy
I know not what of bliss, — to cherish love
That has no limits, but must overflow

Till it loves every thing that is — till earth
And man's poor nature, in the trance forgotten,
Has passed away — and then the glorious hour
Of intuition ending — how it ends
I must not say ——

FAUSTUS.

Fie, fie upon thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes!
"Fie, fie!" — it does not suit your taste, forsooth —
Fie, fie! this mannerly word sounds very well
In your mouth now. The modest ears are closed,
And will not hear of what the modest heart
Yet cannot go without. Good, good! — a word,
However, upon what you said — I grudge not
To you or any man such pleasure, as
He now and then may feel, in playing tricks
Of self-deception; pity 'twill not last.
You are already blown out of your course —
Are almost what you were when first we met;
And, if you don't take care, will fret yourself
Soon into actual madness — frenzy-fever,
Or melancholy horror. For your own sake
Have done with this: your love, poor creature! sits
Within there,—you should soothe her! All with her

Is sad and gloomy — out of her poor mind
You never are: she loves devotedly,
Poor thing!—on thee she thinks—thinks evermore.
First came the flood of thy o'erflowing passion,
As swells, when the snows melt, a mountain brook
Above its banks — and thou into her heart
Hast poured the sudden gush; and now the brook
Is dry with thee again: methinks 'twere well,
Instead of reigning here among the woods
On an imaginary throne, that you
Would comfort the young monkey, and requite
The poor thing for her love, — to her the time
Seems miserably long — she lingers at
The window, gazes on the clouds that pass
Slow o'er the old town-walls. "Oh that I were
A little bird!" she cries. This is her song
All the day long, and half the heavy night!
One moment is she mirthful — mostly is
Sad, — then she weeps till she can weep no more;
Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
But mirth or grief, whatever the mood be,
This all is love — deep, tender, passionate love.

FAUSTUS.

Serpent — vile serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Ay, and one that stings.

FAUSTUS.

Infamous wretch, begone! name not her name —
Pollute it not — stir not into desire
My half-distracted senses.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is this? —
She deems herself abandoned — and is right.

FAUSTUS.

Off, viper!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are raving — I am laughing:
What a hard task it is, forsooth — just think.
And let it cure your spirits, — you are going
Not — as to look at you one might believe —
Not to the gibbet — but to a fond mistress!

FAUSTUS.

What were the joys of Heaven, if with them blest
In her embrace? — could my disquiet be
Stilled on her bosom? could it hush to rest
This drear presentiment of her undoing?
And am I not the outcast — the accurst —
The homeless one, whose wanderings never cease —

The monster of his kind? No rest for me —
No aim — no object; like the stream, that, nurst
With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,
Along its course of ruin,
On to the inevitable precipice —
Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,
And violently seeks the desperate shock.
And — by the side of such mad stream — was she,
— A child with a child's feelings; — her low cot
In the green field upon the mountain-slope,
And all that she could wish, or love, or hope,
Her little world, all — all in that poor spot; —
And I — the heaven-detested! — was it not
Enough, that the mad torrent grasped and tore
The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and bore
All, that opposed me, in my downward course
On with me? — Her, too, her — her peace — her joy —
These must I undermine? — these too destroy?
Hell! Hell! — this victim also! — Thy support,
Devil! and the dreadful interval make short!
What must be, be it soon! Let the crush fall
Down on me of her ruin — perish all —
She — I — and these wild thoughts together!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! in the fever-fit again?

How seethes and burns the muddy brain!
— Idiot, go in, and comfort her.

Thus is it ever with the crazy pate,
When difficulties thwart,
Or unforeseen calamities occur:
Fools, when they cannot see their way,
At once grow desperate,
Have no resource — have nothing to propose —
But fix a dull eye of dismay
Upon the final close.
Success to the stout heart, say I,
That sees its fate, and can defy!
— Yet art thou, though of such soft stuff,
In most things pretty devil enough; —
Of all insipid things, I least can bear
That sickening dose — a devil in despair!

MARGARET'S OWN ROOM.

MARGARET (*alone at the spinning-wheel*).

(*Sings.*)

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore:
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore!

The place, where he is not,
To me is the tomb,
The world is sadness,
And sorrow and gloom!

My poor sick brain
Is crazed with pain,
And my poor sick heart
Is torn in twain!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
For lost is my love
For evermore!

From the window for him
My heavy eyes roam;
To seek him, all lonely
I wander from home.

His noble form,
His bearing high,
The smiles of his lip,
And the power of his eye;

And the magic tone
Of that voice of his,
His hands' soft pressure,
And oh! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore;
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore!

Far wanders my heart
To feel him near,
Oh! could I clasp him,
And hold him here!

Hold him and kiss him,
Oh! I could die!
To feed on his kisses,
How willingly!

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET — FAUSTUS.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry.

FAUSTUS.

Be assured, my love.

MARGARET.

Tell me but this: — what think you of religion?
You are a good and honest-minded man;
But, I believe, and fear, think little of it.

FAUSTUS.

Forbear, my child — thou feelest that I love thee;
For them I love would give my life away —
I would not rob another of his hopes
In Heaven, or of his faith in creeds and churches.

MARGARET.

'Tis well — but more than this — you must believe.

FAUSTUS.

Must I?

MARGARET.

Oh, had I any influence!
— Thou honourest not the holy sacraments?

FAUSTUS.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

But thou dost not receive. —
At mass or shrift 'tis long since thou hast been.
— Dost thou believe in God?

FAUSTUS.

Forbear, my love;
Who can say truly, "I believe in God?"
— Ask it of priest or of philosopher,
And the reply seems but a mockery
Of him who asks.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe!

FAUSTUS.

Misunderstand me not, thou best-beloved:
Who can name Him, and, knowing what he says,
Say, "I believe in Him?" And who can feel,

And, with self-violence, to conscious wrong
Hardening his heart, say, " I believe him not!"
The All-embracing, All-sustaining One,
Say, doth he not embrace, sustain, include
Thee? — Me? — Himself? — Bends not the sky
above?
And earth, on which we are, is it not firm?
And over us with constant kindly smile,
The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch!
Am I not here gazing into thine eyes?
And does not All, that is,
— Seen and unseen, mysterious all —
Around thee, and within,
Untiring agency,
Press on thy heart and mind?
— Fill thy whole heart with it — and when thou art
Lost in the consciousness of happiness —
Then call it what thou wilt,
Happiness! — heart! — love! — God!
I have no name for it — Feeling is all.
Nature is but an echo of the voice
That rings through all — a vapour hiding Heaven!

MARGARET.

This is all good and right;
The priest says pretty much the same,
But in words somewhat different.

FAUSTUS.

Every where,
All hearts beneath the universal Heaven,
In its own language each doth utter it —
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET.

Made easy thus
'Tis plausible — yet must it be unsafe:
Thou art no Christian.

FAUSTUS.

Hush, my child.

MARGARET.

I grieve to see the company thou keepest.

FAUSTUS.

What do you mean?

MARGARET.

The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,
I hate him from the bottom of my soul.
In my whole life, has nothing given my heart
So deep a wound, as that man's alien visage.

FAUSTUS.

Beloved, fear him not.

MARGARET.

The very sight of him makes my blood thrill!
To most men I feel kindliness — but him
Do I detest; and with a feeling strong,
Strong as my love for you — strong as my wishes
To have you with me — does a secret shudder
Creep over me when I behold this man.
He is — I cannot be deceived — he is
A villain; — God forgive me, if I wrong him!

FAUSTUS.

He's a queer fellow — do not mind his oddities.

MARGARET.

I would not — could not, live together with him.
If for a moment he comes to the door,
He will look in with such an air of mockery,
And a half scowl, and a face dark with anger
Kept down — you see he has no interest
In any thing — 'tis written on his brow
He feels no love for any living soul —
And when I am so happy in thy arms,
In the sweet confidence of love forgetting —

Forgetting every thing but thee, then— then
He's sure to come, and my heart shrinks and withers!

FAUSTUS.

Foreboding angel, these are weak misgivings!

MARGARET.

The feeling overmasters me so wholly,
That if he does but join us, straightway seems it
As if I ceased to love thee — where he is
I could not pray. This eats into my heart.
Henry, it cannot be but that you feel
In this as I do.

FAUSTUS.

This is antipathy.

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUSTUS.

Alas! and may I never
Meet thee, where none can come to trouble us?
One little hour — and must it never be?
Heart prest to happy heart, and soul to soul!

MARGARET.

Ah, that I slept alone! This very night

How gladly would I leave the door unbolted!
But then my mother's sleep is far from sound;
Did she awake and find you there, I should,
Methinks, drop dead upon the spot.

FAUSTUS.

Dear angel, throw aside such fears; this phial
Take with you. Three drops of it only, poured
Into her drink, wrap nature up in sleep,
Deep tranquil sleep.

MARGARET.

I must do as you bid.
Could I refuse you? — 'Twill not injure her?

FAUSTUS.

It will not: otherwise would I advise it?

MARGARET.

Dearly beloved, if I but look on you
I must obey — I cannot hesitate:
There is a something not to be resisted,
Which overpowers me — makes your will my guide
In every thing; and having gone so far
Already, is choice left me? Having given
So much, what is there for me to refuse?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters*).

The monkey! is it gone?

FAUSTUS.

Again —

Spying? —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, and I heard quite plain
The doctor schooled, — the catechumen
Getting a lesson in his creed,
And catechism, from a young woman,
Just now; — I hope that it agreed
With you! The girls' anxiety
For sentimental piety
Is soon explained. The man, think they,
Who worships in the good old way,
When his priest bids him kneels and bows,
Is likely to obey his spouse:
This of itself ensures his wife
A quiet, fair and easy life.
The women fancy, and the fact is
Confirmed, or often so, in practice,
That their admirers are most found
Where your religious men abound —
Love is almost the same emotion:
The devotee — such is their notion —
Thus for the sex feels true devotion,

Courts amorous thoughts and mystic dreaming,
Is led by priests, and follows women.

FAUSTUS.

Oh! what a monster must thou be.
To see not, or with scoffing see,
How this poor girl's affections lead
The pious creature thus to plead;
The faith, in which she moves and lives —
That which alone salvation gives —
So she believes — may make her fear
Danger to one whom she holds dear;
Fear for the issue of a strife
Where more, she feels, is risked than life!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sentimental sensualist,
— Philosopher at once and beast, —
Led by the nose by a young flirt!

FAUSTUS.

Abortion — spawn of fire and dirt!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*scornfully*).

— On Physiognomy she also lectures
Profoundly — feels, when I am present,
Sensations strange and most unpleasant:
— Suppressed malignity my smile betrays;

I wear a mask, forsooth, I will not raise,
And what it hides she sapiently conjectures,
Something mysteriously allied to evil,
A genius — or, perhaps, the very devil.
To-night then.

FAUSTUS.

What 's to-night to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusements too — we'll see.

AT THE WELL.

MARGARET *and* LIZZY (*with pitchers*).

LIZZY.

Have you not heard of Hannah's pretty doing?

MARGARET.

No, not a word — I've been but little out.

LIZZY.

Kate told it me to-day — there's not a doubt
Of its truth. This comes of airs and impudence:
I always said her pride would be her ruin.

MARGARET.

What mean you?

LIZZY.

What I mean all know but you —
Why, when she eats and drinks she's feeding two.

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

LIZZY.

Poor thing, indeed! great pity for her;

Why, she was always finding some pretence
To be in company with this adorer
Of hers; — at every party — every walk —
How she made out a time for private talk!
Would hang upon his arm, and still be seen
For evermore with him, at booth or green.
She thought herself so fine, none could come near her;
And then their feastings — cakes and wine must cheer her
After their rambles: then her vanity
About her beauty almost like insanity —
And then her meanness — think of her insisting
Upon his making handsome presents to her —
Then came soft words, when there were none to listen,
Then all a girl can give she gave her wooer!

MARGARET.

The poor, poor thing!

LIZZY.

And do you pity her?
When *we* were kept close to our wheels, and when
Our mothers would not suffer us to stir
Abroad at night, or loiter with the men,
Then were they on the seat before the door,
Or in the dark walk lingering evermore;

Now for the stool and white sheet of repentance;
For one, I feel no sorrow at her sentence.

MARGARET.

Poor creature! but, no doubt, he'll marry her.

LIZZY.

He!—he'll be no such fool—the de'il may carry her,
For what he cares — they say that he is off;
He'll find another market soon enough.

MARGARET.

That is not fair.

LIZZY.

'Twill be almost as bad,
We will so plague her — if she get the lad;—
The wedding garland, should she think to wear it,
From the mock virgin shall the children tear it;
And, at her door, what fun we shall have, spreading
Chopped straw, to greet the promise of their wedding. [*Exit.*

MARGARET (*returning home*).

How I would rail when some poor girl went wrong!
How, when it was another's sin and shame,
Words of reproach would rise up to my tongue!
Oh, this was then a black offence, and I

Made it in thought more black; no words of blame
The virtuous scorn of mine could satisfy —
Others might fall, but I more proud became,
And I — who thus could feel — am I the same?
But could I — who could — have resisted here?
All was so good! — all was so very dear!

ZWINGER. — A LITTLE SHRINE.

In a niche of the wall an image of the MATER DOLOROSA, *with flowers before it.* — MARGARET *places fresh flowers in the bowls.*

MARGARET.

Mother benign,
Look down on me!
No grief like thine;
Thou who dost see
In his death-agony
Thy Son divine.

In faith unto the Father
Dost thou lift up thine eyes;
In faith unto the Father
Dost pray with many sighs.
The sword is piercing thine own soul, and thou in pain dost pray,
That the pangs which torture him, and are thy pangs, may pass away.

And who my wound can heal,
And who the pain can feel,

That rends asunder brain and bone?
How my poor heart, within me aching,
Trembles and yearns, and is forsaken —
Thou knowest it — thou alone!

Where can I go? Where can I go?
Every where woe! woe! woe!
Nothing that does not my own grief betoken;
And when I am alone,
I moan, and moan, and moan,
And am heart-broken.

The flowers upon my window sill,
Wet with my tears since dawn they be;
All else were sleeping, while I was weeping,
Praying and choosing flowers for thee.

Into my chamber brightly
Came the early sun's good morrow;
On my restless bed, unsightly,
I sate up in my sorrow.

Oh, in this hour of death, and the near grave,
Succour me, thou, and save!
Look on me with that countenance benign.
Never was grief like thine, —
Look down, look down on mine!

NIGHT.

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE (*a soldier* — MADGE'*s brother*).

Till now, as round the canteen hearth,
My comrades, in their drunken mirth,
Would of their favourites gaily boast,
And pledge with soldier's glee the toast;
How on my elbow I would rest,
Smile as each swore his own the best,
And stroke my beard, and raise my glass,
And when my turn to name the lass
Came round, would say, " Each to his taste;
In my own home my heart is placed.
Where is the maiden, any where,
That with my Margaret can compare?
Is there than Madge's in the land
A truer heart or fairer hand? "
Oh, then, how cups and goblets rang,
While voices rose with joyous clang:
" Right, right," in chorus, hundreds cried,
" First of them all — the country's pride —
His sister is" — and dumb and tame
The boasters suddenly became.

And now — oh, I could rend my hair,
Could dash my brains out in despair; —
Now must I feel my bosom gored
By daggers in each casual word,
And every ruffian's sneering eye
And scornful taunt my patience try;
Gnawing my wrath must I remain,
And suffer and suppress my pain,
Nor dare say any word again;
As hears the debtor gibe and curse,
Who meets a claim with empty purse.
Avenge it — what can vengeance do?
Must I not feel the taunt is true?

See yonder! sneaking out of sight,
Two skulking scoundrels. — Am I right?
— 'Tis he — would Heaven that it were he —
He scarce shall 'scape me if it be.

FAUSTUS — MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS.

See, in the window of yon sacristy,
How from its little lamp the constant light
Streams up — while, at the sides, less and less bright,
'Tis fading — till it dies in the thick night
That deepens round — and thus is it with me —
Darkness on every side around me spreads.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I — I am the thievish cat, that treads,
With stealthy and suspicious pace,
Up ladders and down leads,
Culprit-like creeping to the guilty place.
Already do I feel the power,
The fun and frolic of the hour;
The advent of WALPURGIS NIGHT
Bids every limb thrill with delight:
Another night — another day,
And then the glorious FIRST OF MAY;
Then to the Brocken fare we forth,
Then learn that life is something worth.

FAUSTUS.

Behold yon blue light glimmering!
Is that the treasure? Lurks it there?
And will it from the dark earth spring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be patient — you shall shortly bring
The casket into open air:
I peeped into the secret hoard,
And saw the lion-dollars stored.

FAUSTUS.

What! merely money? who would think it?
What good is this? no ring — no trinket?
No ornament for the dear girl?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes; there are some beads of pearl., .

FAUSTUS.

I am glad of it, — it is not pleasant
To go to her without some present.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is there then no such thing as pleasure,
But what you may by payment measure?
I differ there with you — but see,
The heaven is hushed, and full of stars:
Now for a moment favour me
With silence — while I sing some bars
Of an old song — a sweet old air,
Touched with true skill — a moral song
That lures the heart and will along.

(*Sings to the guitar.*)

Why, Catherine, stay
At dawn of day,
At dawning gray,
Before the younker's door?

The merry blade
Lets in the maid,
That out a maid
Never departeth more!
Beware — beware,
And guard, ye fair,
Your hearts with care.
Poor things, beware of men —
Oh, listen not to any thing
They may say, or swear, or sing,
Till in the finger is the ring —
Beware, say I again.

VALENTINE (*comes forward*).

What brings ye here? whom come ye to destroy,
Cursed rat-catchers? — to the devil with the lure —
To the devil with the scoundrels.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, boy,
The poor guitar is cracked beyond all cure.

VALENTINE.

Now for his skull.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, Doctor, now's your time.
Courage — stick close — that's a brave fellow:

Have at him — just do as I tell you —
Out with your duster — thrust away —
I'll parry.

VALENTINE.

Parry that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Child's play!
Easily done.

VALENTINE.

And that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As easy quite.

VALENTINE.

The devil assists him in the fight —
My hand is wounded.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now thrust home.

VALENTINE.

Oh, torture!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The clown's done for — come,
We'd best be off — have not a minute

To lose — already is the cry
Of murder raised — and although I
Know the police, and have friends in it,
This is a very ugly scrape.
To manage it in any shape
Perplexes me.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Up! — up! —

MARGARET (*at her window*).

A light!

MARTHA.

Railing and scuffling — how they fight!

PEOPLE (*in the street*).

One of them is already dead.

MARTHA.

Seize on the murderers — are they fled?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who is it — who?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Oh God!

VALENTINE.

I die — said soon — soon done!
Women, why stand you wailing, crying?
Will you not listen? I am dying.
Margaret, take counsel, you are still
Young, and conduct your business ill;
I speak in confidence — you are
A strumpet — throw away pretence —
Be one in earnest — there were sense
In this — be one thing or the other.

MARGARET.

My God! what can you mean, my brother?

VALENTINE.

Best let the name of God alone!
That which is done, alas! is done.
The past is past — the wretched game
You play is every where the same,
Begins in folly — ends in shame.
First one man visits — then, less private,
Another; soon the coy beginner
Will welcome all, till she arrive at
The streets, and is a common sinner.

When SHAME is born, she shrinks from sight,
Draws over her the veil of night,
Trembles at every stir, and tries
Of hood and cloak the mean disguise,
Yea!— unfamiliar yet with sin —
Would hush the warning voice within.
On moves she unobserved, unknown;
But bigger soon, and bolder grown,
Walks, hand in hand, the broad highway,
With SLANDER, in the eye of day,
And as her features, marred and coarse,
From hour to hour look worse and worse,
While men behold her with affright,
She stalks affronting the daylight.

Already do I see the day,
When all, with loathing, turn away
From thee, as from a plague-struck corse,
I see the gnawings of remorse:
— Abandoned outcast of the street,
How wilt thou bear their eyes to meet?
Never, as once, the golden chain
To wear in pride — never again!
Never again, that fairest face,
To shine at church, in the high place,
And never more the dance to grace;—
No more in modest pride to deck
With frills of snowy lace thy neck;

But in some filthy nook to lie,
'Mong strumpets live — 'mong beggars die;
And find, for thee, heart-broken one,
Though God has mercy, Man has none.

MARTHA.

Pray, dying man, for mercy; dread
To heap God's curses on thy head!

VALENTINE.

Fiend, could I tear thy leprous skin!
Procuress! sordid slave of sin!
Then might I rest, my conscience freed
From every weight by that one deed.

MARGARET.

My brother — oh, what agony —
Brother, forgive — I grieve for thee.

VALENTINE.

Cease weeping thus for me: thy fall —
That was the sharpest wound of all.
Fearless I go — as fits the brave —
To God and to a soldier's grave.

CATHEDRAL.

SERVICE. — ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET *among a number of people.* — EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How changed is every thing
With thee, poor Margaret,
Since when, still full of innocence,
Thou to this very altar
Didst come, and from the little old thumbed prayer-book
Didst lisp the murmured prayers;
Half with the children out at play,
In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,
And half with God in heaven.
And dost thou, canst thou think? . .
Thy brain, where wanders it? . .
In thy heart oh what a weight
Of guilt! of evil done!
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul —
She who through thee did sleep and sleep away

Into undying agonies?
And on thy door-stead whose the blood?
And in thy bosom is there not
A stirring, that is torture,
And with foreboding fears
Makes felt the present woe?

MARGARET.

Wóe, woe!
Oh that I could escape
These dark thoughts flitting over and athwart me,
And all accusing me!

CHOIR.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA.

EVIL SPIRIT.

The judgment arrests thee —
The trumpet is sounding —
The graves are a-stir —
And thy heart,
From the sleep of its ashes,
For fiery torture
Created again,
Awakes up and trembles.

MARGARET.

That I were out of this —
I feel as if the organ
Stifled my breathing,
And that the anthem was
Breaking my heart.

CHOIR.

JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,
QUIDQUID LATET ADPAREBIT,
NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT.

MARGARET.

I feel so tightened here,
The pillars of the wall
Are grasping me;
The arch above
Weighs on me. — Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself — sin and shame
Will find thee out —
Oh, never were they hidden —
Air — light — exposure —
Woe's thee!

CHOIR.

QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS,
QUEM PATRONUM ROGATURUS,
CUM VIX JUSTUS SIT SECURUS.

EVIL SPIRIT.

From thee their countenances
The sons of light all turn.
To reach to thee their hands
Makes the pure shudder —
Woe!

CHOIR.

QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS.

MARGARET (*fainting*) *to the girl next her.*

Your flasket, friend.

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

SHIRKE AND ELEND.

FAUSTUS — MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would not a broomstick be a good thing here
For a tired man to ride? I wish I had got
A buck-goat, rough and tough — neck thick, trot quick:
The road is long, and we are loitering,
The time just come — the place still far away.

FAUSTUS.

While I feel firm upon my limbs, the road
Thus wild and intricate but pleases me;
And this knobbed staff affords support enough.
Why should we wish the way more short? To steal
Silently through the deep vale's labyrinth,
And issuing thence to climb these rocks, from which
The bubbling water gushes up for ever,
And streams a white precipitous cataract —

'Tis this — 'tis this that makes such paths delightful.
The stirring breath of spring hath waked the birch,
And the slow pine already feels her power —
Shall we alone of all that live and breathe
Remain uninfluenced by her cheering spirit?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I can feel nothing of it — all within
With me is winter — 'give me the bleak snow,
And the cold ice upon my desolate path.
With what a red and melancholy light
The waning moon's imperfect orb is moving,
Casting faint, cold, unserviceable beams,
And making each step dangerous — lest the foot
Dash 'gainst some straggling tree or jutting rock;
I'll call a wildfire Will-o'-the-Wisp to light us.
See, there is one burns bright and merrily.
The freakish spark, look, how he flings away
On the regardless night his spendthrift splendour.
Holla! my friend, come join our company;
Come, come, instead of wasting idly there,
Come be the pilot of our perilous way,
Move on, and light us through the desert moors.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Yours most respectfully — I'll strive to serve you;
But it is struggling against nature — devious
And zig-zag is our customary course.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha, ha! — ha, ha! he thinks to mimic man;
Go straight — for once — in the devil's name, go straight —
On, saucy spark, on — or I'll blow thee out,
Poor gleam of marsh-light life.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

'Tis plain to see
That the master of the house is here — my lord,
I will be all I can be, to oblige you, —
But, think, the hill to-day is mad with magic;
And, if we should not go the straightest road,
Remember that your guide is but a meteor.

FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHELES, METEOR (*alternately*).

SONG.

Into the magic world, the centre
Of fancies strange and dreamy science,
By a meteor led, we enter,
His wild light our best reliance.
Then, Meteor, guide us on in haste,
Through regions lonely, wide, and waste.

Woods — how swift they vanish by us!
Trees on trees — how fast they fly us!

And the cliffs, with antic greeting,
Bending forward and retreating,
How they mock the midnight meeting;
Ghastly rocks grin glaring on us,
Panting, blowing, as they shun us!

Trickling on, through sward and stone,
Rill and rivulet run down —
Murmuring and rustling near,
Voices meet and mock the ear;
Sweet sounds greet us from above:
Are they — are they words of love?
Tender tones, that from the wild wood
Whisper back the days of childhood?
All that was, when we were young,
EDEN to the heart, now meets it;
And the rock, with airy tongue,
Recalls, restores, the enchanted song,
And lingering in love repeats it.
How the song of echo chimes
Like the voice of other times!

Tu-whoo! — Tu-whoo! — the owl's in view —
Nearer, clearer, comes his hooting —
Through the dusk air see him shooting —
The long-horned owl, with pinions gray,
The blind bat borne in circles dizzy,
The crow — the lapwing — and the jay,

Are wakeful all — all out and busy —
See lizards in the green twigs tender,
With heavy paunch and long legs slender —
Every where strange sights we see —
Are they what they seem to be? —
Here's many a twining plant that flings
Round rock and root its serpent strings,
And seeks to dart, in eager watch
The heedless journeyer's foot to catch,
From close-compacted living masses
Its angry fangs on each who passes;
Every where around us playing,
Many-coloured mice are straying,
Numberless, 'mong moss and heather;
And the fire-flies crowd together,
With buzzing motion, swarming, crushing,
Round our meteor leader rushing!

We be strangers here who stray,
Natives of the hills are they,
Gleesome creatures bright and gay,
Merry guides! hurrah! hurrah! —
Wild the escort — wild the way!

Tell me, tell me, where we are —
We have wandered fast and far —
Is our wizard journey ended?
Is the Brocken yet ascended?

Round us every thing seems wheeling,
Trees are whirling, rocks are reeling--
All in rapid circles spinning,
With motion dizzying and dinning,
Every thing that round us races
Makes grotesque and fiendish faces;
Swelling, puffing, multiplying,
On all sides wild-fire lights are flying.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, be alive — so far, so well;
We 're at the half-way pinnacle. —
The worst is over now — catch fast
My mantle, while we turn and cast
A glance beneath us on the mines
Where MAMMON in the mountains shines!

FAUSTUS.

What a strange glimmer stains the ground,
Like the dull heavy clouds around
The east, ere yet the sun ascends:
Far down the dusky hue extends,
For leagues below earth's surface spread,
A gloomy — thick — discoloured red,
Tinging the dreary sides of this
Desperate, hope-deadening precipice —
Here rises smoke, there vaporous whiteness,
But yonder what a blaze of brightness

On every object round is gleaming! —
Now in a narrow thread 'tis streaming,
And now the illuminating current
Bursts sparkling like a winter torrent,
Here, round the vale, you see it wind,
In long veins delicate and slender,
And there in bondage strict confined,
It brightens into burning splendour!
A thousand sparks, like gold-dust, sprinkling
The waste air, are before us twinkling,
And see the tall rock kindling, brightening,
Glows with intensity of lightning —
Turret, — 'twould seem — and fence and spire
Lit up at once with festal fire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, is not Mammon's princely hall
Lit gaily for our festival!
I'm glad you've seen it — the wild night
Bodes storm, that soon will hide it quite —
Already is it swept from sight —
Wild work is on the winds — I see already
Omens that say the boisterous guests are coming.

FAUSTUS.

The angry gale blows insolently upon us!
How keen and cold upon my neck it falls,
Like strokes of some sharp weapon.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Firmly seize
The old projections of the ribbed rock —
Else it will blow you down into the chasm
Yawning below us like a sepulchre.

Clouds frown heavily, and hearken
How the wood groans as they darken,
And the owls, in fear and fright
At the stormy face of night,
Beat the air in homeward flight;
The halls of evergreen are shaking,
And their thousand pillars breaking,
Hearken how the tempest wrenches
Groaning trunks and crashing branches,
And the earth beneath is rifted,
And the shrieking trees uplifted —
Bole, and bough, and blossom cheerful,
Fair trees fall in ruin fearful;
— How the haughty forest brothers
Bend and tremble! — how they fall!
How they cling on one another's
Arms! — each crushes each and smothers,
Till, tangled, strangled, down come all;
And the wild Winds through the ruin
Are howling, hissing, and hallooing!
Down the valleys how they sweep,

Round and round, above and under,
Rend the giant cliffs asunder,
And, with shout and scream appalling,
Catch the mighty fragments falling!
How they laugh, and how they leap,
As they hurry off their plunder!
Headlong steep, and gorges deep,
Gulf, and glen, and rock, in wonder,
Echo back the stormy thunder!
—— List! — I thought I heard a ringing
In my ear of voices singing —
Above — around us — faint, now clearer,
Distant now — now warbling nearer —
Now all the haunted hill along
Streams the maddening magic song!

WITCHES *in Chorus.*

On to the Brocken the witches are flocking —
  Merry meet — merry part — how they gallop and drive,
Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,
  And young green corn is merry alive,
With the shapes and shadows swimming by,
  To the highest heights they fly,
  Where Sir Urian sits on high —
Throughout and about,
With clamour and shout,
Drives the maddening rout,

Over stock, over stone;
Shriek, laughter, and moan,
Before them are blown.

A Voice.

Before the rest — beyond the best —
Who to lead the group is fitter?
In savage pride see Baubo ride
On her sow about to litter.

Chorus.

Baubo — honour to whom honour —
Benediction be upon her —
Forward, mother! — as we speed us,
Who so fit as thou to lead us!
Forward — clear the way before us!
Then follow we in screaming chorus!

A Voice.

Whence came you?

A Voice.

Over Ilsenstein —
As I past I peeped into a nest,
And the night-owl, scared from her stupid rest,
Fixed her frightened eyes on mine!

A Voice.

O go to the devil — why drive you so fast?

A Voice.

She grazed my side as she hurried past,
And the skin is sore and the blast is chill:
Look there — see where — 'tis bleeding still.

Chorus of Witches.

The way is long, and weary, and wide —
And the madman throng crowds on every side —
The pitchforks scratch, and the broomsticks scrape,
Will the child within escape,
When the mother, crushed to death,
Suffocating pants for breath?

Wizards and Warlocks. Semichorus 1.

Like the lazy snail, we linger and trail:
Our woman-kind, as fleet as the wind,
Have left us far and far behind —
On a road like this men droop and drivel,
While woman goes fearless and fast to the devil.

Wizards and Warlocks. Semichorus 2.

Swift they go, and swift they go,
And gain a thousand steps or so,
But slow is swift, and swift is slow.
Woman will bustle, and woman will justle,
But yet at the end will lose the day,
For hurry and hurry as best she may,
Man at one long bound clears the way.

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

Come with us — come with us from Felsen-see,
From the lake of rocks to the eagle height
Of the hills — come with us — to-night — to-night!

VOICES FROM BELOW.

To wander above, is the thing we love.
Oh for one hour of this one night!
For one mad dance on the Brocken height!
When shall we join in the wild delight?
We have washed, and washed, and washed us quite,
The breasts, that have never borne, are white,
And our hearts are a-glow, our cheeks are bright—
We have watched a left — we have watched a-right,
And we hear the sound of the far-off flight
As they hurry away, and are swept from sight.

THE TWO CHORUSES.

That wind that scattered the clouds is dead,
And they thicken soon o'er the wandering moon:
She hides her head — and the stars are fled;—
With a whispering, whistling, drizzling sound,
And a fall of meteor fires around—
Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.

VOICE FROM BELOW.

Stop — stop — stop.

VOICE FROM ABOVE.

What voice is this
Calls to us from the abyss?
Seems it that the words just spoken
From the crannied rock have broken?

VOICE FROM BELOW.

Stop — stop — stop — for me — for mə —
Guarded and bound with slant rocks round —
Stop — stop — stop — and make me free —
Three hundred years moiling, three hundred years toiling,
Hurry work — weary work — step after step; —
I grasp and I grope, and in time I have hope
To climb to the top — sisters, stop — sisters, stop —
I anoint every joint, and I pray my own prayer,
In the May-sabbath night, to the Prince of the air. —
Are you not my kindred? — and why am I hind'red
From mixing among you, and meeting him there?

BOTH CHORUSES.

Brooms fly fast when warlocks ride 'em
Rams, with those who know to guide 'em;

Broken branches gallop lightly;
Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.
A buck-goat or boar is as good as the best of them,
Each man for himself, and who cares for the rest of them?
Many an egg-shell air-balloon,
To-night will land at our saloon;
He who fails in his endeavour
To join us now, is gone for ever.

HALF-WITCH FROM BELOW.

Far away I hear their laughter,
Hopelessly I stumble after;
Cannot rest at home in quiet —
Here I cannot join the riot.

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

Strength is given us by this ointment —
We will keep to-night's appointment —
We can speed on sea, no matter
Were the sail a cobweb tatter;
And a plank as weak and thin as
Snail's abandoned shell our pinnace.
He who cannot fly to-night,
Will never soar a wizard's flight.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when we've reached the topmost bound,
Like swallows skim the haunted ground;

Far and wide upon the heath,
Spread your circling guard beneath;
Watch and ward 'gainst treachery,
With all the hosts of witchery.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The air is heavy and oppressive,
And the whirling din excessive;
Rattling with the ceaseless babble,
Of the tumultuous hell-driven rabble;
Sultry, vaporous, and sickening;
To a denser substance thickening,
Burning noisomely, and glittering
With fiery sparks for ever frittering,
Poisoning every thing it reaches,
Atmosphere for fiends and witches.
But cling more close to me, or we will lose
Each other soon! — where art thou?

FAUSTUS (*from a great distance*).

Here I am!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, lost already — torn away so far —
Then must I show that I am master here!
Make way, good people, for my young friend yonder: —
Room for young VOLAND — room, sweet people, room
Here, Doctor, cling to me, and with one spring

We'll rid ourselves of the whole set at once.
They are too bad — this raving is too much
Even for me. — Look yonder at the blaze
Of brightness — a distinct and steady flame:
How different from all the brimstone torches
And wildfire lights that madden round the hill, —
It tempts me to explore that distant copse —
Come let us steal away from this wild crowd.

FAUSTUS.

Spirit of Contradiction — well, lead on!
I cannot but admire the bright idea
Of wandering to the Brocken in May-night,
To enjoy, forsooth, the charms of solitude.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See, see the lights! how cheerily they burn!
There seems to be a merry set assembled,
A little party met of choice gay spirits.

FAUSTUS.

Yet would I rather be above — see! see!
Where through the whirls of smoke bursts the red light,
And glows and triumphs — in what hurrying waves
Numbers on numbers evermore increasing,
The thickening throng streams onward — still — still onward —

All under the resistless fascination —
All to the worship of the evil One —
The clue to many a puzzling mystery
May be found here — to-night will be unravelled
Many a strange riddle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And strange riddles, too,
May be proposed to-night, and not unravelled —
But leave we the great world and its distractions,
While we enjoy our quiet corner here.
'Tis quite established that, in all large parties,
The guests divide in small and scattered circles —
See the young witches all are naked there,
And all the old ones with coy bashfulness,
Veiling their timid charms — come, come, look pleasant,
If it were only to oblige a friend —
'Tis not much trouble, and we'll have rare sport.
I hear the music — curse upon their scraping! —
But 'twill sound better when we're used to it.
Come, come, I must insist upon your coming —
Come — I must introduce my honoured friend.
Well now, what think you? Is not this a long
And splendid room? You scarce can see the end!
A line of fires — at least a hundred, shine
Brilliantly: what a scene of gaiety
Of all kinds — chatting, dancing, drinking here —

Cooking, and making love — can any thing
In the world be pleasanter?

FAUSTUS.

In what character
Are we to know you — devil, or conjuror?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I travel, usually, *incognito;*
But upon gala days the great display
Their stars and orders. — I've no need to sport
A garter — for the horse's foot is here
In high repute. — See you that sliding snail?
Eye—smell – touch—all gathered up into one?
Hither she creeps — her trembling feelers out —
Instinctively she knows that I am here,
And touching—smelling– eyeing, on prowls she,
Crowding herself together — wide awake—
Out of her frozen sleep suddenly roused.
Even if I wished disguise, it here would be
A thing impossible — come, come with me.
Forward from fire we saunter on to fire:
Play you the lover where I introduce you.

[*As they pass on,* MEPHISTOPHELES *addresses a party sitting round a few dying embers.*

Old gentlemen, pray, how do you get on
In the corner here? Why — sure you ought to be
Alive, and flirting in some merry circle.

See, where the gay young girls are giggling, yonder,—
If you are thus dull, you might have stayed at home.

GENERAL.

Who may trust a people's favour,
Though he fight for them for ever?
To nations, as to girls ungrateful,
The young are dear, the old are hateful.

EX-MINISTER.

Little now to prize or praise;
— Give me back the good old days,
When kings and courts obeyed our call,
And ourselves were all in all.

PARVENU.

I was one of Fortune's pupils,
Disregarded doubts and scruples;
Thus her golden gifts I found;
Then, alas! the wheel turned round.

AUTHOR.

How public taste declines! — they never
Read works that once were counted clever;
— And then the critics — all invidious —
Pert, prating, ignorant, fastidious!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who has suddenly assumed the appearance of extreme old age*).

I feel the world is waning into age;
All things are ripening fast for the last day.
With feeble, tottering feet, for the last time,
I've climbed the witches' hill — the wine of life
Is low with me — and therefore 'tis that I,
An old man, think the world is on the lees.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Who'll buy? who'll buy? — great bargains going!
Rare things here to tempt the knowing! —
Stop and see them! — my collection
Well deserves minute inspection.
Such variety, in vain
Would you hope to meet again,
Of the curious articles,
Which your own old woman sells:
Rare and precious! every one
Hath on earth its business done.
Will you have the dagger knife,
That hath drained a brother's life?
Or the cup that held a draft,
Which was death to him that quaffed?
— This was from a royal feast,
And a queen had drugged the bowl:

— This a chalice, and the priest
— On him a confiding soul
Looked for comfort — poured in it
Venom of the aconite:
Here are trinkets — chain and gem —
Young man, you should purchase them —
Pearls, with which the wealthy donor
Won vain woman to dishonour.
Poor things! poor things! — the best and kindest
Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
And feels, and loves, and does not reason —
And they are lost — poor things! poor things!
— Here are swords, the gift of kings,
That have done the work of treason;
Or pierced, some coward hand directing,
The sleeping or the unsuspecting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Old lady, you mistake the times we live in —
Every one's heart to novelty is given:
Throw out your box of relics — such antiques
As these no creature fancies now or seeks.
The past is dead and gone — the present passion
Is novelty — this trash is out of fashion.

FAUSTUS.

Scarce know I who I am or where —
They crowd and crush as at a fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forward the whirling crowd is striving,
All driven along the stream and driving,
All rushing on in one direction,
And each enjoying the reflection
That he to-night is his own sovereign,
That his own thoughts his movements govern,
Unconscious that the same broad river
Bears down its wave each self-deceiver.

FAUSTUS.

Who's that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Her features closely scan —
'Tis the first wife of the first man.

FAUSTUS.

Who say you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ADAM'S first wife, LILITH.
Beware — beware of her bright hair,
And the strange dress that glitters there:
Many a young man she beguileth,
Smiles winningly on youthful faces,
But woe to him whom she embraces!

FAUSTUS (*looking at another group*).

The old grey witch — how she squats down — poor devil!
Panting for breath — half-dead — fainting and floundering —
And the young vixen with her finds the revel
Rather too much for her — she, too, is foundering.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nonsense — the fun will ne'er be over.
Advance, my friend, and play the lover.
Look, man, the girl's well worth the winning —
Come, join the dances just beginning.

[FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *take partners.*

FAUSTUS (*dancing with the young witch*).

'Twas my fortune once to see
In a dream an apple-tree;
Rosy apples — one, two, three —
With a glad smile tempted me;
And to-night again I seem,
In the trance of that sweet dream,
Lovely is the tree I wis,
And the apple pleasant is.

HIS PARTNER.

Dear little apples — ay! their price
Was more than gold in paradise —

And pleasant to the sight and touch
I come from gardens rich in such.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old witch*).

I had a troubled dream, and it
Was haggard as a night-mare fit.
I saw an old tree torn and split,
And yet it pleased me, I admit.

HIS PARTNER.

With lowest courtesy I salute
The gay knight of the Horse's Foot:
The tree of knowledge, trunk and root,
Is his — and his must be the fruit.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Cursed devils — how they murder
All attempts at keeping order:
All in vain it is to prove
To Spirits by what laws they move: —
Mocking at all regulation,
Ridiculing demonstration,
See them onward still advancing,
Ghosts! like men and women dancing.

FAUSTUS'S PARTNER.

Who's this presumes to interfere?
What means the forward fellow here?

FAUSTUS.

What — he? — why he is every where —
He never dances — but he guides
Opinion — disapproves — decides —
On carriage and the true division
Of time gives laws with calm precision.
While others *dance* he *criticizes*,
And all is perfect that he prizes;
And what he does not prate about
Is but of small account, no doubt:
Nay, such his wondrous powers of seeing,
What he beholds not has no being:
Our careless grouping must perplex him,
But dancing forward's sure to vex him.
The only figures he approves
Are where the set in circles moves,
Still turning his own humdrum round
Within the same contracted bound,
Holding, at times, grave consultation,
Listening to him with veneration,
As he with magisterial rigour
Commands a change of tune and figure.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Still here! defying me! this rabble
Of rude ghosts! —'tis intolerable!
What! restlessly still thronging hither?
Vanish from my sight — fade — wither —

How can men say that spectres haunt 'em?
— The mind, does it not make the phantom?
Who and what are they? — mere relations
That we may see or not at pleasure —
And here they come and — grant me patience —
Mix in the dance — converse at leisure.
I thought, that, by my labours brightened,
The world for this was too enlightened.
These devils — they rise, and in derision
Of all I say, still cross my vision.
What — beings, that have no existence,
To mock each law of time and distance!
Why, after this, the TEGEL ghost
May grin again at his old post.
I thought I'd swept away these fancies
Of plays, and poems, and romances!
Still here! with all the noise of Babel,
These dreams of a forgotten fable!

FAUSTUS'S PARTNER.

Silence, silence, old intruder!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

What! the ghosts are growing ruder —
How they beard me, in defiance
Of every inference of science!
Fiends, I tell you to your faces,
I will make you know your places!

What! in public thus to fool us!
A mob of ghosts, forsooth, to rule us!
[*The dancing goes on.*
To-night — why this is Goblin-hall,
Spirits and spectres all in all.
My comments — what are they? — the cavils,
Of a sour cynic on his travels,
A passing stranger's jealous spite.
—But Time will set the matter right,
Good sense assert its proper power,
Dethrone the tyrant of the hour,
And take revenge on my tormentors,
Goblins, and ghosts, and ghost-inventors!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He'll throw himself into a puddle:
There will he, stupefying, muddle,
Till leeches, clinging to his body,
Are weary of their banquet bloody:
For spirits sinking — spirits rising
The one cure is phlebotomizing;
Delusions vanish soon — the leech
Diseases of the head can reach
And cure them — biting on the breech. —
Blue devils fade fast, and, disappearing,
Smile on the sage with aspect cheering.
The brain will thus correct and clear its
Vague whims, and vexing thoughts of spirits.

— Why have you quitted thus already
Your sweet and captivating lady,
Who sang so lovingly and well,
And danced so ——

FAUSTUS.

Why, I fear to tell;
But from her mouth, while she was singing,
I saw a little red mouse springing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why start at trifles, my good fellow?
'Tis well it was not grey or yellow.
What can these dull suspicions profit?
The mouse — why make a mountain of it?
A pretty sort of reason this is
To fly a loving lady's kisses.

FAUSTUS.

And then I saw ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUSTUS.

Look, Mephisto, there,
See you far off, and shadow-like, a fair
Pale form — a lovely girl — almost a child —
Standing alone — with sweet eyes, sad and mild?

She looks on us—she moves—she leaves the place—
Her feet are bound — she slides with mournful pace.
I cannot from my heart dispel the wild,
Strange thought, that her's is my own Margaret's face.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Repel that thought; 'tis but an idle trick
Of heated fancy, and the form you see
Is nothing but a magic mockery.
To gaze on it most dangerous may be.
Charmed by its marble stare, the blood grows thick
And hardens into marble; but ere now
You must have heard of pale MEDUSA's brow.

FAUSTUS.

Ah, no! a corpse's eyes are those
Whose lids no loving fingers close.
'Tis she — that form — that face — that breast
So often to my bosom prest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fool! 'tis delusion! every lover
Would there his charmer's looks discover.

FAUSTUS.

What mirth is here — and, oh! what grief — my glance
Still — still returns to that pale countenance;

And see around her neck a slender chain,
That stripes the snowy skin with crimson stain:
Scarce broader than a knife's thin edge it gleams —
A strangely chosen ornament it seems.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, you are right; for I can see it too,
— But think no more of it than others do.
Be not surprised, if you should see her carry
Her head under her arm — 'twere like enough;
For since the day that PERSEUS cut it off,
Such things are not at all extraordinary.
But see, all others here are pleasant;
Cease moping, and enjoy the present:
All round the hill is merriment —
Try thou the same experiment.
Never did crowded capital
A gayer throng together call;
And if my senses do not err,
Yonder's an open theatre.
— Well, what's your business?

SERVIBILIS.

We are just beginning —
'Tis a new piece — the last of seven — seven is
The customary number here — 'twas written
By a young amateur of fancy — the actors
Are dilettanti all — your pardon, gentlemen,

But I must vanish — I'm an amateur
Myself—and for this one night draw the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blocksberg for ever! — not a player
On earth but merits to be there!

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

THE GOLDEN BRIDAL OF OBERON AND TITANIA.

AN INTERLUDE.

MANAGER.

To-day our trouble is but small,
No need of nice machinery;
A valley moist and hill are all
The necessary scenery.

HERALD.

'Mong mortals with the fiftieth year
Of wedlock comes the Golden Feast—
A happier feast of gold is here
Commemorating discord ceast.

OBERON.

Subject spirits crowd the scene,
Celebrate, with exultation,
The union of your king and queen,
This happy reconciliation.

PUCK.

Here comes Puck — you'll always find me
  Circling in the merry dance,
And a hundred more behind me
  Twinkling joyous feet advance.

ARIEL.

Sweet, heavenly sweet is Ariel's song.
  What a crowd of hideous features
The music wins, and what a throng
  Follows me of lovely creatures!

OBERON.

Men and wives who would agree,
  We invite your imitation;
The only certain recipe
  For dying love is separation.

TITANIA.

If wife be cross, and husband fuming,
  To make them know each other's worth,
To the South Pole take the woman,
  And her husband to the North.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA.

Insect swarms, in murmuring flight.
Our musicians of the night,

Fly, and gnat, and bee, and beetle,
Ply mouth, nose, and winglet little,
Crickets, chirping 'mong the bushes,
And hoarse frogs croaking from the rushes.

SOLO.

Hear the drowsy bagpipe groan,
The bag's a soap-blown bubble airy,
And grumbling through the winding drone
Come sullen sounds extraordinary.

EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and lizard's belly,
And winglets for the embryo!
The animated lump of jelly
Writes verses of the smoothest flow.

PARTNERS DANCING.

Little steps — light, springy leaps
Through honey-dew and field-flowers fragrant;
How pleasant, but that something keeps
From fields of air the willing vagrant!

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

A thousand figures here burlesque
A masquerade's wild gaiety,
And mingling with the groupes grotesque,
See Oberon the little deity.

ORTHODOX DIVINE.

What! without claws — without a tail!
Yet all whose thoughts are sober on
Such serious subjects know too well
The "GODS OF GREECE" and OBERON.

ARTIST FROM THE NORTH.

As yet my works are sketches merely,
Though you'll admit done prettily,
But I've made my arrangements nearly
For travelling in Italy.

FORMALIST.

What sinful, riotous excesses!
Fool that I was to join the crowd here —
Such shockingly indecent dresses!
And but a witch in two wears powder!

YOUNG WITCH.

Keep powder, patch, and petticoat
For grey-haired hags — skins smeared and sooty —
While I sit fearless on my goat
In the free pride of naked beauty.

MATRON.

For scolding we've too much politeness —
Sneers like this are best forgotten.
Rosy cheek, and soft neck's whiteness,
May they soon be coarse and rotten!

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Insect-harpers, as you wander
Round the hall in many a ringlet,
Spare the naked beauty yonder
Wound of sting, or touch of winglet.
Grashoppers from the green bushes,
Brown frogs croaking from the rushes,
Brave musicians for the night,
Watch that the tune and time go right.

WEATHERCOCK (*pointing in one direction*).

Well, what a brilliant company!
The girls how fair and unaffected!
And not a man but seems to be
For beauty from mankind selected!

WEATHERCOCK (*pointing in the opposite direction*).

What devils all! unless the ground
Should cleave asunder to receive them,
I'll fly from this place, with one bound,
To hell, or any where, to leave 'em.

XENIEN.

Small as insects, here we bring
Our little sheers; the crops we gather
Will be a grateful offering
To Satan, our liege lord and father!

HENNINGS.

What merry groupes are crowding there!
Up to every frolic started;
And when they're gone — I wo'n't say where —
We call them foolish, but good-hearted.

MUSAGET.

Oh happy, happy bard! whom chance
To such a circle introduces,
With these I'd rather lead the dance
Than be Apollo with the muses.

GENIUS OF THE OLD TIMES.*

Come, follow me through smooth and rough:
Cling close — there's little need of ceremony.
On Blocksberg we'll find room enough,
The wide Parnassus 'tis of Germany.

* See note.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

What's yonder pompous fellow's name?
With long and solemn strides he's pacing,
And, like a dog that snuffs the game,
The Jesuits, methinks, he's tracing.

CRANE.

I seek my prey in waters clear,
I seek it in the troubled rivers;
This scene is my delight, for here
Are devils mixed with true believers.

WORLDLING.

For true believers every thing
Works good in ways all unexpected;
With hymns the Blocksberg rocks shall ring
From many a convent here erected.

DANCER.

Is this another company
With trumpets sounding — banners glittering?
No; 'tis the boreal lights I see:
From marshes hear the booming bittern.

DANCING-MASTER.

Devils — how they fling and jump —
Through the figure flounce and scuffle;
Spite of wooden leg and hump,
How they caper, cut, and shuffle!

JACK INDIFFERENT.

Hatred in every heart! the tone
Of Orpheus' lyre, with charm celestial,
Soothed brutes; to-night the bagpipe's drone
Tames into peace the blind and bestial!

DOGMATIST.

Well, I'll maintain it — spite of sneer,
Or argument, or gibe uncivil —
I see a thousand devils here,
Which proves the being of a devil.

IDEALIST.

Imagination's power to-night
For my sensorium too intense is;
If I be all that meets my sight,
Then surely I have lost my senses.

REALIST.

Reality... is torturing me;
I'm wearied with this scene of wonder;
The ground—it seems the ground to be—
Gives way my tottering feet from under.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Here, for my system, as I rove,
Delighted I derive assistance;
If there be devils, it must prove
Of angels also the existence.

SCEPTIC.

Misled they follow fairy rays,
That promise gold with gay delusion:
DEVIL and DOUBT, the proverb says,
And both increase to-night's confusion.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Grashopper among the bushes,
Brown frog croaking from the rushes,
Hell and all its devils haunt ye,
Good-for-nothing dilettanti—
Pretty sort of harmony,
Nose of gnat and snout of fly.

SHREWD FELLOWS.

Call us *Sans-souci* — for you know
That each of us, a gay philosopher,
If on his feet he cannot go,
Walks on his head, nor fears a toss over.

AWKWARD CLUMSY CREATURES.

Oh once, Heaven help us! we could dance:
How pompously we then did swagger!
Now shoes out-worn, and sore feet torn,
Along the course we faintly stagger.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From the sink and slough we come,
From the hole of steaming nitre;
And yet, in all this dazzling room,
Shine there sparks more gay or brighter?

FALLING STAR.

Rapidly I shot from high,
With fiery course in brightness starry;
Here broken on the grass I lie,
With none to help me, none to carry.

HEAVY BODIES.

Places — places — round go we —
  Where we dance how bare the sod is;
Spirits move, and all may see
  Spirits have substantial bodies.

PUCK.

Like awkward elephants they thump
  The ground with clumsy hoofs and heavy;
Strange shadows! Puck alone is plump,
  The sleekest spirit at the levee.

ARIEL.

If wings be yours — boon Nature's gift —
  And if the spirit so disposes,
Then follow Ariel — follow swift —
  Your guide to yonder hill of roses.

ORCHESTRA *(pianissimo.)*

Daylight! — the cloud-built stage — the wreaths
  Of vapour, — where are they?
On reed and rush the free air breathes,
  And sweeps the dream away.

A GLOOMY DAY. — A PLAIN.

FAUSTUS.

In misery — in despair — long wandering in wretchedness over the wide world; and now taken up — shut up in the prison as a malefactor — this gentle, unhappy creature — for horrid tortures. To this — and has it come to this? Treacherous, worthless Spirit! and this hast thou been concealing from me! Stand, there, stand! Ay! roll the devil eyes furiously round in thy head — ay! stand and defy me with thy unsupportable presence. Taken up — in distress irretrievable — given over to evil spirits — abandoned to — man — man that passes judgment, and is devoid of feeling; and all this while you have been lulling and rocking me and deluding me among loathsome dissipations, and hiding from me her continually increasing wretchedness, and have left her to perish without help!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first!

FAUSTUS.

Dog! abhorred monster! turn him, oh, thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's

shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the unthinking passer-by, and as he fell to fasten on his shoulders. Turn him again into his darling shape, that he may crouch upon his belly before me in the sand, and that I may trample upon him with my foot — the outcast! Not the first! Misery — misery — by no human soul is it to be fathomed how more than one creature should have sunk into the depths of this distress — that the first should not have suffered enough in her agonising tortures to secure the atonement of all the rest before the eyes of the All-merciful! I feel marrow and life harrowed up by the misery of this one — only this one! thou art grinning calmly over the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At our wits' end we are again, it would seem, already — just where you mortals find the over-strained faculties snap. Why seek our society, if you cannot go through with it? Think of flying, and yet art not proof against dizziness! Did we force ourselves upon thee? or thou thyself upon us?

FAUSTUS.

Show not thy thirsty teeth thus defyingly — I loathe thee. Great, glorious Spirit! thou who didst

deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my very heart and soul, why hast thou chained me with this companion who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Are you done?

FAUSTUS.

Save her, or woe to thee! The most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the avenger's fetters — I cannot open his bolts. Save her! Who was it that threw her into ruin — I or thou?

[FAUSTUS *looks wildly around.*

Art thou grasping for the thunder? Well that it has not been given to you wretched mortals! To dash to pieces one who stands in your way, however innocent — that is just the tyrant's way of rescuing himself, or, at all events, venting his spite in every perplexity.

FAUSTUS.

Take me thither — she shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The danger to which you expose yourself—have you thought of that? The guilt of blood shed by your hand still lies on the town. Over the place where the murder was committed avenging spirits are hovering and watching for the returning murderer.

FAUSTUS.

That, too, and from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and set her at liberty.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will, — and all I can do I will. What that all is, listen till I tell you. Have *I* all power in heaven and on earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses. Do you possess yourself of the keys, and carry her off with human hand. Meanwhile I watch; the magic horses are ready, and I take you away. This much I can do.

FAUSTUS.

Up and away!

NIGHT. — OPEN PLAIN.

FAUSTUS AND MEPHISTOPHELES RUSHING ALONG ON BLACK HORSES.

FAUSTUS.

What are the figures near the gibbet doing?
Weaving, 'twould seem!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No — rather boiling, brewing
Some filthy broth — mumbling some incantation.

FAUSTUS.

East they move, and west they move — now kneel,
now bend down in prostration.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Witches worshipping their master.

FAUSTUS.

They scatter something on the earth, and now seem
pouring a libation —
They sprinkle something in the air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forward! forward! — faster! faster!

PRISON.

FAUSTUS (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*).

'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.
Misery on misery heaped — a heavy burden,
More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
And here within these damp walls doth she live,
And is to die because she was deluded —
To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.
And thou dost hesitate to go to her!
Dost fear to look upon that face again!
Onward, irresolute! — this mad delaying
Keeps death a lingerer here — secures his prey.

[*He takes hold of the lock. — Singing heard from within.* MARGARET's *voice.*

Song.

My mother! my mother!
The wanton woman — My mother hath slain me.
My father, inhuman, For supper hath ta'en me —
My little sister hath, one by one,
Laid together each small white bone,
'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool;
And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
Fly away, fly away, all the long summer-day,
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!

FAUSTUS (*opening the wicket*).

She feels not that her love is listening —
Hears but the chains that clank, and the straw rustling. [*He enters.*

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the straw of her bed*).

Woe! woe! they come! they come! — death, bitter death!

FAUSTUS (*in a low voice*).

Hush! hush! 'tis I who come to rescue thee!

MARGARET (*rolling herself at his feet*).

Art thou a man? Have pity upon me.

FAUSTUS.

Hush! hush! these screams and shrieks will wake the keepers.

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

MARGARET (*throwing herself on her knees to him*).

Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?
It is not more than midnight now — have mercy!
Is it too long a time to wait till morn?

And I am still so young — so very young!
And must I die so soon? — and I was fair —
And I was fair, and that was my undoing.
Oh, if my love were here — but he is gone —
Torn is my garland — scattered all its flowers —
Oh, do no not grasp me with such violence —
Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee:
Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!
Spare me — I never saw thy face before.

FAUSTUS.

How can I bear to see these sufferings?

MARGARET.

I know that I am wholly in thy power —
Only permit me once to give my breast
To this poor child of mine: all the long night
It lay upon my heart, they took it from me;
They took away my child to torture me,
And now they say that I have murdered it,
And never more will I be gay and happy:
And they sing songs about me —*'twas ill done;*
It was ill done — so the old ballad runs.
Who told them I was meant in it?

FAUSTUS.

Thy lover, Margaret, kneels at thy feet;
He comes to open these sad prison gates.

MARGARET.

Let us kneel down, and call upon the saints.
See! see! beneath us hell boils up — the devil
Is raving there below in hideous rage!

FAUSTUS (*in a low tone of voice*).

Margaret — Margaret.

MARGARET (*with eager attention*).

That is my love's voice.
[*Springs up — her irons fall off.*
Where is he? — Where? — I heard my own love's voice!
Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.
I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;
I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—
I heard him call the name of Margaret;—
Amid the noises and the howls of hell,
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice!

FAUSTUS.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! — oh, tell me so once more!
[*Presses him to her bosom.*

'Tis he, 'tis he — my pangs, where are they now?
Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they?
'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.
I am already free: look — there's the street
Where we first met — where first I saw my love —
And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,
Where I and Martha used to wait for thee.

FAUSTUS.

Come, come with me.

MARGARET.

Oh, stay a little while —
Some moments more — I love to stay with thee!

FAUSTUS.

Haste, haste! ah, linger not,
One moment more — a moment's lingering now
Will cost — we cannot tell how much.

MARGARET.

How! what!
And hast thou then forgot that kiss of thine,
My love? So short a time away, and yet
To have forgotten all those signs of love!
Why do I feel so sad upon thy neck?
Oh, there was once a time when all thy words,
And every glance of thine, seemed heaven to me.

And warmly didst thou press me to thy heart!
Oh, let me feel once more that loved embrace!
Alas! thy lips are cold and dumb — ah, where,
Where is thy love? Who robbed me of thy love?

FAUSTUS.

Come, come — take courage, follow me, my love.
I love thee with unutterable love;
But follow me, — this one — this one request.

MARGARET.

And is it thou, and art thou surely Faustus?

FAUSTUS.

Yes, yes! But come!

MARGARET.

And thou wilt break my chains!
And thou wilt take me to thy arms again!
How is it thou dost not shudder at my sight?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

FAUSTUS.

Come, come! — the darkness of the night is fading.

MARGARET.

My mother, I have murdered her — my child,
I drowned my child — and was it not thy child,

Thy child and mine? yes, thine! and thou art here,
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.
Give me thy hand — it is not then a dream;
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist —
Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!
What hast thou done? Ah, sheath thy bloody sword;
Ah, hide it from me.

FAUSTUS.

Think not of the past;
That which is done, is done. Come, this delay
Is death to me!

MARGARET.

No; thou must yet remain,
Till I describe to thee the graves, which thou
To-morrow must see made: the best place give
To my poor mother; near her lay my brother;
And by their side, a little space away,
Place me; and on my right breast lay my child;
No other will lie with me in that bed!
To nestle down in quiet side by side
To thee — oh what a happy thing it was —
A happy thing that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace;

And yet thou art the same — and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

FAUSTUS.

Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

MARGARET.

Come! Whither?

FAUSTUS.

From this prison to thy freedom.

MARGARET.

Ay, to the grave — does not death lurk without?
Come to the bed of everlasting rest —
Yes, yes — that's all — that's all — not a step farther —
And art thou leaving me? may I go with thee?

FAUSTUS.

Come, come; the gates are open, only come.

MARGARET.

I dare not go; there is no help for me.
What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

FAUSTUS.

I will be with thee.

MARGARET (*wildly*).

Fly, fly,
Save thy poor child;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood;
Then turn to the left,
And over the plank,
He lies in the pond.
Loiter not, linger not,
Still does he stir
With the motion of life.
His little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue him! rescue him!

FAUSTUS.

Recall thy wandering mind — thy life's at stake.
One step, and thou art free.

MARGARET.

Oh, that we once had left yon hill behind!
See there, my mother sitting on a stone —

Icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.
My mother there is sitting on a stone,
And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes
Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head
Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long — too long —
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were!
It was a happy time!

FAUSTUS.

She listens not;
Words have no weight with her; there is no way,
But forcibly to bear her hence.

MARGARET.

Touch me not; no, I will not suffer violence:
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp; whate'er
I did was done for thee, my love. I did
Every thing my love asked me, willingly.

FAUSTUS.

Day dawns — oh, hasten hence, my love! my love!

MARGARET.

Day! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;
My bridal-day it should have been; tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas! my garland is already withered;
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,

The square and street are thronged with crushing
thousands;
The bell hath sounded; the death-wand is broken;
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on:
On to the scaffold they have hurried me;
Down in the chair of blood they fasten me:
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is now as silent as the grave!

FAUSTUS.

Oh, that I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears at the door*).

Away, or you are lost;
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,
Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
Of the grey morning.

MARGARET.

What shape is that which rises from the earth?
'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place;
What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me.

FAUSTUS.

Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

MARGARET.

Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

MARGARET.

Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child.
Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.
Henry — I am afraid to look at thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come — she is judged!

VOICE (*from above*).

Is saved.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

Hither to me!

[*Disappears with* FAUSTUS.

VOICE (*from within dying away*).

Henry! Henry!

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

I.

To CORINTH a young stranger came
From ATHENS — though himself unknown,
Relying on his father's name; —
Nor hospitable ties alone
Secured him a Corinthian friend;
For, plighted by his father's vows,
He longed to see his plighted spouse,
And hence his journey's aim and end.

II.

But will the stranger welcome be?
Or must her love be dearly bought?
Alas! a Heathen still is he,
And they the Christian faith are taught!
And when new forms of faith arise,
How soon love's tender blossom dies,
Without a sigh, without a thought!

III.

The house in midnight silence lies,
Father and daughters, all at rest!
Sleep only shuns the mother's eyes —
She rises to receive the guest —
She leads him to a chamber bright,
And wine and bread before him laid;
She bows, and wishes him "Good night!"

IV.

He thought not of the wine and bread,
He only felt a wish for rest —
At once he flung him on the bed —
His weary limbs scarce feel repose,
When, hush! the chamber doors unclose,
And in there steals a timid guest.

V.

He wakes — and by the lamp's faint light,
Behold a maiden tall and fair!
Her veil is white — her robes are white —
Black is the band that twines her hair —
'Tis black, but streaked with lines of gold —
She screams, and shudders to behold
The stranger youth reclining there,
And, lifting her white arm in air,

VI.

Exclaims, " Then am I nothing here!
Guests come and go, and none tells me!
Dark is my chamber, lone and drear,
And here to come is infamy.
To wander here is scaith and shame,
Sleep on, young stranger, quietly,
And I will vanish as I came!"

VII.

' Stay,' cries the youth, ' stay, maiden dear.
As lightly from the couch springs he,
' CERES and BACCHUS, lo! are here,
And LOVE, sweet maid, hath come with thee.
Ah! thou art pale with idle fear,
The Gods are good, and blest are we!'—

VIII.

" Away — young man — stand far away,
What pleasure is, I feel not now —
Joy hath for ever fled from me,
Scared by a mother's gloomy vow; —
She feared to die, — my youthful bloom —
My hopes of love — her stern decree
Hath destined to a living tomb!

IX.

" Our ancient Gods no longer deign
In this dull mansion to reside —
But one in heaven, whom we in vain
Would seek to see, and one, who died,
Are worshipped with sad rites severe;
No offering falls of lamb or steer,
But human victims suffer here!"

X.

He ponders, with a trembling heart,
Each word that falls upon his ear,
' And art thou then — ah! sure thou art
My plighted spouse, that meets me here?
Be mine, my love, our father's vow
Hath blessed our loves — be mine even now!'

XI.

" Have they not told thee then," she cried,
" That I thy consort may not be —
My sister is thy destined bride;
But in her arms, ah! think of me,
Who in my cell will think of thee,
Who pine and die with love of thee,
The cold earth soon my woes will hide!"

XII.

'No! — never! — by this lamp I swear,
That glowing emblems Hymen's torch,
Thou shalt not perish thus from me.
Oh! we will seek my father's porch,
And from this home of sorrow flee;
Be mine my love, be mine to-night,
To-morrow's sun will guide our flight.'

XIII.

She reached to him a chain of gold,
Of deathless love a token fair;
He reached to her a silver cup,
Adorned with gravings rich and rare;
" The cup, my love, I may not take,
But give me, for thine own dear sake,
One only ringlet of thy hair! "

XIV.

Damp strikes the hour that spirits know —
Her eyes with eager pleasure shine,
Her cheek assumes a sparkling glow,
Her pale lips quaff the blood-red wine;
But vainly may the youth entreat,
The wheaten bread she will not eat!

XV.

She reached the wine-cup to his hand,
Like her, with eager joy, he drinks,
He speaks to her with words of love;
On love, on love alone he thinks;
No words have charms her breast to move —
In tears, upon the bed he sinks!

XVI.

She leans above him o'er the couch:
"Thy pangs I mourn, but cannot heal —
What! — ha! — my limbs have met thy touch,
And tell thee what I would conceal;
White, white as snow! cold, cold as sleet,
Is she whose love thou dost entreat!"

XVII.

He strains her in his closing arm
With strength that youth and passion gave;
'Cold as thou art, thy blood shall warm,
Even if thy dwelling were the grave.'
With frenzied clasp of wild desire,
He strains her to his breast of fire.

XVIII.

Strange was, I ween, that bridal scene,
For with their kisses mingle tears;
But what is coldness, what are fears,
While in her lover's bosom prest,
The blood that stirs
In his veins warms hers,
But, oh! no heart throbs in her breast!

XIX.

Without the door the mother stood,
That under-voice what may it be,
She knows not — and she lingers there,
She listens long and anxiously;
Oh, is it, that she hears aright,
Voices like lovers', low and light?

XX.

Breathless she stands, and motionless,
Till of these low words satisfied —
The vows of lisping tenderness,
The words of lover and of bride —
"Hark! the cock crows — day soon will shine."
'To-morrow night, again, my love,
To-morrow night thou wilt be mine.'

XXI.

The mother hears no more — in wrath
She bursts into the stranger's room ; —
' And is there in my house a maid
Thus shameless, who can thus presume
A passing stranger's love to woo ?'
Thus thinks she angrily — when, lo !
By the lamp's decaying glow,
Her own — her daughter meets her view !

XXII.

In the first impulse of his fear
He strove to hide the maiden's face —
In vain he drew the curtain's fold,
In vain he strove her veil to place,
Still from his reaching hand she rose,
Tall and more tall her stature grows.

XXIII.

" Oh, mother ! mother !" hollow sounds,
Unearthly, formed each fearful word ;
" Thou enviest me this bridal night,
These few short moments of delight,
To pain am I again restored !
And is it not enough that I
For thee in funeral pall should lie ?
For thee in youth should fade and die ?

XXIV.

" Me, from my narrow silent bed,
Hither a wondrous doom hath driven:
Your priests their ritual song have said,
But, oh! it hath no weight in heaven!
Your chants and charms — from woman's heart
Its fervour, oh, can they remove?
The grave is cold — but chills not love!

XXV.

" I was his doomed and destined bride
In days, while VENUS' fane still stood,
But ye your former vows belied,
And sealed your late-learned creed in blood;
Alas! no heavenly power stood by,
When thou didst doom thy child to die!

XXVI.

" And hither from the grave I roam
To seek the joys denied in life;
Hither, to seek my spouse I come,
To drain his veins, a vampire wife!
He dies — nor his alone the doom —
For I must go,
Thus, to and fro;
Night after night I leave my tomb.

XXVII.

'Tis over: lovely Youth, the pain
Is on thee, that must end in death;
Round thee, still hangs my fatal chain —
Thy ringlet I must bear beneath.
Ay — gaze upon it: blanched and gray,
At day-rise will thy brown locks be;
But in our own heaven far away
Bloom Love and Joy. Oh, come with me.

XXVIII.

" Hear mother, hear a last request,
Build high for us a funeral pile;
Oh, from that narrow cell released,
My spirit shall rejoicing smile;
And when the embers fall away,
And when the funeral flames arise,
We'll journey to a home of rest,—
Our ancient gods! — our ancient skies!

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT.

A Druid.

'Tis May — 'tis May!
The wood is gay,
And the icy winds are far away;
The snow is gone,
The tender lawn
Her welcome sings, as the spring comes on;
The hill tops frore
Now glitter hoar,
All clear, where damp clouds hung before.
Cold and white,
Yon farthest height,
Yet thither, yet thither we go to-night, —
We go, as our fathers went before,
The Father of All to bless and adore;
— A holy time — an ancient rite —
And see! — and see! — the bursting light
Throws off the reek, more red, more bright;

— Our fathers bowed and worshipped there; —
As blaze through smoke the conquering fires,
The soul is thus made pure by prayer,
And still ascends, and still aspires.

DRUIDS.

We go, as our fathers went before,
The Father of All to bless and adore,
On the first of May, to the hill-top hoar:
Away — away — to the hills away —
'Tis the holy time — 'tis the night of May.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Have you lost all sense of fear?
Know you not the danger here?
Know you not our conquerors
Hatred and revenge are breathing?
Laws alike and lawless force
Persecute and plague the heathen;
The pass's mountain walls are warded,
'Gainst our midnight worship guarded;
Alas, alas! a heavy day
Hath come: our wives, our babes they slay,
Our old religion fades away.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Alas, alas! a heavy day;
For fallen are we, and proud are they.

Our roofs they burn, our babes they slay,
And, perishing in sad decay,
Our old religion dies away.

DRUID.

A holy time — an ancient rite —
They who do not come to-night,
Each to bring
His offering,
Deserve to bear
The chains they wear:
The forest is free,
And true are we.
Bring wood for the torches secretly:
We will lie unseen
In the copse-wood green,
And steal along by its shadowy skreen —
At every threshold plant a guard,
Our children and our wives to ward,
While we move by night to the hill-top hoar,
To kneel where our fathers knelt before,
The Father of All to bless and adore.

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Through the tangled forest here
Watch with wakeful eye and ear;

Watch in silence through the night,
While afar, on yon lone height,
They observe the ancient rite.

WATCHER.

Let us mock the mock-believers,
And deceive we the deceivers:
With their own inventions cheated,
With their own device defeated,
Let us seem the devils they feign,
Act the legends we disdain;
With stake, and rake, and torch, and clamour,
All will seem the work of glamour.
'Mid the shout, and rout, and revelry,
While they dream of their hell and its devilry,
Through the mountain pass neglected,
Hastes the Druid unsuspected.
Night-crows hoarse and echoes hollow,
Screaming fear and discord follow —
Wings and noises of the night
Mix your bodings with the flight!

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

From the brushwood and the brake,
Come with staff and come with stake,
Mimicking their devilry,
With laugh, and scream, and revelry,

With stake, and rake, and torch uplift',
Hurry through the mountain rift!
Owls, and ev'ry wing of night,
And ev'ry sound of fear and fright,
Join the clamour — aid the flight!

DRUID.

FATHER OF ALL, to Thee we pray,,
By night — in secret — insecure —
But the darkness is like day,
If the heart within be pure;
What they do thou dost permit,
We endure and pardon it: —
As glows through smoke the bursting light,
Bid faith thus strengthen, day by day,
And then, though dimmed each ancient rite,
Oh who can take thy light away?

A CHRISTIAN.

Help, oh help, the hill's enchanted,
With all hell the place is haunted!
Look! what features and what frames!
Through them shining — see! — the flames!
Swift and swifter, upward streaming,
Men half wolves, and dragon women!
What a scream! — what a shout —
From the devilish rout!

And see where the devil spits fire from above,
And below his hell-spawn creatures move!
Away — away! — let us flee — let us flee,
This is no place for such as we!

CHORUS OF THE CHRISTIAN GUARD.

Hear them screaming — see them streaming —
Men half wolves, and dragon women,
And the devil spitting fire from above,
And the hell-spawn fry below that move,
Away — away — let us flee — let us flee!
This is no place for such as we!

DRUID *(in prayer)*.

Through smoke the conquering flame burns bright,
Bid Faith thus strengthen day by day,
And then — though dimmed each ancient rite,
Oh, who can take thy light away?

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 2.

But, ah! they cannot hear my closing song,
Those hearts, for whom my earliest lays were tried.

"Where are the smiles I longed to gain,
The pledge of labour not in vain?"

MONTGOMERY — WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD: *Address to the Spirit of a departed Friend.*

"To understand the dedication," says Mr. Hayward, "it is necessary to refer to the history of the book. The plan of Faust appears to have been in Goethe's mind very early in life. He puts it down amongst the works written between 1769 and 1775, in the list appended to the Stuttgart and Tubingen octavo edition of 1829.

* * * *

"According to Dr. Sieglitz, the first part of Faust appeared, in its present shape, in the collected edition of Goethe's works, which was published in 1808." — HAYWARD'S *Faust*, p. 216.

Page 5.

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
The whole a rabble's madness may destroy.

" The shifts and turns,
The' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms,
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win —
To arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencilled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That, lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels the' anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys hath he that sings. But ah! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and haply find
There least amusement where he found the most."

COWPER.— *The Task*, Book II.

Page 5.

Sounds often muttered by the timid voice.
Was sich die Lippe schüchtern vorgelallt. GOETHE.

I have looked from curiosity to Mr. Hayward's translation of this passage, knowing that, though I sought to preserve literal fidelity to the original, mine was coloured by my recollection of Wordsworth. I can scarcely bring myself to quote the lines disconnected from the passage to which they so intimately belong as scarcely to have a separate life; but any one whom I may lead to read for the first time, or to reperuse the poem, will thank me.

"I think on thee
My brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while thou,
Muttering the verses which I muttered first
Among the mountains, through the midnight watch
Art pacing to and fro the vessel's deck
In some far region, here, while o'er my head
At every impulse of the moving breeze
The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,
Alone I tread the path; for aught I know,
Timing my steps to thine; and with a store
Of undistinguishable sympathies,
Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
A second time in Grasmere's happy vale."
Poems on the naming of Places.

Mr. Hayward's words are, "What the lip tremblingly stammered to itself."

Page 9.

The highest gift that ever Nature gave.

" For what hast thou to do with wealth or power,
Thou, whom rich Nature at thy happy birth
Blest in her bounty with the largest dower
That Heaven indulges to a child of earth;
Then when the sacred sisters for their own
Baptised thee in the springs of Helicon?"

SOUTHEY — *Lay of the Laureate.*

Page 10.

And bid the jarring individual be
A chord, that, in the general consecration,
Bears part with all in musical relation?

" With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amidst this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

COLERIDGE — REMORSE: *Speech of Alvar in the Dungeon.*

These lines are so beautiful that the reader who only sees them thus separated from the context will scarcely believe how much they lose by not being read in connection with the passage to which they belong. — I ought, perhaps, have contented myself with a reference.

I add a translation of a poem of Olenschläger's, in which some resemblance to the passage in Goethe occurs, and was probably intended. The poem is the Dedication of "Aladdin" to Goethe. In one of the stanzas, Olenschläger, most of whose works were originally written in Danish, and translated by himself into German, alludes to his "Aladdin" being originally in German.

There is a very pleasant paper in a late number of Blackwood, on Olenschläger's "Aladdin;" two stanzas of this dedication are there translated, and it occurs oddly enough that the first line of that translation and of mine is the same. Mine is printed from a copy transcribed in 1824.

TO GOETHE.

1.

Born in the distant North!
And yet to me the bright Arts ventured forth
From their own East — their home of Faërie, —
Where deathless flowers illume enchanted groves —
Where Beauty, linked, in bondage which she loves,
With Strength, is more than free!

2.

In childhood did I range
O'er many a Saga strange
Through song and spell, and kindled as I read;
While thick on wold and wall
The heavy snow flakes fall,
I felt not cold, though shivering with dread!

3.

O'er the strong hold and the hill,
When Winter's wings flapped chill,
Like a fan seemed the flutter and the beat —
In my chamber lone and low,
I sate, and in the glow
Of my Lamp saw the spring-day smiling sweet!

4.

When a baby and a boy,
Though with wonder and with joy
And with love, of my country I heard tell,
Of its valour — of its worth,
Yet the infant of the North
Loved the East — oh, how warmly and how well!

5.

When I grew and was a Man,
How my fancy roved and ran
From pole to pole opposed—from the far East to the West,
A fever and a flame
And an inward impulse came,
To give words to each movement of my breast.

6.

But what avails to feel,
Without language to reveal? —
I seized upon the Lyre — but its tone
Was discord and disgrace —
Then in colours would I trace
The bright visions — but their brilliancy was gone! —

7.

Our Poets did I hear —
But colder and more drear,
My heart became a desert, and the light
That cheered my boyhood's day
Died desolate away —
Life was all blank — all within was dead Night! —

8.

Who rescued? — who restored
The Poet? and who poured

Delight upon his breast and day upon his mind?
Who bade him gaze again
On the Lion, and the rein
And him who rode — the God of Love, the little Urchin blind?

9.

'Twas thine — good man and great —
To break the cloud and dissipate
By charm of songs from land of faërie,
Regions of flowers that never fade — of loves
That wither not, — when Strength with Beauty moves
In bondage sweet enthralled — yet more than free!

10.

I heard thy Song — I felt its force —
All that had been disunion and divorce
Together blended and was reconciled;
Beauty and Strength were seen, arm twined in arm —
Lip meeting lip — heart pressed to heart — the warm
Quick blood of youth flowed rapturous and wild.—

11.

'Twas thine to colour life with joy — to clear
The mysteries, that awhile perplex us here
To prove that chains are glory — bondage gain;
To show that what, in reason's wrongful trance
We say, enthrals — is Man's inheritance,
Decks, dignifies, delights and doth sustain.

12.

Chains worn in cheerful triumph — high content —
In honour given are felt as ornament;
Thus that, which stood in desert loneliness
Alien from All, now sees with purer eyes
That All is good — with All can sympathize,
And is a part of that which it doth bless! —

13.

And now, in thoughtful age,
The MAN supports the BOY upon the stage,
And all, that long ago his heart did crowd,
Vision and dream, with many a mood of mind
That could no colours and no utterance find,
Now through the gracious Muse he tells aloud.

14.

Then strike the joyous string,
Let childish Fancy the gay subject bring —
With wreathed leaves and rosebuds see her come!
With youth she comes — conscious she seems and coy,
Smiles playfully towards the smiling boy
With winning eyes and lips — oh, is such silence dumb?

15.

And thou didst hear with pleasure
In thy far halls the stranger's sounding measure;
Thou didst inspirit her, support and cheer,
Till he hath daring sung
In thy Teutonic tongue
Tales that demand once more thy favourable ear.

16.

Ere now with harp and hand
In mine own father-land
Oft have I raised a proud and serious strain;
Heroes and kings of old,
Called from their charnels cold,
Stand forth — redeemed from Time — a glorious train.

17.

And they will greet with joy
The Asiatic boy,

Will welcome young Aladdin gay and good:
Hills brown with pines — white vales
That fright the nightingales—
Will bless the fairy light that gilds their solitude.

18.

But thou, who badest me live,
Oh, what have I to give?
How speak of debts which worlds could ill repay?
But thou wilt not despise
The humble gift, or prize
Him less whose wealth is but an idle lay!

Page 12.

Nothing can be made of men so finished.

"I had," said Goethe in a conversation with Falk, "I had a visit lately from a young man who was just from Heidelberg; I think he could not be much above nineteen. He assured me, in perfect earnest, that his opinions were all made up; and that, as he knew what he was about, he was determined henceforth to read as little as possible, and to endeavour to develop his views of human life, unaided, by his own observations on society, without suffering himself to be diverted or hindered by the talk, the books, or the pamphlets of others. That's a glorious beginning! when a man starts from zero, his progress must needs be striking." — Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics of Goethe.*

Page 13.

The field, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,

To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more."

WORDSWORTH — *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.*

"During my residence in Rome, I had the pleasure of reciting this sublime ode to the illustrious Baron Von Humboldt, then the Prussian minister at the Papal Court. By those who knew both the brothers, the talents of the plenipotentiary were held equal to those of the scientific traveller, his judgment superior. I can only say, that I know few Englishmen whom I could compare with him in the extensive knowledge and just appreciation of English literature and its various epochs. He listened to the Ode with evident delight, and as evidently not without surprise, and at the close of the recitation exclaimed, 'And is this the work of a living English poet? I should have attributed it to the age of Elizabeth: not that I recollect any writer whose style it resembles; but rather with wonder, that so great and original a poet should have escaped my notice.' Often as I repeat passages from it myself, I recur to the words of Dante —

'Canzon! io credo, che saranno radi
Che tua ragione bene intenderanno
Tanto lor sei faticoso ed alto.'"

COLERIDGE — *The Friend*, Vol. III. p. 244.

Page 14.

The rush of joy that felt almost like pain.

This noble line I have adopted, with somewhat of a different application, from Sir Aubrey de Vere's "Ode to the Duchess of Angoulême:" —

" And Fortune woke thee with so grand a strain,
The rush of sudden joy was almost felt like pain."

I quote the lines from memory. Goethe's words are

Das tiefe Schmerzenvolle Glück.

Page 14.

But you have only among chords, well known, &c.

After quoting from Lord Francis Egerton's translation the correspondent passage, a writer in the Quarterly Review observes, " The work of art which its author has ventured to introduce in this manner, has enjoyed undivided popularity at home; and, indeed, there is scarcely any critic, who, if called upon to point out the production of the vernacular Muse which he considers as most distinguished, whether by originality of conception or by power of execution, would hesitate to name the Faust of Goethe. Of the moral tendency of the performance, on the contrary, very different opinions have been formed, even in Germany; and in this country an unfavourable one appears to have generally prevailed. We confess that we are at a loss to comprehend the grounds on which such an opinion has been maintained by any person acquainted with the drama as a whole; and have little doubt that the English critics who have condemned it as an immoral work, have permitted themselves to judge from mutilated translations. Lord Francis Gower himself has omitted in his version many passages which —whatever their appearance, if singly presented to the reader's eye, might be—could never be considered as ill-meant, if regarded in connection with the general strain of the poem; and in the total absence of which, justice certainly cannot be done to the true scope and design of the poet. We shall specify one example: he has very well translated the first part of Goethe's ' Prologue in Heaven,' but omits entirely the sequel, in which, instead of the sublime chorus of angels and archangels celebrating the majesty of the spheres, we have the fiend Me-

phistopheles asking and receiving from the Almighty, permission to make trial of the virtue and constancy of 'his servant Faust.' There are some expressions in this dialogue, which it might have been well to soften, but its entire omission is all but fatal to the understanding of the drama which ensues: *Faust*, never concluded by Goethe, and thus deprived of its commencement by his translator, can no more be expected to produce its just effect on the mind of the reader, than the Book of Job without its first and last chapters. It is no great wonder that persons who have considered only such an analysis as Madame de Staël's, or a version thus incomplete, should, in spite of occasional passages, mistake the general purpose of the poet, and accuse him of ridiculing curiosity, knowledge, and virtue; while in fact, he had himself taken especial precautions (whatever may be thought of the *taste* with which he had selected some of these) to make it clear to every capacity, that the only objects of his attack were the extravagance, restlessness, and misery of curiosity, when directed to subjects beyond the legitimate range of human intellect; the uselessness of mere knowledge, divorced from wisdom by the intervention of vanity, and the feebleness of that virtue which presumes to rely solely on itself. Faust, a good man at heart, a man of lofty and tender feelings by nature, is to be humbled in his intellectual pride; and for this purpose the devil is permitted to have full power over him; but this, as it is expressly said, *only for a season*.

——'Draw thou
His spirit from its springs: As thou findest power
Seize him, and lead him on thy downward path,
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.'

Accordingly Faust, led by the cunning fiend through a long walk of seduction, sinning grievously, and giving occasion not only to sin and sorrow, but to all the horrors of blood and

remorse, remains, throughout his career, within the reach of our human sympathies. Nor can any one, who weighs well the last scene of the poem, doubt that, if the author had ever completed it, the reputation of the seducer would have come forth and been rewarded as fully as that of his victim Margaret.

The omission we have noticed is, moreover, attended with a disadvantageous effect of quite a different kind. The *Faust*, though it be called a tragedy on its title-page, is in fact, and was designed to be, a *Mystery*; and the reader loses a great deal in not being compelled to recognise, from the very outset, this — the peculiar character of the piece. The audacious dialogue in the prologue does not stand alone; there are numberless passages scattered over the performance, the effect of which must be miserably impaired, if not distorted, if we do not recollect that the poet has in his hands the Gothic licence of that essentially Gothic form of composition. In one page we have Raphael and Gabriel uttering strains of Miltonic harmony and grandeur, in the hearing of all the host of Heaven. In another, the jabber of fiends and sorcerers in their witch-sabbath presents an unearthly mixture, in which it is impossible to draw any definite line between the grotesque and the ghastly, the sadness of immortal degradation, and the buffoonery of diabolical despair. In the midst of all this, human passions,— love, hatred, revenge, repentance, remorse,— clothe themselves alternately in the severest simplicity of idiomatic dialogue, and the softest and noblest strains of lyric poetry. Even here, satire — the satire of literature, of manners, of politics, above all, of philosophy — finds its place. The effect of so strange a medley of elements must have been abundantly considered by such an artist as Goethe; and no translator can have any right to interfere with him, by diminishing their number or variety." —*Quarterly Review*, Vol. XXXIV. pp. 138, 139.

Page 17.

New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight.

" About Him all the Sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance."

Paradise Lost, Book III.

Page 18.

MEPHISTOPHELES, &c.

The Prologue in Heaven was not in the first editions of Faust, though it is not unlikely it formed, from the very first conception of the piece, a part of the plot in the poet's mind. In almost all the old miracle plays are scenes similar to this. I quote a few instances, and any reader who is disposed can easily find more.

It is impossible to read Faustus with ordinary candour, and not acknowledge that Goethe's purpose was good. The poem has unfortunately been quoted, as if it in any respect, except that of the author's adoption of old dramatic forms, resembled Lord Byron's CAIN: I scarcely know two poems more strongly contrasted. No one of our antiquaries has hesitated to reprint our own old plays formed on the model which Goethe has adopted.—In Hawkin's " Origin of the English Drama," one of the first pieces printed is " Every Man:" — I copy the title-page: " Here begynnethe a treatise howe the hye Fader of heven sendeth Dethe to summon every creature to come and give a counte of their lives in this worlde, and is in the manner of a moral play." The play opens with a dialogue between the Father of heaven and Death. In the morality of " Lusty Juventas," in the same volume, we have as one of the characters " God's Merciful Promises."

The difficulty is in selecting one instance among the many.

The reader who has time to turn to Strutt's "Manners and Customs of the English People," will find many extracts from a drama which begins at the creation of the world, and contains the greater part of the history of the Old and New Testaments; and the representation of which occupied eight days. "In the first pageant or act (I quote from another work of Strutt's giving an account of the same drama) the Deity is represented seated on his throne by himself; after a speech of some length the Angels enter singing from the Church service, 'To thee all Angels cry aloud, the Heavens, and all the powers therein: To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts.' Lucifer then makes his appearance, and desires to know if the hymn they sang was in honour of God or in honour of him? The good Angels readily reply, in honour of God: the evil Angels incline to worship Lucifer, and he presumes to seat himself in the throne of the Deity, who commands him to depart from heaven to hell; which dreadful sentence he is compelled to obey, and with his wicked associates descends to the lower regions."

In the "Castle of Perseverance," one of the oldest moral plays in the language, *Humanum Genus*, then forty winters old, begins to repent, and is told he must dwell in the Castle of Perseverance. The seven cardinal Virtues are his companions in the Castle, which is besieged by the seven deadly Sins, headed by Belial. Humanum Genus calls on "the Duke that died in rood," to take care of his soul. The deadly Sins are defeated, and complain that they suffered most from the roses flung at them from the walls by Charity, Patience, &c., which struck them hard enough to make them "blak and blo." The Deity in person is made to speak the following epilogue, after having concluded an address which relates to the business of the piece: —

"All men example here may take
To maintain the good and menden here mys.
Thus endeth our gamys;

To save you from synnyng
Even at the begynnyng,
Thynk on your last endynge.
Te Deum laudamus."

[This last paragraph is abridged from COLLIER — *Annals of the Stage*, Vol. II.]

"Harl. MS. No. 1944. is a copy of Archdeacon Rogers's collections regarding Chester. An excuse is there made for the craftsmen, by whom the plays were to be represented, who were not so well qualified as the players of price, who might have been employed. It shows also, as might be proved from many authorities, that formerly those who played God usually had 'the face gilt,' and it requests that, as this gilding 'disfigured the man,' the omission of the Deity might be pardoned, and that the audience would not expect God 'to appear in shape or person,' but in 'a cloudy covering.'

"In Mr. Sharp's work on the Coventry Plays, is an entry under the date of 1490, of a cheverel gyld for Ihe, meaning 'a gilt beard for Jesus.' In one of the moral plays formerly in the collection of Dr. Cox Macro, and now in that of Hudson Gurney, Esq. M.P., *Wisdom* is introduced as a character with his head and beard gilt and curled." — COLLIER, Vol. II. p. 156.

"Another of these moral plays, '*Mind, Will, and Understanding*,' is opened by Wisdom, who states that he represents the second person of the Trinity: he is dressed 'in a rich purple cloth of gold,' with a 'beard of gold,' a 'cheveler' or perriwig on his head, and a rich imperial crown thereupon, set with precious stones — in his left hand a bale of gold with a cross thereupon, and in his right hand a regal sceptre."— COLLIER (*abridged*).

In Sharp's account of the Coventry Mysteries, in describing the pageant exhibited by the Cappers' Company, he mentions the subject of the pageant to have been the Resurrection and Descent into Hell. Among the characters were God and the

Spirit of God. I add Mr. Sharp's comment: "If the mind now revolts at this familiar and, to our idea, irreverent use of the name and personification of the Deity, be it remembered no such feelings were excited at the time of this exhibition; nay, perhaps this gross representation to the senses, of the principal events in the sacred history, was not without its beneficial consequences; and the clerk, who, in the entry of pageant expenses in the accounts of the Cappers' Company wrote, 'Itm̃, payd to God, xvj*d.*' might be as truly devout and as practically a good Christian as he who now, with perfect propriety, shudders at the seeming insult to his Maker."

I transcribe from Mr. Sharp's work, an extract of a letter from Mickle, the translator of the Luciad, dated 15th of August, 1780.

Besides the Opera [at Lisbon], there is another playhouse, where they act what they call precipios, *i. e.* Scripture Histories, in the genuine taste, I presume, of the old mysteries and interludes acted three or four centuries ago in England. I cannot help giving you some account of the principal one, which I saw performed by puppets, before a crowded and pretty genteel audience. When the curtain drew up, the first scene presented a view of the clouds, where a figure, like a Chinese Mandarin, seated in a chair, was like an arbiter or judge placed between St. Michael and Satan. Satan accuses Michael, and Michael scolds like an oyster-wench, and at last kicks Satan on the head, and tumbles him down out of sight, telling him to go to hell for his impudence. The Chinese-like figure then walks about the stage, and repeating the words of the Latin Bible, creates the world. When he orders the sun to govern the day, a lanthorn with a round glass in it circles over the stage, which is darkened; in like manner the moon and stars appear; the waters next appear, with fishes' heads jumping through them; but when land animals are to be made, real sheep and dogs are produced through the trap-doors, — one of which latter entertained the audience by barking at the sheep, and was like to have been rude to his

supposed master, had not a leg, projected from behind the scene, given him a kick which sent him off howling. Adam is next made: he rises through the stage, walks about a while, lies down to sleep, and the Chinese figure pulls Eve out of his side, and gives them their charges: these two are quite naked, but much smaller, and no way to be compared, in excellence, to the puppets of the opera. The next scene presents an orange grove: a serpent climbs a tree, talks to Eve, and gives her an orange out of his teeth, which she takes, and tempts Adam. The next scene presents the Mandarin figure calling upon Adam, who appears with his spouse in their fig-leaves: they are condemned; and the serpent, who till now walked erect, falls flat upon his belly. Adam and Eve are now presented in sheepskins; he with a spade, she with a distaff. Adam laments dolefully; but Eve comforts him, and puts him in mind that they were to beget children. Cain and Abel next appear, offer sacrifices, and Cain kills his brother, and kicks him sadly: the Mandarin figure condemns Cain, and ascends the clouds. The mouth of hell then appears, like the jaws of a great dragon, amid smoke and lightning, vomits up three devils, one of them with a wooden leg: these take a dance round Cain, and are very jocular: one of them invites him to hell to drink a dish of brimstone coffee, another asks him to make up a party at whist; Cain snarls, and they tumble him and themselves together headlong into the squib-vomiting mouth.

"The next scene presents the Mandarin figure ordering Noah to build an ark. Noah sends his servant to engage a carpenter, — but where do you think? Why to Lisbon, to Antonio de — somewhat — the king of Portugal's head ship-carpenter (and the name of the present gentleman of that office is always introduced). The scene now represents the streets and night-humours of modern Lisbon. The messenger, who is in a hurry, stops at different taverns (things like our London chandlers' shops, where the *Canaille* drink; for, except one French and one English house or two, there is

not any thing like a decent tavern in all Lisbon), and every where he attempts to be the buffoon; *e. g.* he meets a dog, the dog barks at him, and he lectures the dog on the vices of his master, whose ill manners, he says, he is imitating: then he meets an Irishwoman, with a squalling child in her arms; he asks his way to the carpenter's, and she asks him to tell her her way home again; both complain of the child's bawling, and he gives her a bit of sweetmeat he had just picked up in a corner to put in its mouth — but the joke ends dirtily. After meeting and talking with a variety of street-walkers, he arrives at the carpenter's house, which discovers a scene like the inside of an English village wheelwright's shop and kitchen; the carpenter bargains hard, and is willing to take Noah's note of hand; but his wife wants ready money, and insists upon paying her debts before she is drowned. 'And how much do you owe?' says Noah's messenger; 'I have got a trifle about me at your service.' So much. — 'No more?' Yes, so much more! — 'Joseph! Maria! Jesus! no more?' — 'Yes, ten thousand moidores will do.' — 'Ha! ha! then go and get them, for have I not ten half farthings for you.' And never was a low joke better relished in the days of Gammer Gurton's needle, than I was witness to the reception of this, from a crowded audience that would have done no disgrace to the pits of Drury Lane or Covent Garden. After this comes the story of Holofernes, the birth of Christ, and the massacre of the children of Bethlehem. Herod is represented in the dress of a Turkish Moor, the old enemy of Portugal walking about in great agitation: he lies down on a couch to sleep; the dragon jaws of hell again appear, vomiting devils and flashes of fire; the devils make a merry dance to music round the sleeping tyrant and often whisper him: they vanish: be awakes and gives his order, &c.; and with a very curious puppet representation of grim whiskered soldiers, tearing children from their mothers and killing them, and the mothers scratching the soldiers, the admirable piece was brought to a conclusion.—W. J. Mickle.

Page 26.

Beautiful Moon! — Ah! would that now,
For the last time, thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow!

I transcribe the following passage, both because it first led me to read Faust, and also because, in all that has been since written on the subject, nothing has been said that so justly describes the poem.

"I think it was one of the noblest conceptions that ever entered into the breast of a poet, which made Goethe open his Faustus with a scene of Moonlight. The restlessness of an intellect wearied with the vanity of knowledge, and tormented with the sleepless agonies of doubt — the sickness of a heart bruised and buffeted by all the demons of presumption — the wild and wandering throbs of a soul parched among plenty by the blind cruelty of its own dead affections, — these dark and depressing mysteries, all maddening within the brain of the hermit student, might have suggested other accompaniments to one who had looked less deeply into the nature of Man — who had felt less in his own person of that which he might have been ambitious to describe. But this great master of intellect was well aware to what thoughts and what feelings the perplexed and bewildered are most anxious to return. He well knew where it is that Nature has placed the best balm for the wounds of the spirit — by what indissoluble links she has twined her own eternal influences around the dry and chafed heartstrings that have most neglected her tenderness. It is thus that his weary and melancholy sceptic, Faust, speaks: his phial of poison is not yet mingled on his table —but the tempter is already listening at his ear, that would not allow him to leave the world until he should have plunged yet deeper into his snares, and added sins against his neighbour to sins against God and against himself. I wish I could do justice to his words in a translation, or rather that I had Coleridge near me.

Would thou wert gazing now thy last
Upon my troubles, Glorious Harvest-Moon!
Well canst thou tell how all my nights have past,
Wearing away, how slow and yet how soon!
Alas! alas! sweet Queen of Stars,
Through dreary dim monastic bars,
To me thy silver radiance passes,
Illuminating round me masses
Of dusty books and mouldy paper
That are not worthy of so fair a taper.
Oh, might I once again go forth!
To see thee gliding through thy fields of blue,
Along the hill-tops of the North! —
Oh, might I go as when I nothing knew,
Where meadows drink thy softening gleam,
And happy spirits twinkle in the beam,
To steep my heart in thy most healing dew!"

PETER'S *Letters*, Vol. I. p. 331, &c.

Page 29.

MACROCOSMUS.

I hesitate to transcribe from the theosophists, language which has so wholly passed away as that in which they embody their notions of the MACROCOSMUS and the MICROCOSMUS — the *World* of *Nature* and the *World* of *Man*. The words do not seem to be used by them with any great definiteness. The *Universe* or MACROCOSMUS is, say they, an exhibition or outward manifestation of that which exists invisibly in *Man* — the MICROCOSMUS. This language is at times deserted for the purpose of explaining that which is yet left unexplained, and *each* is said in its turn to be the *image* of the other. Were we to regard all this as metaphor, it would not be difficult to give it a meaning; but with them it was far from metaphor. The analogies it suggested, misled them both in natural philosophy and in the study of the mind. I had marked some passages from Paracelsus and the English Paracelsus, Robert Fludd,

in illustration of this passage; but besides that they are too long to transcribe, my readers will form a much better notion of these matters with reference to Faust, and much more pleasantly, from the extracts from Crollius, in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1832, than in any other way. The passage is too long to give as an extract, and to make any attempt to abridge it would be to impair its effect considerably.

Page 32.

Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.
" Im des Schiffbruch's Knirschen nicht zu zagen."

I fear I have ventured on too violent a metaphor. In Middleton's " *Witch* " there is something like it.

" Stadlin's within;
That raises all your sodaine violent storms
That Shipwrack *backs.*"

Page 36.

If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive.

In Webster's speech in commemoration of the lives and services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, delivered at Boston in 1826, is a passage quoted in the *Law Magazine* for August, 1834, which both resembles and illustrates this passage of Goethe.

" The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such as the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled

in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it — they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting force of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even Genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent. Then self-devotion is eloquent: the clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object — this, this is eloquence, or rather, it is something higher and greater than all eloquence, — it is action — noble, sublime, godlike action."

Page 38.

These filigree ornaments are good for nothing, &c.

" *Ja, eure Redem, die so blinkend sind,*
In denen ihr der Menscheit Schnitzel Kraüselt,
Sind unerquicklich wie der Nebelwind,
Der herbst lich durch die dürren Blätter Säuselt! "

Vos discours qui brillent d'un si faux éclat, dans lequel vous étalez les ornemens le plus factices de l'esprit humain, &c. *Kräuseln, rendre crépu, friser. Schnitzel,* ce sont des découpres de papier. En les tordant en differens sens on peut en faire des ornemens, même des fleurs, mais ces fleurs n'ont aucune fraîcheur. La poète les compare donc avec les ornemens d'une rhétorique affectée. Une des beautés de ce pas-

sage c'est la singularité de la rime ' *bräuseln*' et ' *Säuseln*,' laquelle à son tour amène les expressions un peu bizarres du second vers."— M. De Schlegel—*Private Letter*, quoted by Mr. Hayward.

Page 38.

Ars longa, Vita brevis.

I find an earlier authority than Hippocrates for this maxim.

" Wherefore, saith Maria, sister of Aaron,
Life is short, and scyence is full longe."

Norton's *Ordinal*.

Page 41.

All by one word of thunder overthrown.

" ' But come, if ardor urges thee, and force
Suffices — mark me, Gebir, I unfold
No fable to allure thee — rise, behold
Thy ancestors ! ' and, lo ! with horrid gasp
The panting flame above his head recoiled,
And thunder through his heart and life-blood throbbed."

Landor's *Gebir*.

Page 45.

I stand before the guarded door
Of Nature; but it bids defiance
To latch or ward.

There has been some disputing about the meaning of this passage. My translation is pretty close to the original, and I do not see any reason to doubt that it expresses what Goethe intended. The metaphor of the guarded door, &c. seem obvious enough. I transcribe from an old alchymical tract in verse, something not unlike it—the lines are pleasing enough: I continue the quotation further than would be necessary if it did not illustrate in some degree the passage where Faustus describes his father's preparation of the elixir.

" When Phœbus was entered the signe of the Ramme,
In the moneth of March when all things do spring;
Lying in my bed an old man to me came.
Laying his hand on my buisy head slumbering;
I am, said he, Tyme, the producer of all thing;
Awake and rise, prepare thyself quickly,
My intent is to bring thee to the *Campe of Philosophy.*

" Blooms and blossoms plentifully in that field,
Bene pleasantly flourishing deckt with colours gay
Lively water fountains, eke beasts both tame and wild,
Overshaddowed with trees fruitful on every spraye,
Melodiously singing the birds do sitt and say;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God in persons three,
Impery and honour be to thee O Holy Trinity.

" Lo thus when he had said I arose quickly,
Doing on my clothes in hast with agility,
Towards the *Campe* we went of *Philosophy*,
The wonderful sights there for to see;
To a large gate Father Tyme brought me
Which closed was; then he to me said,
Each thing hath his tyme, be thou then nothing dismaid.

" Then great admiration I took unto myself,
With sore and huge perturbation of minde,
Beholding the gates fastened with lockes twelve,
I fantasied but smally that Tyme should be my friend.
Why studiest thou, man, quoth he, art thou blinde?
With a rod he touched me, whereat I did downe fall
Into a strong sleep, and in a dream he shewed me all.

" *Igitur audite somnium meum quod vidi.*
In the thousandth year of Christ, five hundred fifty and seven,
In the moneth of March, asleep as I did lie

Late in the night, of the clocke about eleven,
In spirit wrapt I was suddenly into Heaven,
Where I saw sitting in most glorious majesty
Three: I beholding adored but one Deity.

* * * * *

" — A voice from that glorious brightnéss to me said —

* * * * *

' Further of my secrets to muse is but folly,
Passing the capacity of all human reason.'
The heavens closed up again at that season.
Then Father *Tyme* set me at the gate,
And delivered me a key to enter in thereat.

" The key of knowledge and of excellent science;
Whereby all secrets of *Philosophy* are reserate;
The secrets of Nature sought out by diligence;
Avoiding fables of envious foole inveterate:
With *recipe* and *decipe* this scyence is violate.
Therefore to me this key he did dispose
The secrets of this art to open and disclose.

" Thus said Father Tyme, this key when he me tooke,
Unlocke, quoth he, this gate now by thyselfe,
And then upon him sorrowfully did I looke,
Saying that one key could not undo lockes twelve;
Whose axe, quoth he, is sure, both head and helve
Hold will together, till the Tree downe fall.
So open thou the first lock, and thou hast opened all.

" What is the first lock named, tell me then,
I pray thee? said I; what shall I it call?
It is, said he, *the secret of all wise men;*
Chaos in the bodyes called the *first original*
Prima materia, our *Mercury*, our *Menstrual*,
Our *vitriol*, our *sulphur*, our *lunary* most of price.
Put the key in the lock 'twil open in a trice.

" Then the key of knowledge I busily took in hand,
And began to search the hollownes in the lock,
The wards thereof I scarce did understand,
So craftily conveid they were in their stock;
I proved every way, and at last I did unlock
The crafty gins thus made for the nonce,
And with it the other locks fell open all at once.

" At this Gate opening even in the entry
A number of philosophers in the face I met,
Working all one way the secrets of philosophy
Upon Chaôs dark, that among them was set.
Sober men of living, peaceable and quiet
They busily disputed the *materia prima*,
Rejecting clean away *simul stulta et frivola*.

" Here saw I the father of Philosophers, *Hermes*,
Here saw I *Aristotle*, with cheere most jocund;
Here saw I *Morien*, and *Senior in Turba*, more or lesse,
Sober *Democritus*, *Albert*, *Bacon* and *Ramund*,
The *Monk* and the *Chanon of Bridlington* so profound.
Working most secretly, who said unto me,
Beware thou believe not all thou dost see.

* * * *

" Then Father *Tyme* and I, by favour of these men,
Such sights to see past forth towards the camp,
There we met disguised *philosophers* lean,
With porpheries and morters ready to grind and stampe,
Their heads shaking, their hands full of the cramp,
Some lame with spasms, some feeble, wan, and blind
With arsnick and sulphur, to this art most unkind.

" There were *Brooke* the priest, and *Yorke* with coates gay,
Which robbed KING HENRY of a million of gold,
Martin Perien, *Major*, and *Thomas De-la-Haye*.
Saying that the king they greatly inriche woulde,
They whispered in his ear, and this tale they him told,

We will work for your highness the *Elixir vitæ*,
A princely work called *opus regale*.

" Then brought they in the Vicar of Malden,
With his *green lion* that most royal secret,
Richard Record and little master *Eden*
Their metals by corrosives to calcine and fret;
Hugh Oldcastle and Sir Robert Greene with them met,
Roasting and boiling all things out of kind,
And like *Foolosophers* left off with loss in the end.

" Yet brought they forth things beautiful to sight,
Deluding the king thus from day to day,
With copper citrinate for the red and albified for the white,
And with Mercury rubified in a glass full gay;
But at the last they went in fire away."

BLOOMFIELD'S *Blossoms*.

Page 45.

The veil she wears, if hand profane
Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain.

" Plutarch has preserved an inscription relative to Isis, which he copied from her temple at Sais, and which describes her as being the Universal Frame of Nature. The goddess is represented as saying of herself, *I am all* that hath been *and is and shall be; and my veil no mortal hath ever removed.*"—FABER'S *Origin of Pagan Idolatry*.

Page 45.

Secrets, revealed — else vainly sought,
Her free gift when man questions not.

" Goethe laid down the proposition that Nature, accidentally, and as it were against her will, became the telltale of her own secrets. That every thing was told at least once, only

not in the time and place at which we looked for or suspected it: we must collect it here and there, in all the nooks and corners in which she had let it drop. Hence the Mysterious, the Sybilline, the Incoherent, in our observations of Nature. That she was a book of the vastest, strangest contents, from which, however, we might gather that many of its leaves lay scattered around in Jupiter, Uranus, and other planets. To come at the whole, would be difficult if not utterly impossible. On this difficulty, therefore, must all systems suffer shipwreck." — MRS. AUSTIN'S *Characteristics*, Vol. I. p. 64. — FALK'S Narrative.

Page 46.

Essence of all sweet slumber-dews! &c.

Faustus's rapture at the sight of the poison is tameness itself compared to the language of M. *Feuerbach*, in his "Exposition of remarkable Crimes." After giving an account of Anne Margaret Zwanziger, who from time to time poisoned several persons in whose service she had lived, and among them two or three masters whom she had some speculations of marrying.

"For nearly twenty years (adds M. Feuerbach), hunted about from place to place, already bordering on fifty years of age, and still an alien on this earth, without country or home, dishonoured in the eyes of the world, only endured amongst men through the deception of a name, she at last sought anxiously for peace, for a resting spot, for a secure provision; and as a mistress, as formerly—no longer as a despised maid-servant, as now. To belong always to others, never to herself; never to command, ever only to receive or apprehend commands from others; ever to cringe, and flatter, and please only as a maid-servant; constantly condemned to play the agreeable with constrained demeanour to people whom she could not help detesting: dependent, submissive, with the irritating recollection of her own supremacy in times past; full of old claims on the exterior respect of others, and yet so often looked down

upon! This was more than such a soul could endure. Deliverance from such a condition she must have; or if not deliverance, at least compensation for it.

But out of the labyrinth of her tangled life, no common way led to freedom. Precipices on every side, barring all escape! Within the bounds of civil regulation, no sure means of extrication to be found! But, lo! the mystery of a silently concealed power unfolds itself, which she has only to become mistress of, to stride with ease over all the mountains and precipices; and, escaping from the cramping bounds of social relations and the narrow laws of civil life—nay, elevated over even humanity itself—to rule uncontrolled, by virtue of an invisible power. This mysterious power was—poison. It would be taking a very narrow view to explain the criminal impulse in her case, as in ordinary cases, by any one passion, or by this or that particular view. What she connected with poison was, generally speaking, only the glad consciousness of irresistible power—the pleasure, the flattery to her guilty pride, of possessing a power with which she could throw down at pleasure every restraint, attain every end, gratify every inclination, and, since she thereby influenced the welfare and existence of others, interfere with and disturb the plan of destiny, and bind it to her wish. Poison was to her the magic sceptre with which she exercised an invisible rule over those whom visibly she was compelled to serve; poison served her for a magician's wand, with which she opened for herself the golden door of her lost hopes. To her who had the shame of her servitude to revenge on detested humanity, it secured the consciousness of a fearful elevation—to move as it were like a scathing deity, like an angel of death and torture amongst the hated race, and with secret power to scatter here torture, here disease, there death! This poison, to what could it not be made subservient? Poison punished every real or fancied affront; poison prevented the return of disagreeable guests; with poison were the envied joys of social unions disturbed; poison afforded a pleasing amusement, in the ridiculous gri-

maces of the poisoned; poison afforded her an opportunity of recommending herself to those who were suffering from it, by pretended sympathy; poison was the instrument of bringing the innocent into suspicion; poison made children cry, and led parents to believe that they were crying for their beloved attendant. Was she flattered by the prospect of a marriage with a man already married? she had only to wish it; and the wife sank into the grave, leaving the husband a widower. Did her woman's jealousy grudge the bridegroom to the bride? rings were changed, and banns published in vain; her beloved poison anticipated the wedding feast. Poison-mixing and poison-giving were thus for her an ordinary occupation, practised in joke as well as in earnest; and eventually carried on with passion, not merely for the sake of its consequences, but for its own sake—out of love for poison, out of mere gratification in the pure deed in and for itself. As we get fond of that with which we are long conversant, and like best what serves us most truly; thus in the end had love woven, as it were, an inseparable tie between her and poison. Poison appeared to her as her last and truest friend, to which she felt herself irresistibly drawn, and with which she could never dispense. Poison was her constant companion; with poison in her pocket was she overtaken by justice; and after many months' imprisonment, the long-forbidden sight of arsenic appeared to her as the joy-inspiring return of a long-estranged friend. When at Culmbach, the arsenic found upon her was placed before her; according to the judge of inquiry, it was as if she trembled with joy: with eyes which beamed with transport, she gazed upon the white powder, and seemed to contemplate it as a thing which she would fain clasp in her arms and press against her heart." — *Achtenmässige Darstellung merkwürdiger Verbrechen von* Anselm Ritter von Feuerbach, *Staatsrathsend Præsidenten*; and 9th *Law Mag.* p. 279.

Page 60.

St. Andrew's night.

"It is commonly believed in Germany, that on St. Andrew's night, St. Thomas's night, and Christmas and New Year's night, a girl has the power of inviting and seeing her future lover. A table must be laid for two persons, taking care that there are no forks on it. Whatever the lover leaves behind him at his departure must be carefully preserved; he then returns to her who has it, and loves her passionately. It must, however, be kept carefully concealed from his sight, because he would otherwise remember the torture of superhuman power which he that night endured, and be conscious of the charms employed, and this would lead to fatal consequences." — THOMS's *Lays and Legends of Germany.*

Mr. Thoms translates, from Grimm's "*Deutsche Sagen,*" a story illustrative of this, and refers to a story of Maturin's ("*Leixlip Castle*") for an illustration of the same superstition existing in Ireland. Why are not the works of Maturin collected? — Most of the novels have been for years out of print; and I cannot imagine any reason why the Montorio should produce a less powerful effect now than on its first publication. I cannot but think that Maturin's works will be yet more highly appreciated than at present. I seldom read any composition more affecting than his sermon on the death of Miss Lee. It seems absolutely impossible that a selection from his works, with some memoir of his life, should not be popular. Such a publication could only come with propriety from his own family.

Page 60.

In the glass she showed
Me mine.

"All the ancient astrologers of England were much startled and confounded at my manner of writing, especially old Mr. William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton, in Stafford-

shire, and many others who understood astrology competently well, as they thought. Hodges swore I did more by astrology, than he could by the crystal and the use thereof, which, indeed, he understood as perfectly as any one in England. He was a great royalist, but could never hit any thing right for that party, though he much desired it; he resolved questions astrologically; nativities he meddled not with; he repaired to the crystal: his angels were Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel; his life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should, having to deal with those holy angels. Being cotemporary with me, I shall relate what my partner, John Scott, affirmed of him. John Scott was a little skilful in surgery and physic: so was Will Hodges, and had formerly been a schoolmaster. Scott, having some occasions into Staffordshire, addressed himself for a month or six weeks to Hodges, assisted him to dress his patients, let blood, &c. Being to return to London, he desired Hodges to show him the person and features of the woman he should marry. Hodges carries him into a field not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his foot to his, and after a while wishes him to inspect the crystal and observe what he saw there. 'I see,' saith Scott, 'a ruddy complexioned wench in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer.'—'She must be your wife,' saith Hodges. 'You are mistaken, sir,' said Scott; 'I am, so soon as I go to London, to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey.'—'You must marry the red waistcoat,' said Hodges. Scott leaves the country, comes up to London, finds his gentlewoman married: two years after, going into Dover, in his return he refreshed himself at an inn in Canterbury; and as he came into the hall, or first room thereof, he mistook the room and went into the buttery, where he espied a maid, described by Hodges as before said, drawing a can of beer, &c. He then, more narrowly viewing her person and habit, found her, in all parts, to be the same that Hodges had described: after which he became a suitor to her, and was married unto her; which woman I have often seen. This Scott related unto me several times, being a

very honest person, and made great conscience of what he spoke." — LILLY — *Life and Times.*

Lilly, after mentioning some prophecies of the Restoration, says: —

"These prophecies were not given vocally by the angels, but by inspection of the crystal in types and figures, or by apparition the circular way, where, at some distance, the angels appear, representing by forms, shapes, and creatures, what is demanded. It is very rare, yea, even in our days, for any operator or master to have the angels speak articulately; when they do speak, it is like the Irish, much in the throat." — LILLY'S *History of his Life and Times.*

"I was very familiar with one Sarah Skelhorn, who had been speculatrix unto one Arthur Gauntlet, about Gray's Inn Lane, a very lewd fellow, professing physick. This Sarah lived a long time, even until her death, with one Mrs. Stockman, in the Isle of Purbeck, and died about sixteen years since. Her mistress one time being desirous to accompany her mother, the Lady Beaconsfield, unto London, who lived twelve miles from her habitation, caused Sarah to inspect her crystal, to see if she, viz. her mother, was gone, yea or not: the angels appeared, and showed her mother opening a trunk and taking out a red waistcoat; whereby she perceived she was not gone. Next day she went to her mother's, and there, as she entered the chamber, she was opening a trunk, and had a red waistcoat in her hand. Sarah told me oft, the angels would for some years follow her, and appear in every room of the house, until she was weary of them.

"This Sarah Skelhorn, her call unto the crystal began, 'Oh ye good angels, only and only,' &c.

"Ellen Evans, daughter of my tutor Evans, her call unto the crystal was this: *O Micol, O tu Micol, regina Pigmæorum veni,* &c.

"Since I have related of the queen of the fairies, I shall acquaint you, that it is not for every one, or every person, that

these angelical creatures will appear unto, though they may say over the call over and over; or, indeed, is it given to very many persons to endure their glorious aspects; even very many have failed just at that present when they are ready to manifest themselves; even persons otherwise of undaunted spirits and firm resolution are herewith astonished, and tremble, as it happened not many years since with us. A very sober discreet person, of virtuous life and conversation, was beyond measure desirous to see something in this nature. He went with a friend into my Hurstwood: the queen of fairies was invocated: a gentle murmuring wind came first; after that, among the hedges a smart whirlwind; by and by a strong blast of wind blew upon the face of the friend; and the queen appearing in a most illustrious glory, 'No more, I beseech you,' quoth the friend: 'my heart fails; I am not able to endure longer.' Nor was he: his black curling hair rose up, and I believe a bulrush would have beat him to the ground: he was soundly laughed at," &c.

"Sir Robert Holborn brought over unto me Gladwell of Suffolk*, who had formerly had sight and conference with Uriel and Raphael, but lost them both by carelessness; so that neither of them would but rarely appear, and then presently begone, resolving nothing. He would have given me two hundred pounds to have assisted him for their recovery, but I am no such man. Those glorious creatures, if well commanded, and well observed, do teach the master any thing he desires: *amant secreta, fugiunt aperta*. The fairies love the southern side of hills, mountains, groves. Neatness and cleanliness in apparel, a strict diet, and upright life, fervent prayers unto God, conduce much to the assistance of those who are curious in these ways."—LILLY's *Life and Times*.

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* "Mr. Gilbert Wakering gave him his berril when he died; it was of the largeness of a good big orange, set in silver, with a cross on the top and another on the handle; and round about engraved the names of these angels—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel."

Page 63.

The shepherd for the dance was drest.

"Old man," said Philina, "dost thou know the tune, '*The shepherd decked him for the dance.*'*

"O yes," said he, "if you will sing the words, I shall not fail for my part of it."

Philina then stood up, and held herself in readiness. The old man commenced the tune; and she sang a song, which we cannot impart to our readers, because they might think it insipid, or, perhaps, undignified.

* * * * *

When the old man had retired, our friend said to Philina, "In this favourite song of yours, I certainly can find no merit, either moral or poetical; yet if you were to bring forward any proper composition, as to stage wit, the same arch simplicity, the same propriety and gracefulness, I should engage that strong and universal approbation would be the result."—*Wilhelm Meister*, English Translation.

Page 67.

There, passionate adorer, the Red Lion, &c.

Before quoting a few passages from the old alchymists and theosophists, in explanation of this language, I am tempted to transcribe from Goethe's autobiography the account he gives of his early study of those writers. After describing the progress of a very serious illness, which seemed to threaten decline, he continues:—

"One night I was awakened by a violent hæmorrhage. Dr. Reichel was called, who immediately came to my assistance. I was several days between life and death. Even the joy of a sensible improvement was much damped by an abscess, which formed in the left side of my neck: but a cure is

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* "*Der Schafer putzte sich zum Tanze.*"

always agreeable, even when it is slow and painful. Through the bounty of nature I became quite another man. I felt a serenity of mind, to which I had previously been a stranger; and I was elated with joy at feeling myself, internally free, although I was threatened with a long convalescence.

"But what most contributed to raise my spirits, was the unmerited interest taken in my fate by men of estimable character. I say unmerited, because there was not one of them whom I had not wearied with my caprices, teased with the peevish humour of ill health, or foolishly neglected through consciousness of my bad behaviour towards them. All was forgotten: they showed the warmest affection for me. As long as I kept my apartment, and after I was able to go out, they used to come and see me, in order to divert me by their conversation. They took me to their country houses; and owing to all these cares, I was soon restored to health. One of the persons to whom I was under the greatest obligations at this time, was M. Langer, afterwards librarian at Wolfenbüttel. His kindness was particularly entitled to my gratitude, for he was the new Mentor of the young Count Lindenau, and I had been represented to him as a dangerous character, with whom he was forbidden to associate. I had almost become a stranger to German literature, and to every poetical attempt. I returned with extreme pleasure to my cherished writers of antiquity. As the voyager is pleased to distinguish, in the distance, the Blue Mountains of New Holland, the contours and masses of which he perceives, without being able to ascertain their interior situation in different parts, I always had these great masters in my intellectual horizon, and to them all my vows were addressed. I made an exchange with M. Langer, the advantage of which was entirely on my side. I gave him a basket-full of German poets and critics, and received in return a certain number of Greek authors, the study of which occupied me agreeably during a long convalescence."

* * * * *

" Among my mother's friends was Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg, a sectary of the famous Count Zinzendorf. It was from her conversations and letters that I took the confessions of a noble mind, inserted in 'Wilhelm Meister.' The eminent moral and mental qualities of this lady, and the knowledge of the world and court which she owed to her birth and education, rendered her a most agreeable acquaintance. The elegant simplicity of her dress resembled the costume of the Moravian sisters: her serenity and calmness of mind never abandoned her. Considering the languishing state of her health as the necessary condition of her existence in this world, she endured her sufferings with angelic patience; and, in the intervals between her illnesses, she was lively and talkative. Her conversation turned generally, or rather wholly, on the moral advantage of the observations which we may make on ourselves, and on the religious sentiments connected with this practice. On these subjects she expressed herself with peculiar grace. She found in me a young adept, aspiring, with all his might, to an unknown happiness. Although I was not a very great sinner, I was not what I ought to have been; and my moral state, like my health, left much to be wished for. Mademoiselle Klettenberg thought highly of several natural or acquired faculties which she observed in me. These gifts, however, which she ascribed to me, excited neither jealousy nor timidity in her: in the first place, because she had never thought of entering into competition with any man; and secondly, because she was fully sensible of the advantages she had over me with respect to religious sentiments. She interpreted my anxiety, impatience, efforts, researches, and doubts, as indicating a soul which is not at peace with God: but I had always persuaded myself that I had no reason to be uneasy on this point; nay, I had carried my temerity so far, as to fancy that the Divinity was in my debt, if I may use the expression. This blindness arose from my absolute persuasion, that my unbounded zeal might have been better rewarded by Divine Grace. My directress and I had continual disputes

on this point. She always concluded by treating me as a thoughtless youth who stood in need of indulgence.

"The abscess in my neck caused me, at first, more inconvenience than pain. The physician and surgeon who attended me, long endeavoured to disperse it. They at length resolved to cut into the quick, and used the infernal stone and other caustics, which caused me cruel tortures. These gentlemen both professed a mystic piety. The physician pretended to cure all diseases by means of a secret, consisting of a wonderful salt, which he alone knew how to compose. Finding Mademoiselle Klettenberg, as well as myself, in some degree inclined to such pursuits, he recommended us to study seriously some mystico-chemi-alchymic works, assuring us that this study would disclose to us the intimate relation that subsisted between all the secrets of nature; and would enable us, of ourselves, to attain the knowledge of this precious salt. Mademoiselle Klettenberg thought there was a close connection between a sound state of the soul and physical health. Besides, what efficacious means she would possess of exercising her active benevolence, if she should succeed in discovering an agent capable of removing or preventing so many evils! With this intention she had already tried, but without much success, to decipher the enigmas of Welling's 'Opus Mago-cabalisticum.' Ascending to the original source of works of this description, we came to the school of the new Platonics of Alexandria. We pursued this study; Mademoiselle Klettenberg, my mother, and I. We devoured the work quoted with respect by Welling; the writings of Theophrastus Paracelsus, Basilius Valentinus, Van Helmont, Starkey, and others; amongst which the 'Aurea Catena Homeri' gave me great pleasure. We consumed much time in these fantastic researches; which occupied us during the evenings of a long winter, perhaps, more agreeably than the discovery of the mysteries we were so eagerly inquiring into would have done.

"My sufferings, however, increased to such a pitch, that I

thought I should speedily sink under them. All remedies were ineffectual. In this crisis, my mother implored the aid of our physician's panacea. After a long resistance, he came at last, in the middle of the night, bringing a crystallized salt in a little phial. After dissolving it in water, I swallowed it. It had a strong alkaline taste. Scarcely had I taken it, when I felt myself relieved. From that moment my disorder gradually diminished; and I recovered, although slowly. I cannot describe the confidence this happy result led us to place in our physician; or the desire it excited in us to attain to the participation of this inestimable treasure with him.

"We set to work: we were perpetually busy in the midst of our alembics and furnaces. Our books and our worker of miracles directed our operations. We laboured incessantly to master the rebellious metal, iron; the combination of which, when its resistance is overcome by the alkalies, furnishes the elements of that mystical neutral salt, celebrated by the zealous advocates of the philosopher's stone. By dint of application, I at length became dexterous in preparing the *liquor silicum*.

"These occupations, fantastic and incoherent as they were, procured me much useful knowledge. I initiated myself into the mysteries of crystallization, and some other natural sciences. I wished to form some idea of the recent progress of chemistry, and of the new methods; although, as a demi-adept, I had very little respect for the manipulations of the sons of pharmacy, or of any of those who are reduced to the necessity of operating by the aid of common fire. Nevertheless, Boerhaave's Chemical Abridgment interested me strongly. I read the greater part of this great man's works, and engraved his aphorisms on my mind."

* * * * *

"A book had fallen into my hands, which had made a strong impression on my mind. This was Arnold's 'History of the Church and Heresies.' The author is not only a historian who leads us to reflect, but a pious and sensible man. His view of things was pretty similar to my own. What parti-

cularly pleased me in his work, was his having given me a better idea of several heresiarchs, who had always been described to me as madmen or Atheists. Where is the man that is exempt from the spirit of contradiction and the love of paradox? I studied the different opinions in matters of religion with attention. I had often heard it said, that every man at last formed an opinion of his own. It therefore seemed to me perfectly natural for me to endeavour to form mine. I applied myself to this occupation with great perseverance. The new Platonism furnished the foundation of my system. My hermetic, mystical, and cabalistic researches also contributed, each in its way, to the edifice of my doctrine; and I thus constructed a rather singular universe." — *Memoirs of* GOETHE, English Translation, London, 1824.

I proceed to transcribe a few sentences from Paracelsus's "*Tinctura Physicorum*," to which I have been directed by my friend Dr. Litton, of Dublin. We find Paracelsus using, and fortunately defining, the very language of Faustus. *The Red Lion* and *White Lily* are generic, not specific names, of the ingredients used. In the hundred recipes given by Ashmole, each preparation is different, while every one of them retains the language of the *red man* and his *white wife*. Each alchymist seems to have selected his ingredients with some reference to his own theory of marriage—sometimes we are told of the union of kindred natures — happier results, however, have been in general anticipated from uniting opposite and irreconcileable natures, and compelling the rebellious to obedience. Mercury, sulphur, antimony, were among the principal ingredients. Calomel is mentioned in one of the extracts from Paracelsus as the "*White Eagle.*"

"*De Definitione subjecti materiæque Tincturæ Physicorum.*"

"Priusquam igitur ad processum tincturæ veniam, ejus tibi subjectum opus est, ut patefaciam. Hoc enim in peculiar semper hactenus occultatione servatum est a veritatis amatoribus. Est itaque tincturæ materia quædam res (ubi me tamen juxta spagyricum sensum intellexeris) quæ quidem ex tribus in

essentiam unam arte Vulcani transit aut manere potest. Verum ut eam intitulem tibi suo nomine juxta veterum usum *Leo rubeus* à multis vocatus, paucis vero cognitus est. Hic per auxilium naturæ, necnon artem ipsius Artistæ potest in aquilam albam transmutari, sic ut ex uno duo fiant, supra quod aureus splendor spagyro non ita relucet: illa duo magis in uno servata lucent. Jam si cabalistarum et veterum astronomorum usum non intellexeris a Deo minime natus es ad Spagyricam artem, nec per naturam ad Vulcanicum opus electus, neque ut os in Alchimisticis artibus aperias, creatus es. Est itaque Tincturæ materia Margarita maxima, pretiosissimusque thesaurus ac nobilissimum quod juxta manifestationem Altissimi necnon hominum considerationem in terris esse potest. Hoc est Lili alchimiæ et medicinæ quod philosophi tam accuratè quæsiverunt: verum ob defectum integræ cognitionis et perfectæ præparationis ejus ad finem perfectum non perduxerunt."

After these definitions, Paracelsus proceeds to describe the laborious preparations of the alchymists, and the analogies that misled them, he adds: — " Tam prolixo labore tediosaque reiteratione Spagyri veteres non indiguissent, si ex schola mea suum opus didicissent et fuissent aggressi: votum æquè benè suum assecuti fuissent impensis laboribusque longe minoribus. Hac tempestate verò qua Theophrastus Paracelsus arcanorum venit monarcha, inventionis tempus est præ manibus, quæ spagyris omnibus ante me fuit occulta. Quapropter dico: tantum rosei coloris a Leone sanguinem accipite et ex aquila gluten: quæ postquam simul conpixeris, juxta veterem coagulate processum. Tincturam habebitis philosophorum, quam infiniti quæsiverunt inveneruntque paucissimi. Velis nolis tu Sophista, Magisterium hoc est in ipsa natura, Magnaleque dei supra naturam, atque thesaurus in hac miseriarum valle pretiosissimus." — Paracelsus — *Tinctura Physicorum*, Vol. II. p. 117. Genevæ, 1658.

" Physicorum ab Ægypto primorum aliquot, ac priscorum per hanc tincturam annos centum et quinquaginta vixerunt, et corpus licet senectam habeat apparet tamen nihilominus eat in primæva juventute constitutum." — Paracelsus — *Ibid.*

" This water (of antimony) is the water of the vegetable life: it causes the dead body to vegetate, increase, and spring forth, and to rise from death to life, by being dissolved first and then sublimed; and in doing this, the body is converted into a spirit, and the spirit afterwards into a body, and there is made the amity, the peace, the concord, and the union of contraries, to wit, between the body and the spirit, which reciprocally or mutually change their natures, which they receive and communicate one to another through their most minute parts; so that that which is hot is mixed with that which is cold, the dry with the moist, and the hard with the soft; by which means there is a mixture made of contrary natures, viz. of cold with hot, and moist with dry — even a most admirable unity between enemies." — *Secret Book of* ARTEPHIUS — *Lives of Alchymical Philosophers.*

" Euclid, the philosopher, and a man of great understanding, administereth in nothing but sol and mercury, which, joined together, make the wonderful and admirable philosopher's stone, as Rhasis saith. White and red both proceed from one root, no other bodies coming between them. But yet the gold, wanting mercury, is hindered from working according to his power. Therefore know, that no stone, nor pearl, nor other foreign thing, but this one stone, belongs to this work. You must, therefore, labour about the dissolution of the citrine body, to reduce it to its first matter. For, as Rhasis saith, we dissolve gold that it may be reduced to its first nature or matter, that is, into mercury. For being broken and made one, they have in themselves the whole tincture both of the agent and patient. Wherefore (saith Rhasis) make a marriage (that is, a conjunction) between the red man and his white wife, and you shall have the whole secret.

" The same saith Merlin :— If you marry the white woman, they will be conjoined and embrace one another, and become impregnated. By themselves they are dissolved, and by themselves they bring forth what they have conceived, whereby they two are made but one body." — R. BACON — quoted in the *Lives of Alchymical Philosophers.*

My readers may be as amused as I was with the verses of *Norton;* his master alluded to in the second line is supposed to have been *Ripley:* —

" After all this, upon a day,
I heard my noble master say
How that many men noble and wise
Found one *white stone* with exercise.
After that they were truly taught,
With great labour that stone they caught
But few, said he, or scarcely one,
In fifteen kingdoms had our *red stone;*
And with that word he cast his eye,
Looking on me full steadily:
Of his words he saw me woe,
I said, alas! what shall I do?
Far above all earthly thinge,
I most desire and love cunninge,
And for the *red stone* is preservative,
Most precious thinge to length my life.
The *red stone,* said I, is lever to me,
Than all were gould that I would so to be.
He said I was too young of age,
Of body lusty, and likely to outrage,
Scantly of the age of 28 years,
He said philosophers had no such compeers.
* * * *
Yet at the last, with leisure and with space,
I won his love by help of God's grace.
So that I had with grace the true doctrine
Of confection of the red medicine,
Whom to seek it availeth right nought,
Till the white medicine be fully wrought;
Also both medicines in their beginning,
Have one manner of vessel and working,
As well for the white as also for the red,
Till all quick things be made dead;

Then vessels and forme of operation,
Shall change in matter, figure, and graduation.
But my harte quaketh, my hand is trembling,
When I write of this most selcouth thing,
Hermes brought a true sentence and blount,
When he saith, *Ignis et Azot tibi sufficiunt.*

* * * *

They said, that within the centre of incomplete white
Was hid our red stone of most delight,
Which may with strength and kind of fire
Be made to appear right as we desire.
Pandulphus in *Turba* saide, *mente secura*
Et ejus umbra in vera tinctura;
Maria confirmed it in fide oculata,
Quod in ipsa albedine est rubedo occultata.
The book *Laudabile Sanctum*, made by *Hermes*,
Of the *red worke* speaketh in this wise: —
CANDIDA TUNC RUBEO JACET UXOR NUPTA MARITO;
That is to say, if ye take heed thereto,
THEN IS THE FAIR WHITE WOMAN
MARRIED TO THE RUDDY MAN.
Understanding therefore if ye would gett
When one white stone shall suffer heat,
And rest in fire as red as blood,
Then is the marriage perfect and good, &c.

Thus endeth the subtile warke, with all her store.
I need not — I maie not — I woll shew no more."

I quote the next passage from the Dedication to King Edward the Fourth, of George Ripley's "Compound of Alchemy:" —

At the dyer's craft ye may learn this science,
Beholding with water how they decoctions make
Upon the woad and madder easily and with patience,

Till the tinctures appeare which the cloth doth take
Therein so fixed, that they will never forsake
The cloth for washing after they joined be;
Right so our tinctures with water of our lake
We draw by boiling with ashes of Hermes' tree.

Which tinctures, when they by craft are made parfite,
So dieth metals with colours evermore permanent,
After the qualitie of the medicine Red or White,
That never away by any fire may be brente;
To this example if you take good tent
Unto your purpose, the rather shall you wite,
And see your fire be easy and not fervent.
Where Nature did leave off what time look ye begynn.

First calcine, and after that putrefy,
Dyssolve, dystill, sublime, descende, and fyxe,
With aquavite oft times both washe and drie,
And make a marriage the bodie and spirit betwix,
Which thus together naturally if ye can mixe,
In losing the body the water congealed shall be,
Then shall the bodie die utterly by the flix,
Bleeding and changing colours as ye shall see.

The third day again to life he shall uprise,
And devour birds and beasts of the wilderness,
Crowes, popinjays, pyes, pecocks, and mavies,
The phenix, the eagle white, the gryffon of fearfulness,
The gren lion and red dragon he shall distress,
The white dragon also, the antelope, unicorn, panther,
With other birds and beasts both more and less,
The basiliske also, which allmost each one doth fear.

In *bus* and *mibi* he shall arise and ascend
Up to the moon and sith up to the sunne,
Thro' the ocean sea which round is without end,
Only shypped within a little glasen tonne,

When he commeth thither, then is the maistrie wonne:
About which journey great good shall ye not spend,
And yet ye shall be gladd ever it was begunne;
Patiently, if ye list, to your work attend.

For then both bodie and spirit, also both oil and water,
Soul and tincture one thing, both whyte and red,
After colours variable it conteyneth what so men clatter;
Which also called is, when he hath once been dead,
And is revived, our *marchasite*, our *magnete*, and our *lead*,
Our *sulphur*, our *arsenicke*, and our true *talcevive*,
Our *sonne*, our *moone*, our *ferment* of our bread,
Our *toad*, our *basiliske*, our unknown *body*, our *Man*, our *Wife*.

Our body thus naturally by crafte when it is renovate,
Of the first order is medicine called in our philosophy;
Which oftentimes again must be spiritualizate;
The whele round turning of our foresaid astronomie,
And so to the *elixir* of spirits must ye come, for why?
Till the same of the fixed by the same of the flier be overgone,
Elixir of bodies named is it only,
And this secret point truly deceiveth many a one.

This natural process, by help of craft thus consummate,
Dissolveth the elixir in its unctuous humiditie,
Then in *balneo* of *Mary* together let them circulate,
Like new honey or oil, till they perfectly thicked be,
Then will that medicine heal all manner infirmity,
And turne all metals to *Sonne* and *Moone* most perfectly;
Thus shall ye have both great *Elixir* and *aurum potabile*,
By the grace and will of God, to whom be lawd eternally.

In Bloomfield's "Blossoms" we again meet with the same language of the *red man* and his *white wife*: —

"In the name of God this secret to attaine,
Join them in one body with a perfect unity:
First the red man and the white woman these twaine;

One of the man's substance, and of the woman's three,
By liquefaction joined together must they be:
The which conjunction is called diptative,
That thus is made between man and wife.

* * * * *

" The whole maystery hereof duly to fulfil,
Set thy glass and water upon thy Athenor;
Our furnace called the *philosopher's dunghill*,
With a temperate heat working evermore;
Night and day continually have fuell in store,
Of turf or saw-dust or dry chopped segges,
That the heate be equivalent to the Henn upon her eggs.

" Such heat continually look thou do not lack;
Forty dayes long, for their perfect union
In them is made. For first it turns to black.
This colour betokens the right putrefaction;
This is the beginning of perfect conception
Of your infant into a new generation,
A most precious jewel for our consolation.

" Forty days more the matter shall turn white,
And clear as pearls; which is a declaration
Of voiding away of his cloudy dark night;
This sheweth our infant's full organization,
Our white *elixir* most cleere in his creation.
From white into all colours withouten faill,
Like to the rainbow or the pecock's tayle."

BLOOMFIELD'S *Blossoms*.—ASHMOLE'S *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 322.

I fear I have been tedious in these quotations. In almost every one of the recipes for preparing the elixir, this marriage between the red man and the white wife is mentioned. The Red Lion and the Green and Red Dragon are for ever introduced. Mercury, and sulphur, and vitriol are described ever under these metaphors. The account which Pearce the Black Monk gives of mercury is worth transcribing, as it will probably

amuse some of my readers, and will perhaps satisfy others that the mysterious language was somewhat vaguely used by those writers, who all speak of engagements not to communicate except under symbols the information, which each of them refers to oral communication from some elder masters in the art.

" I am Mercury, the mighty flower,
I am most worthy of honour;
I am source of Sol, Luna, and Mars;
I am genderer of Jovis, many be my snares:
I am settler of Saturn, and source of Venus;
I am empresse, princess, and regale of Queenes;
I am mother of myrrour, and maker of lyght;
I am head and highest and fairest in sight;
I am both sun and moone;
I am she that all things must doone.
I have a daughter hight Saturn, that is my darling,
The which is mother of all working;
For in my daughter there been hid
Four things commonly I kydd—
A golden seede and a sperme riche,
And a silver seede none him lych,
And a Mercury seede full brighte,
And a sulphur seede that is righte."

ASHMOLE—*T. B. Chemicum*, p. 273.

The varied colours of which Faustus makes notice are mentioned in the passages I have quoted. I am inclined, however, to give Ripley's enumeration of them:—

" Pale and blacke, with false citryne, unparfyt white and red,
Peecock's feathers in colours gay, the rainbow which shall overgoe,
The spotted panther with the lyon green, the crowys bill bloe as lede,
These shall appear before the parfyt white and many others moe
Colours, and after the parfayt white, grey and false citryne also:

And after all this shall appear the blood red invariable,
Thou hast a medicyne of the third order of his own kind
multiplicable."

The wheel by which George Ripley illustrates the preparation of the elixir contains part of the language used in this passage of Faust, and is otherwise so curious that I have had it lithographed. The plate from which it has been done is of rare occurrence. In Ripley's poem it is repeatedly referred to, and is, I think, one of the most valuable things among the curious matters that Ashmole has brought together. The copies of Ashmole frequently want this plate. I have extended this note too far, yet I must add a sentence or two as to the danger of the medicine. "Unlesse the medicine be qualified as it ought, 'tis death to taste the least atom of it, because its nature is so highly vigorous and strong above that of Man's; for if its least parts are able to strike so fiercely and throughly into the body of a base and corrupt metal, as to tinge and convert it into so high a degree as perfect gold, how lesse able is the body of Man to resist such a force, when its greatest strength is so far inferior to the weakest metal: I do believe, and am confirmed by several authors, that many philosophers, having a desire to enjoy perfect health, have destroyed themselves by adventuring to take the medicine inwardly, ere they knew the true use thereof, or how to qualify it to be received by the nature of man without destruction."—*Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 448.

I fear that I have wearied my readers with this language; however, I wished to show that every expression used by Faustus was taken from the alchymical writers. A single extract more on the subject of the Young Queen in the glass, and I have done. In the notes to Cambridge's Scribleriad, I find the following quotation from a commentator on the work of Ripley which I have before quoted:—"Our books are full of obscurity, and philosophers write horrid metaphors and riddles to those who are not upon a sure bottom, and do not

discern the subject matter of our secrets; which being known, the rest is not so hard." He proceeds to say— "We join kind with kind, for nature is mended and retained with its own nature: for this cause is our king wedded to the water-bearer's daughter; of which water-bearer I told you that his body, his pitcher, and the water in it, are all one; and his daughter was the Queen that arose out of the water in which was seen a lamp burning." The passage continues in the same jargon, and the writer concludes—"Thus have I somewhat metaphorically decyphered our true principles, yet so plainly that you may with diligence understand the meaning."

"The upright art of Alchimie (said Luther) liketh me very well, and indeed it is the philosophie of the ancient. I like it not only for the profit's sake which it bringeth in melting of the metals, in excocting, preparing, and extracting, also in distilling herbs, roots, and in subliming: but also I like it for the sake of the allegorie and secret signification, which is surpassing fair; namely, touching the resurrection of the dead at the last day: for like as in a furnace the fire extracteth and separateth that which is the best out of the matter, yea, it carrieth upwards the spirit, the life, the sap and strength, so that it then trickleth downwards; insomuch that the fat swimmeth above, and the best thereof hovereth always uppermost; but the unclean matter or the dregs is left at the bottom, like a dead carcass or a worthless thing."—LUTHER's *Table Talk*.

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Yet such our nature is, &c.

"The soul ascends
Towards her native firmament of heaven,
When the fresh eagle in the month of May,
Upborne at evening on replenished wing
This shaded valley leaves."

WORDSWORTH—Quoted by MR. ZANDER, *in his Essay on* GOETHE's *Posthumous Works, D. U. Magazine*, Vol. II. 370.

In Miss Anna Maria Winter's *Thoughts on the Moral Order of* NATURE, where she speaks of the effects of climate, are some curious observations, which I shall transcribe.

" The difference between the climate of Ireland and that of Scotland, in reference to their effects on the feelings and imagination, is found to be this: —

" The former climate, by the very first impulsion which it gives to your imagination, disposes your soul to wish to spread equally in every direction throughout the horizon.

" That of Scotland, by its first impulsion, gives to your soul a buoyancy which disposes it more to wish to mount than to diffuse itself around. It is not till after it has imagined that it has attained a great height in the air, that it feels the inclination to precipitate itself in any other direction.

" Having thus concluded that the first spontaneous motion of a Scotch imagination and Scotch feelings is to mount upwards, I remarked the Scotch, for the sake of determining whether I was right in this idea, and various peculiarities which I perceived in them convinced me that I was.

" First, extraordinary emotions of mind experienced by a Scotchman are liable to make him imagine that he is forsaking the ground. Often and often have I heard Scotch persons say, in speaking of some book or incident that affected them, 'I thought that the emotion which I felt lifted me off my feet.' *

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* A transport of joy makes every one think that he treads in the air, though I believe that it takes this effect more on the Scotch than on the natives of most countries. Besides, persons in general, who thus imagine that a sudden transport of joy enables them to quit the ground, do so merely because they think their gravity lessened or their elastic forces increased. The imagination of the Scotch takes, on these occasions, the same effect on them, but it also makes them mount upwards by dissolving into the elements. It was principally to describe how they had been overcome by emotions of tenderness that they had made use of the expression which I have repeated.

" Secondly, I have observed Scotch peasants, as well as Irish, when their imagination has been raised by a view of mountain scenery, and I have been greatly struck by the contrast which I remarked in the expression of their countenance. The Irishman's eyes show the confusion which his mind is in from its being dragged away in every direction at once by his imagination. The looks of the Scotchman seem all concentred on one fixed point high above him. The more his imagination is exalted, the more this point is elevated; but he always appears to measure with his eye the exact flight which he wishes to take.*

" Thirdly, I have frequently remarked natives of Scotland, at times, when a soft music, a languishing dance, or some incident, whose effect on their mind I could not account for, has made an impression, often extremely sudden, on their imagination. At these moments the expression of their eyes became a dying one, and they looked as if their soul were mounting up to the sky, in guise of a soft pure flame." †

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* A Scotchman, whose native character is developed by mountain air and a hardy life, commonly looks as if he were in imagination transformed, in some sort, into an eagle soaring high in air, and gazing downward with a keen, attentive, eager eye on the objects of his pursuits on earth.

† This expression struck me prodigiously, when I first remarked it; the more so as its duration was frequently momentaneous. I would have been glad to get thoroughly acquainted with the sensation which had produced such a rapid and extraordinary effect. — A. M. Winter — *Thoughts on the Moral Order of Nature*, (Chambers, Dublin,) 1831, Vol. II. p. 8.

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In my breast,
Alas! two souls have taken their abode.

Η και δυνησῃ, εφη, απολιπειν την καλην Πανθειαν; Δυω, γαρ, εφη, ὠ Κυρε, σαφως εχω ψυχας. Νυν τουτο πεφιλοσοφηκα μετα του αδικου σοφιστου του Ερωτος. Ου γαρ δη μια γε οὐσα, ἁμα αγαθη τε εστι και κακη, ουδ' ἁμα καλων τε και αισχρων εργων ερᾳ, και ταυτα ἁμα βουλεται τε και ου βουλεται πραττειν. Αλλα δηλον ὁτι δυω εστον ψυχα, και ὁταν μεν ἡ αγαθη κρατῃ, τα καλα πραττεται, ὁταν δε ἡ πονηρα τα αισχρα επιχειδειται. Νυν δε ὡς σε συμμαχον ελαβε, κρατει ἡ αγαθη και πανυ πολυ.

Cyropædia, Book VI.

"And can you," said he, "leave the beautiful Panthea?"—"Yes, Cyrus; for I have plainly two souls: I have now philosophised this point out by the help of that wicked sophister, Love; for a single soul cannot be both a good and a bad one at the same time, nor can it at the same time affect both noble actions and vile ones. It cannot incline and be averse to the same thing at the same time: but it is plain there are two souls; and when the good one prevails, it does noble things; when the bad one prevails, it attempts vile things: but now that it has got you for a support, the good one prevails, and that very much."—*Translation by the Honourable* MAURICE ASHLEY COOPER—VALPY'S *Classical Library*.

"If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly;
For they can never be at rest
Till they regain their ancient nest."

HERBERT'S *Temple*, § *Vanity*.

" O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinioned with mortality
As an entangled hampered thing."
HERBERT'S *Temple*, § *Home*.

Henry More gives, as a conceit of the theosophists, the fancy " that there are three souls in a man — animal, angelical, and divine: and that after death the *animal* soul is in the grave, the *angelical* in Abraham's bosom, and the *divine* soul in paradise." — *Discourses on Enthusiasm*, p. 31.

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And if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

" A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. Between jest and earnest I shall quote a passage of Faust which is applicable here. (Then follows this passage:) — ' This had been written some time — from poetical intuition and in half consciousness — when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear shining appearance after him, — the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye. Such phænomena occasion the most pleasing surprise, as they present themselves most vividly and beautifully, precisely when we suffer our eyes to wander unconsciously. There is no one to whom such counterfeit images have not often appeared, but they are allowed to pass unnoticed: yet I have known persons who teased themselves on this account, and believed it to be a symptom of the diseased state of their eyes; whereupon the explanation which I had it in my power to give, inspired them with the highest satisfaction. He who is instructed as to the real nature of it, remarks the phænomenon more frequently, because the

reflection immediately suggests itself. Schiller wished many a time that this theory had never been communicated to him, because he was every where catching glimpses of that, the necessity for which was known to him." — GOETHE's *Work on Colours*, quoted by HAYWARD.

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'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spectre, &c.

" Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' the garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to the occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain.
To this quoth Sidrophello, ' Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen ;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would shew tricks,
For the emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry ; was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil.' "

Hudibras, Part II. Canto 2.

" Et pour ce qui est enfin de l'histoire de son chien qui nous est representée avec plus d'eloquence que de verité par Paule Jove.

Venalis cui penna fuit, cui gloria flocci.

" Quel plus seur jugement en pourroit-on faire après une telle fausseté reconnue? sinon que c'est encore une calomnie qui s'est glissée de la glose de ses envieux ; sur ce que comme il est certain que les hommes ont leurs affections diverses envers certains animaux, et qu'Alexandre le Grand aimoit particulièrement son Buchéphale, l'Empereur Auguste un perroquet,

Néron son Estourneau, Virgile un papillon, Commode un singe. Héliogabale un moineau, Honorius un poule, et ainsi des autres: aussi est-il vrai qu'Agrippa s'étoit laissé aller à la passion la plus commune et la plus honnête, nourissant toujours cinq ou six chiens dans sa maison, les noms desquels sont spécifiés et souvent répétés dans cinq ou six de ses épistres et les épitaphes que ses amis dressèrent à quelqu'un de ces animaux. Mais sur la fin de ses Œuvres, Wierus, qui avoit été son serviteur, dit qu'il n'en avoit que deux, qui étoient perpétuellement avec lui dans son étude, l'un desquels se nommoit Monsieur, et l'autre Mademoiselle; mais puisque l'incertitude du nombre de ses chiens, qui pouvoit changer de jour à autre, ne peut rien faire à notre préjudice, j'estime que l'on ne sauroit manquer à conclure avec le susdit Wierus, qu'ils ont donné sujet à ses ennemis de vouloir persuader que le Diable conversoit avec lui sous la forme d'un grand chien, non suivant ce qu'ils avoient autrefois ouï dire, que Simon le Magicien, Sylvestre, Docteur Fauste, et le Bragedin de Vénise le faisoient toujours marcher à leur suite sous la forme d'un tel animal. Après toutes lesquelles raisons fidèlement déduites d'une part et d'autre, encore que je laisse la liberté à toutes sortes de personnes d'en croire ce qu'ils jugeront le plus raisonnable, si est-ce néanmoins qu'en mon particulier, je conclurai très-volontiers ce chapitre par ce passage de Sénèque, plus véritables en ce sujet qu'en beaucoup d'autres, *Crede mihi, levia sunt, propter quæ non leviter excandescimus.*"—NAUDE, *Apologie pour les grands Hommes soupçonnés de Magie*, p. 304—306.

"A great matter," Dr. Hutchinson says, "had been made at the time of the Commission (1697), of a *black dog* that frequently appeared to Somers, and persuaded him to say he had dissembled; and when they asked, why he said he had counterfeited? he said, *A dog, a dog!* and as odd things will fall in with such stories, it happened that there was a *black dog* in the chamber, that belonged to one Clark, a spurrier. Some of the commis-

sioners spying him, thought they saw the devil! one thought his eyes glared like fire! and much speech was afterwards made of it. (p. 260.) This was under Elizabeth, whose reign, if we may trust to competent authorities, was far more infested with witches than that of James I., when the *black dog* again made his appearance among the Lancashire witches. The audiences of those days were therefore well prepared for his reception, and probably viewed him with a sufficient degree of fearful credulity to create an interest in his feats. But there is "nothing new under the sun." The whole machinery of witchcraft was as well known to Lucan as to us; and the *black dogs* of Mother Sawyer and Mother Demdike had their origin in the "infernæ canes" of the Greek and Latin poets, and descended in regular succession through all the demonology of the dark ages to the times of the Revolution, when they quietly disappeared with the sorcerers their employers.— GIFFORD'S *Note to the Witch of Edmonton.*

Page 79.

Like the hippopotamus.

"Nothing either satisfactory or sufficiently definite characterises the water-kelpie, the *water-horse*, or the water-bull—some of them judged to be of a malevolent nature."—"Describing Loch Lomond, Alexander Graham of Duchray says, it is reported by the countrymen living thereabout, that they sometimes see the hippotam, or water-horse, where the river Endric falls into it, a mile west of the church of Buchanan. A river, the Auld Gramdt, or Ugly Barn, in the county of Ross, springing from Loch Glaish, was regarded with awe as the abode of the water-horse and other spiritual beings. The water-horse of Shetland is represented as handsome, but when mounted carries his rider into the sea. Some indistinct tradition on this subject subsisted lately in the Isle of Sky. A recent traveller in Persia found the existence of a water-horse

ascribed to a fountain there." *—DALZELL — *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, p. 544.

Page 79.

For such half-devilish, hellish spawn
Nought's like the lock of SOLOMON.

Every reader is familiar with Solomon's empire over the Genii. I transcribe the defence made for him in the notes to the Koran.

"The devils having, by God's permission, tempted Solomon without success, they made use of a trick to blast his character; for they wrote several books of magic, and hid them under that prince's throne, and, after his death, told the chief men that if they wanted to know by what means Solomon had obtained his absolute power over men, genii, and the winds, they should dig under his throne; which having done, they found the aforesaid books, which contained impious superstitions. The better sort refused to learn the evil arts therein delivered, but the common people did; and the priests published this scandalous story of Solomon, which obtained credit among the Jews till God (say the Mahometans) cleared that king by the mouth of their prophet, declaring that Solomon was no idolater." — SALE's *Koran*, Vol. I. p. 18.

Page 80.

To conquer him must I rehearse,
First that deep mysterious verse,
Which each elemental spirit,
Of the orders four, who hear it,
Trembling, will confess and fear it.

"The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is a French book called 'Le Comte de Gabalis,' which both in its title and size is

* Alexander, p. 166.

so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Demons of earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable; for they say any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts — an inviolate preservation of chastity." — POPE — *Preface to the Rape of the Lock.*

" Damnandus vero prorsus Paracelsi error, dæmonum hæc genera ad hominum species reducentis. Nam " *epistola ad Athenienses, sive de occulta philosophia,*" quasi verissimum axioma, nihil veritus fuit constanter asseverare, Deum præter homines Adami posteros, alia quatuor hominum genera carne et ossibus et ratione prædita creassé, eosque in singulis elementis ad inhabitandum collocasse; in quibus singuli suam haberent rempublicam, et ex negotiatione ac laboribus victum et amictum sibi comparare, et eos homines qui in terræ visceribus habitant, vocari pigmeos et Gnomos; qui in aquis, Nymphas et Undenas; qui in aëre, Silphas et Melusinas, quos solos cum hominibus Adami posteris commercium habere, et ex mutuâ commixtione liberos gignere; qui in igne sunt, Vulcanos et salamandras appellari." — *Delrio,* Lib. II. p. 253.

" Dæmonicum corpus per totum se naturaliter sensuale secundum partes singulas absque medio videt, audit, tangit, patiturque tangendo, et divisum dolet, sicut et corpora solida, sed hoc interest, quod corpora quidem solida, divisa cùm sunt, aut vix aut nunquam restituuntur. Corpus vero dæmonun, ubi secatur, mox in se iterum recreatur et coalescit, sicut aquæ aërisque partes, quando aliquid intercidit solidum, sed et dictu velocius dæmonicus spiritus in se revertitur. Dolet tamen interea, dum dividitur, quamobrem aciem ferri metuit, idque animadvertentes, qui fugare dæmones moliuntur, tela et enses in rectum ibi constituunt, quo nolunt adventare, atque alia machinantur tum oppositis passionibus propulsantes, tum congrua

quadam affectione mulcentes." — PSELLUS *De Dæmonibus* — FICINI *Opera*, Vol. II. p. 885. Paris, 1641.

The class of exorcisms to which Faustus alludes, are too long to transcribe. I prefer giving a few verses of the fine old hymn: —

Nulla salus est in domo
Nisi cruce munit homo,
Super liminaria,
Neque sentit gladium,
Nec amisit filium,
Quisquis egit talia.

Ista suos fortiores
Semper facit et victores,
Morbos sanat et languores,
Reprimit dæmonia;
Dat captivis libertatem,
Vitæ confert novitatem,
Ad antiquam dignitatem
Crux reducit omnia.

O Crux, lignum triumphale,
Mundi vera salus, vale;
Inter ligna nullum tale
Fronde, flore, germine.
Medicina Christiana,
Salva sanos, ægros sana,
Quod non valet vis humana,
Fit in tuo nomine.

Page 81.

The spell and seal
Elemental natures feel!

Sale, in his notes on the Koran, gives the following fable from the Talmud: —

" Solomon, having taken Sidon and slain the king of that city, brought away his daughter Jerâda, who became his favourite; and because she ceased not to lament her father's loss, he ordered the devils to make an image of him for her consolation; which being done, and placed in her chamber, she and her maids worshipped it morning and evening, according to their custom. At length, Solomon being informed of this idolatry which was practised under his roof by his virgin Asâf, he broke the image, and, having chastised the women, went out into the desert, where he wept and made supplication to God; who did not think fit, however, to let his negligence pass without some correction.

" It was Solomon's custom, when he washed himself, to trust his signet, on which his kingdom depended, with a concubine of his, named Amîna. One day, when she had the ring in her custody, a devil named Sakhar came to her in the shape of Solomon, and received the ring from her; by virtue of which he became possessed of the kingdom, and sat on the throne in the shape which he had borrowed, making what alterations in the laws he pleased. Solomon, in the mean time, being changed in his outward appearance, and known to none of his subjects, was obliged to wander about, and beg alms for subsistence; till at length, after the space of forty days, which was the time the image had been worshipped in his house, the devil flew away, and threw the signet into the sea. The signet was immediately swallowed by a fish, which being taken and given to Solomon, he found the ring in his belly; and having, by this means, recovered the kingdom, took Sakhar, and, tying a great stone round his neck, threw him into the lake of Tiberias. — SALE'S *Koran*, Vol. II. p. 309.

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With you, gentlemen, we learn
The nature of the being from the name.

" *Divers Names of the Devil, whereby his Nature and Disposition is manifested.*

"It hath pleased God to inform our weak capacities, as it were by similitudes and examples, or rather by comparisons, to understand what manner of thing the devil is, by the very name appropriated and attributed to him in the Scriptures, wherein sometimes he is called by one name, sometimes by another, by metaphors, according to his conditions. Elephas is called in Job Behemoth, which is *bruta*, whereby the greatness and brutishness of the devil is figured. Leviathan is not much different from Elephas, whereby the devil's great subtlety and power is showed unto us. Mammon, *the covetous desire of money*, wherewith the devil overcometh the reprobate. Dæmon signifieth one that is cunning and crafty. Cacodæmon is perversely knowing. All those which were in ancient times worshipped as gods, were so called. Diabolus is *calumniator*, an *accuser* or *slanderer*; Satan is *adversarius*, or *adversary*, that troubleth or molesteth; Abaddon, a *destroyer*; Legio, because they are many: *Prince of the air, Prince of the world, a King of the sons of Pride, a roaring lion, an homicide, a manslayer, a liar and the father of lies, a spirit*; yea, sometimes he is called the *Spirit of the Lord*, as the executioner and minister of his displeasure, &c.; sometimes the *Spirit of Fornication*, &c.; and many other like epithets and additions are given him for his name. He is also called *the Angel of the Lord, the cruel Angel of Satan, the Angel of Hell: the Great Dragon*, from his pride and force; *the Red Dragon*, from his bloodiness: a *serpent*, an *owl* *, a *kite*, a *satyr*, a *crow*, a *pelican*, an *hedgehog*, a *gryph*, a *stork*."— *Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits*, printed with *Reginald Scott*, p. 17.

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* The passages of Scripture are referred to in the margin of the book from which I quote: for the last class of names the reference is to Isaiah, xliii. 20.

Page 84.

One of you is called the God
Of Flies.

Urban Grandier was burnt alive at Loudun, for witchcraft, August 18. 1634. "It happened as he was on the wood pile, that a large fly of that kind which are called drones flew buzzing about his head. A monk, who was present at the execution, and who had read in the council of Querzi *, that the devils always assist at people's deaths in order to tempt them, and who had heard some persons say that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew the lord or god of flies, cried out immediately, that the devil Beelzebub was flying about Grandier, to carry his soul to hell; *upon which a very comical song was made.*" — Bayle — Article *Grandier.*

The accounts of Grandier's trial, particularly the article in Bayle's Dictionary, deserve attentive perusal. It seems impossible to read the case, without being satisfied that the whole proceedings were the result of a conspiracy against the unfortunate man. In the year 1629, he was accused and convicted of one or more intrigues, attended with circumstances of great public scandal. He was curate and canon of Loudun, and his own church was said to be the scene of one of the intrigues. The books I have had an opportunity of looking at, all concur in representing him as a popular preacher, and as opposing the interference of the monks and devotees of religious orders with his parishioners — in this way, exciting the hatred of the latter. He was deprived of his benefices, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a monastery. He

* *Apud Carisiacum.* — It is a village in Picardy. — "Ad omnes homines quando egrediuntur de corpore veniunt diaboli et ad justos et ad peccatores." — *Letter from the Fathers of that Council to Lewis King of Germany.* — Bayle.

appealed from this sentence : the appeal was successful; and, in an investigation of the case before another tribunal, he was acquitted of the charges. In three years afterwards, the more serious charge of witchcraft was brought against him. Some nuns of the Ursuline convent at Loudun, to whom he was spiritual director, were generally regarded as possessed by the devil. On this he was accused of witchcraft and magic, as the author of that possession. The Capuchins, his bitter enemies, contrived to interest the passions of the Cardinal de Richelieu in the matter. They contrived to persuade him that Grandier was the author of a lampoon, in which Richelieu and his family were ridiculed. Grandier was arrested in December, 1633; a commission under letters patent was appointed to try him. The commissioners were chosen from the immediate neighbourhood —"all men of honour," says Bayle, "but very credulous, and chosen for their credulity."—"August the 18th, 1634. Upon the evidence of *Astharoth*, a devil of the order of the seraphims, and the chief of the possessing devils; of *Easas*, of *Celsus*, of *Acaor*, of *Eudon*, of *Asmodeus*, of the order of the thrones; of *Alex*, of *Zabulon*, of *Nephthalin*, of *Cham*, of *Uriel*, and of *Achas*, of the order of the principalities; that is to say, upon the evidence of the nuns who asserted that they were possessed with these devils, the commissioners passed judgment, by which *Master Urban Grandier, curate of St. Peter's church in the market-place of Loudun, and canon of the church of the Holy Cross, was declared well and duly attainted and convicted of the crimes of magic, witchcraft, and possession, which by his means happened on the bodies of some Ursuline nuns of Loudun, and of several other lay persons mentioned in his trial; for which crimes he was sentenced to make honourable amends, and to be burnt alive, with his magical covenants and characters, which are in the register's office, as also with the manuscripts wrote by him against the celibacy of the priests, and his ashes so be thrown up in the air.*" Both at the trial, and during the exorcisms of the nuns (for Richelieu had a body of exorcists sent to Loudun for the purpose), the commissioners

appear to have been very doubtful whether the evidence could be at all received. Can *devils* be admitted as witnesses? If their testimony be heard, should the declaration of the father of lies be regarded as of the slightest weight? The sentence which would follow a conviction was one of the technical difficulties which most embarrassed the commissioners. Shall the deposition of devils be received, and their testimony made use of as one of the proofs in a criminal process, where the sentence must be a condemnation to fire? The exorcists were embarrassed by the bad Latin of some of the demons — as the understanding of languages is one of the marks of a true possession. When the superior was asked, "Quem adoras?" she replied, "Jesus Christus." The question was several times repeated. The reply was still the same — uttered with vehemence, and with such gestures and convulsive motions, as if she suffered violence. The assessor could not avoid saying, very loud, "*Here is a devil that is not congruous in his speech.*" The exorcist, changing his phrase, asked, "Quis est quem adoras?" He expected that she would again say, Jesus Christus. She answered, "Jesu Christe." When this was objected to as false Latin, the exorcist boldly replied, that her meaning was, "Adoro te Jesu Christe."—"I adore thee, O Jesus Christ!" Sometimes the demons replied in French to the Latin questions of the exorcists. One of the nuns asserted she had two devils in her body,— one Beelzebub, and the other Ashtaroth.* They were examined both in Greek and Latin. Beelzebub insisted he could speak Greek as well as Latin, but refused to do so before heretics. This excuse was suggested to him by the Capuchin, who is described as the director of the possessed nun, and who immediately began to speak Latin to Ashtaroth; but Ashtaroth pleaded being too young to have yet learned the language.*

* Bayle quotes a mystery play,—*The Conception*,—in which Lucifer says to Ashtaroth,—

Astaroth ne parle jamais,
Tu es encore trop novice.

A discussion arose here among the judges, as to whether the devils had to go to school for their learning. The civilians maintained that the understanding of all languages was the *proprium quarto modo* * of all demoniacs; and a case is cited of a devil who spoke sixteen languages, and that there was a minister in Geneva could exorcise him. The exorcists, however, proceeded to exorcise Sister Martha. The form is given, and is almost the same as that used by Faust when he exorcises the dog. The last sentence of the exorcism is stated, by the author whom Bayle quotes, to have been added in a passion: — "If you will not go out, I banish and confine you to hell for a hundred years longer than God has ordered." I do not doubt (adds Bayle), that this is a mere invention of the author. †

Menage has discussed the entire case; but, without positively affirming that imposture had its share in the persecution of Grandier, shows pretty clearly that he thought there was more in the matter than delusion. He tells us that the superior of the convent showed him her hand, on which the words "*Jesus, Mary, F. de Sales,*" were engraved by an angel after she had been dispossessed. Monsieur de Moncines, to whom she afterwards showed these names, observed that the colour of the letters was becoming less lively than when first she put it through the grate; and touching one of the letters with his hands, it peeled off, leaving the place underneath as sound as the other parts of her hand. When old age had rendered her hand dry, skinny, and wrinkled, the drugs that were made use of to renew those names could no longer make the impression; whereupon the good old mother said that "God had at last heard her prayers, and suffered now those names to wear out, because they occasioned a thousand persons to come daily to importune and to trouble her, and divert her from her devo-

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* *Proper to all of them, to them alone, and always.*

† He quotes, *Confession Catholique de Sancy*, Liv. I. chap. vi.

tions." Moncines mentions, that he asked her to show him the characters which *the devil* who had possessed her engraved on her hand when she was exorcised. Menage says, that it was an angel engraved them. Bayle is inclined to attribute the power of the Curé of Loudun over the minds of the Ursulines, to the fact of his being a handsome man, neat in his dress, and of an agreeable conversation. The charms which they found irresistible were, to save their honour, ascribed to magic. "The superior of the convent was," says he, "probably, sincere at first, but was no longer so when she received Moncines's visit:" a regard for consistency obliged her to persist in her original accusations. From whatever cause these "devilish intrigues," may have originated, the death of Grandier did not restore self-possession or composure to the Ursulines; the commission of exorcists still pursued their tasks. *Asmodeus*, indeed, and *Aman*, and *Gressis*, disappeared at the first exorcisms; but the convent stood a long siege after they had surrendered. *Leviathan* possessed himself of the citadel, and was lodged in the brain of the prioress: he kept possession till the 5th of November, 1635: he expressed regret at having remained so long where he had to suffer so much; but it was not a matter of choice—he was not his own master—he could determine the time of coming, but it was for others to fix when he should go. *Balaam* took leave on the 29th of the same month. *Isaacarum* on the *Jour des Rois*, 1636. *Behemoth* made good his quarters till the 15th of October, 1637; but was at last alarmed by a threat of the prioress to go on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis de Tales. The religious excitement thus continued, was regarded by many as kept up by the artifices of Richelieu, "with the design of frightening Louis XIII., and keeping him under, by stories of witchcraft continually buzzed into his ear": but that this, or any other artifice, however mean or apparently trifling, should have been resorted to, will appear not improbable to those who have reflected on the true springs of human action. Richelieu was not unlikely, through the Capuchin Father Joseph, to have

been originally influenced in issuing the commission which gave its importance to the whole affair. Once commenced, once made the subject of inquiry, it is not surprising, however, that, even without this encouragement, the ladies of the Loudun convent should scarcely have been content to sink into ordinary mortals. The palaces of the princes of the powers of the air would, even after the departure of the great folk, be regarded as something extraordinary.' The accounts of the nuns, after Grandier's execution, are given by the Père d'Aurigni: they do not seem to have been known to Bayle. "Voilà," says he, "voilà en abrégé l'histoire de la possession de Loudun, que bien des gens ont regardée comme une pure momerie, et une affaire préparée de loin par Mignon et Barré son adjoint, pour perdre Grandier, faire parler d'eux, et attirer des aumônes au couvent, qui étoit très-pauvre."

Page 87.

"*Fire is the one exception.*"

Mephistopheles is made to speak the language of Faustus's age. Modern science has deprived Mephistopheles of the benefit of the exception to which he attaches so much importance. I transcribe a sentence or two from Professor Lloyd's Lectures:—

"It is the business of the philosopher to trace the laws of Nature in the maze of individual cases — to ascend from such proximate laws to others higher and comprehensive — until he at length attain, or rather we should say approach as nearly as is permitted, the knowledge of those ultimate qualities and powers impressed upon matter by the Creator.

"But here the question arises — Are these laws permanent and immutable? Do the qualities of matter continue unchanged throughout the course of time? or are they, as a superficial observation would seem to indicate, subject to corruption and decay? This important question, on the decision

of which the fate of natural philosophy as a science must depend, was early asked, and answered in the vain presumption of an age in which all questions relating to the external world were decided by the idle dreams of the philosophers. It was determined that the materials of which the heavens are composed, were alone incorruptible; that on the earth the antagonist principles of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, waged an unceasing warfare; and that terrestrial matter, the subject of this strife, was in a constant state of alteration and decay.

"The lights of modern science, however, all lead to the opposite conclusion. Chemists have shown that, in all those cases in which *destruction* apparently takes place, not one atom is lost or annihilated; and that the elements of which bodies are constituted, separate only to enter into new combinations. This is strikingly evinced in the case which, in appearance, approaches nearest to actual destruction — the phænomenon of combustion. If a piece of charcoal be placed in a glass vessel full of air, with its mouth immersed in water; and if, in this position, it be subjected to the action of the sun's rays condensed by a burning glass, it will burn vividly, and, to all appearance, consume away. But if the air in the vessel be then weighed, it will be found to have increased in weight, and by an amount exactly equal to the weight of the charcoal which has disappeared. The cohesive attraction of the particles of the combustible has, in fact, yielded to their affinity for the oxygen of the atmosphere; and they have combined with it in the form of an invisible gas, which the chemist can again separate into its constituent elements." — *Two Introductory Lectures on Physical and Mathematical Science, by the Rev.* H. Lloyd, Erasmus Smith's *Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Dublin.*

Page 87.

A little obstacle,
I did not see, confines me to your cell, —
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

" Plutarchus in Quæst. Rom. author est Romanos nobiles in calceamentis lunulas gessisse, tecte ut docerent, quod sicut auscultare Luna vult præstantiori et esse secundaria respectans assidue, juxta Parmenidem, solis radios, perinde et nos acquiescamus, sequentes ducem, potentiaque et honore ab eo concesso utentes: sic et druydæ sapientissimi homines qui a plebe separarentur singularis formæ calceis usi sunt. Namque ex ligno constabant et pentagoni erant. Unde et calceamentum hoc philosophicum figura mathematica *Der Drudden Fuss.*" — SCHEDIUS *De Düs Germanis.* Amstel. 1648, p. 125.

" Geometricè jam ejus constructionem accipe. Fiat pentagonum; quæ ex pentagoni utrinque productis lateribus figura orietur ea est quam tanta veneratione prosequebitur Pythagoras." " *Pentalpha* vocatur hoc pentagonum."

After stating that the pentalpha was regarded as a symbol of health, and sacred to Æsculapius, Gessner adds, that a similar superstitious regard was paid to it by Jews and Christians. " Germania Superior appellat pentagonum illud *Den Druid Fuss.*" — LUCIAN, Vol. III. p. 589. *Bipont Edition.*

" Figura pentagona, olim ὑγείας, sive salutis signum (quod multis superstitionibus commaculant, et nocte S. Walburgæ sacra creta inscribunt stabulorum portis in Franconia et Helvetia, ne Sagæ et Druidæ ad armenta et pecora penetrent) adpellatur *Drudenfuss*, pes druidum. *Trol* Anglis nostra etiam ætate est vetula decrepita quales sagas debere esse vulgus persuasum habet.—KEYSLER—*Antiquitates Septentrionales*, p. 505.

" In sylvis et sub quercubus de natura rerum et deorum

philosophati sunt Druidæ. Terriculamenti nocturni genus, calciamentum philosophicum, figura mathematica apud nos adhuc ab his nomina servant." — Aventinus — *Annales Boiorum*, Lib. II. Basiliæ, 1520.

In the margin he gives the word *Drudten-fuess.*

"Their shoes were of a singular shape, made of wood, of a pentagonal form." — Borlase — *History of Cornwall*, p. 125.

In *The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century* (London, Knight and Lacey, 1825), is a great deal of very curious matter on the subject of the rites and incantations used in raising and dismissing spirits, and several formulas given. The spirit must be *adjured* with reference to its own nature: of its appearing no doubt is entertained. "When it appears," adds Merlinus Anglicus junior,) "let the theurgist turn himself towards it, courteously receiving it. If the spirit be refractory, let the theurgist bind it by repeated conjuration; and if you doubt any thing, make without the *circle*, with the consecrated sword, the figure of a triangle or *pentagon*, and compel the spirit to enter within it; then, when you have obtained what you wish from it, *license* the spirit to depart.

The invocations to Oberion, prince among the fallen angels, and his first counsellor, Caberyon and Ceveryon, are such that I cannot transcribe — so strangely are the holiest names mingled with the wildest blasphemy in those strange exorcisms. The language is of the utmost vehemence; any person feeling curiosity on the subject, will find a great many of the incantations given in "The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century."

Page 91.

Spirits, begin your melody.

The following lines are from *The Idolatress*, an unpublished drama, by the Rev. J. Wills.

Chorus of Spirits.

From the rocky fountains, where
Liquid echoes fill the air;

From each brook whose gushing lays
Wind o'er many a pebbled maze:
At thy call, we come around
With the witchery of sound.

From the breezes' airy cell,
Rocky cleft, or wreathed shell,
Where the wind-god lightest slumbers,
Steal we sweetness or our numbers —
Numbers which can bind in sleep
Moonlight sky and crystal deep.

Lo, we whisper — music round
Bubbling from the wells of sound,
Upward seems to float, and then
Softly sink to earth again—
With a pause, that thrills the heart
Lest the stream of song depart.

Now in mingling maze we fleet,
And the sky grows loudly sweet:
While the airy round we fling —
Sound itself seems on the wing —
Till mute Wonder loseth all
In a still etherial fall.

Page 102.

I'm not myself one of the higher orders.

"To say the truth," replied Mephistopheles, "my dear master, I am but an understrapper, and that with Heaven's leave; I am a kind of ambassador or errand boy, on important occasions, as you see." — *Old Story of Doctor Faustus.* — Roscoe's *German Novelists*, Vol. I. p. 293.

Page 103.

I have rare devices
And of my craft will show thee many marvels;
Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up;
Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

Du sollst in diesen Tagen
Mit freuden meine Keinste sehen,
Ich gebe dir was noch-kein Mensch Geschn. GOETHE.

"I have taken a few words from a scene in the old romance of Faustus, which was manifestly in Goethe's mind when writing this passage. I refer to it, because it confirms my view of the passage,—that Mephistopheles is at the moment proposing an exhibition of his skill, and not making the kind of offer which is supposed by those who translate the last line, 'I'll *give* thee,' &c. &c."

"All these illusions, we may remark, were got up by the devil in order to confirm Dr. Faustus in his purpose, to harden, and to lead him to fancy that he had not so much to dread as to enjoy in the infernal society into which he had entered. This exhibition being closed, Mephistopheles hastened into the doctor's apartment in semblance of a pious monk; and Faustus said, with a smile, 'You have, indeed, treated me to some right strange and merry scenes. These are what I like, and they have pleased me well. Only continue such mad work as this, my Mephistopheles, and count upon me rather at a friend than a master.' Mephistopheles replied, 'Oh, there was nothing to admire here: I shall serve you in more important matters, by and by, I hope, than these, provided you only observe your part of the engagement; sights which will excite your utmost astonishment.' The doctor answered by presenting him with a copy of the contract, while Mephistopheles, on his side, insisted that Faustus should preserve another copy by him, to prevent all chance of litiga-

tion or mistake." — "*Des durch die Ganze Welt berufenen Erzschwarz kunstlers und Zauberers, D. J. Fausts, mit dem Teufel aufgerichteles bundniss.*"

Page 104.

Red gold hast thou, indeed, but gold it is
To the eye only.

In Delrio's " Magicæ Disquisitiones," we find an anxious discussion, whether the gold which Satan gives to his votaries is such, or a mere delusion. The answer is, that the demon has the power, but is not in the habit, of giving good money to the magician; and a host of authorities are quoted to show that magicians, witches, &c. have, in general, lived in great poverty. A reason for this is quoted from Paulus Ghirlandus, which shows he thought the temptation too strong a one to be entrusted to the evil spirit: — " *Deus non permittit nec vult dæmonem posse thesaurisare; quia alias sequeretur, quod isti magici, necromantici, ac ceteri diabolicæ fidei professores essent ceteris Christi fidelibus ditiores et præstantiores; ac quam plures reperirentur, ex ipsis Christi fidelibus, qui animo ditandi prosequerentur illos, nec curarent Christianam ipsam postergare fidem; ut magno thesauro abundarent et venerarentur ab omnibus.*" Delrio, who finds some difficulty in believing that the demon can be properly said to create gold, although he can produce living insects— which latter power, he admits, looks like creation — gives some instances of his skill in coining, a fact which, on the authority of all the demonologies, and abundant records of courts of justice, must be considered as established. Of the exercise, however, of either gift there is seldom any necessity: —" *Quia dæmon novit omnes thesauros absconditos et in mare submersas divitias, auri et argenti fodinas, unionum et gemmarum latibula, et inde posset nemine valente aut audente resistere quæ vellet sumere: longe quoque vafrius et occultius potest ex cujusvis scrinio vel sacciperio nummos subducere quam quisquam mortalium; quare cum furunculi et crumenælegi id sæpe faciant procul dubio*

poterit et ipse." Armies have been paid, says Delrio, with magic money, which turned out to be dry leaves and cinders. I find Faustus himself was not more honest than he ought to be, for the currency in which he and Agrippa are said to have paid their travelling expenses is said to have been no better. " *Sic fert fama Faustum et Agrippam magos cum iter facerent solitus nummos sinceros in diversoriis numerare ; quos qui receperent, post pauculos dies cornuum frusta vel scruta vilissima reperiebant.*"—DELRIO—*Magicæ Disquisitiones,* Lib. II. p. 131.

Page 104.

In what enchanted garden grows the fruit, &c.

Zeig mir die Frucht die fault, eh' man sie bricht,
Und Baume die sich täglich neu begrünen. GOETHE.

" This passage has puzzled the commentators very much, and hitherto, as far as we know, all the attempts at explanation have been abortive. The whole difficulty is in the last two lines : — ' Show me the fruit that rots before it is gathered, and the trees that every day clothe themselves in new green.' The train of ideas is, however, simply this : — Mephistopheles offers his treasures, and Faust replies, " Wretch ! what are thy treasures ? poor, empty, perishable things : but all I want of you is to show me ' the fruit,' &c. &c. Our readers will observe that a fruit whilst on the tree is fresh and inviting ; but as soon as it is taken off, it commences to grow stale, till at last it rots, and becomes uneatable and disgusting : the meaning of the line therefore is, — *Show me the fruit which perishes in its full freshness and attractiveness — before it becomes stale ; or show me the pleasure which perishes before we grow tired of it, and look upon it as stale fruit.* The following line now contains a sort of explanation : — Show me the trees which every day put forth new green, and therefore continually please and invite the eye with new freshness. Thus the meaning of the whole passage is, — All you have to offer are vain, perishable things, which can afford me no real enjoyment :

nor do I require that of you; but give me a perpetual change —constantly something new; that is all I want you for. That our explanation is correct, is quite plain from the dialogue that follows: —

> I do not shrink from thy demand — with gifts
> And treasures such as these can I supply thee;
> *But, my good friend, the time comes too,*
> *When something dainty will invite us to* REPOSE.

Or, literally, 'there will also come a time when you will wish to enjoy something that is good, in REPOSE, and, of course, no longer desire only a constant varied *show* of inviting fruits, unattended by actual enjoyment.'"— ZANDER — *Review of Second Part of Faust, Dublin University Magazine.*

I am not sure that I quite understand Mr. Zander's explanation of this difficult passage. My translation seems to me to differ as well from this explanation as from any of those before given. For a discussion on the passage, see Mr. Hayward's note. The meaning I seek to give the words is supported by the language of Mephistopheles's soliloquy before the student enters. A different interpretation is suggested in the following translation by a friend, whose name I am not permitted to give.

> Poor devil, what on earth hast thou to show?
> Say, hath thy thought a plume to soar withal
> To the clear height, where man's mind is a ranger?
> Thou hast a wine cup, but fierce thirst survives —
> A groaning board, but hunger's lean for ever;
> Red gold, Sir, but the chemist's mocking silver
> Flits not so fast away. A damsel, too,
> Who, while her head is nestling in my bosom,
> Hath an eye out to lure some boon acquaintance:
> Honor! — but it and shooting stars are racers.
> Sir Demon! canst thou show me fruitage fair
> And pure as that of paradise? But mark

Its doom,—that sweet fruit's doom must be to die
By nature's blight, i' th' instant that the hand,
The felon hand, would pluck and stilly it.
Show me—thou doubtless canst—trees that have root
In power undying, and that know no day
Save the green days of spring tide.

In the French translation published under the name of GERARD (Paris, 1828), the difficulty is amusingly got rid of: —" Fais-moi voir un fruit qui *ne* pourrisse *pas* avant que tombre, et des arbres qui tous les jours se couvrent d'une verdure nouvelle."

Page 107.

Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,—
Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
Raving regardlessly.

In Henry More's *Brief Discourse of Enthusiasm*, is a chapter which he calls a *promiscuous Collection of divers odd Conceits out of several Theosophists and Chymists.* One of those conceits is, " that the waters of this world are mad, which makes them rave and run up and down so as they do in the channel of the earth."

Page 108.

A silly farce, but, if it gratifies you.

" This headstrong ambition impelled Faustus to meet all the demon's wishes, executed in contracts duly signed and sealed; all which terrific deeds, along with other writings, were discovered in his house after his death.

* * * * * *

" After each of the parties had become bound in their mutual contract, Faustus, taking a sharp knife, opened a vein in his left hand, of which it has been asserted, there was afterwards read, branded on it, " Homo fuge"—Shun him, oh man, and

do that which is right." — *Old Story of Doctor Faustus.*—Roscoe's *German Novelists*, Vol. I. p. 284.

A copy of the deed is given, in which Faustus is made to give Mephistopheles the following style: — "The demon hight Mephistopheles, late Chargé d'Affaires to the infernal prince of the Orient, but now subject to all my demands."

Page 109.

Blood it must be — blood has peculiar virtues.

"In humano sanguine vis aliqua naturalis indirecta inesse potest. Apud Mich. Isselt. anno 1586, legitur in Livonia fuisse locum ubi nimbis, tonitruis ac tempestatibus dæmonia truculenta grassabantur, nisi in lacum quondam innocuus infantulorum cruor a rusticis infunderetur: posterius hoc aperte Satanicum." — Delrio.

"Nor doth the *sealing* of *covenants* and writing with blood make such stories as these to be more suspected; for it is not at all unreasonable that such ceremonies should pass between a *spirit* and a *man*, when the like palpable rites are used for the more firmly tying of Man to God. For whatever is crass and external leaves stronger impress upon the Phansie, and the remembrance of it strikes the mind with more efficacy. So that assuredly the devil hath a greater hanck upon the soul of a *Witch* or *Wizard* that hath been persuaded to complete their *contract* with him in such a gross, sensible way, and keeps them more fast from revolting from him, than if they had only contracted in words."—H. More's *Works—Antidote against Atheism*, p. 102.

Page 111.

Call to your aid some builder up of verses—

"Poet who hath been *building up* the rhyme."

Coleridge.

Page 112.

Oh, if I chanced to meet a man, who thus
Could reconcile all contrarieties,
In truth I know no other name that I
Could call him justly, than "SIR MICROCOSM."

" Noble auctors, men of glorious fame,
Called our stone Microcosmus by name:
For his composition is, withouten doubt,
Like to this world in which we walk about;
Of Heat, of Cold, of Moyst and of Drye,
Of Hard, of Soft, of Light and of Heavye;
Of Rough, of Smooth, and of thinges stable,
Meddled with thinges fleetinge and moveable;
Of all kinds contrary brought to one accord,
Knit by the doctrine of God our blessed Lord;
Whereby of metals is made transmutation,
Not only in colour, but transubstantiation."

NORTON'S *Ordinall*, p. 86.

Page 115.

STUDENT (*enters*).

" Méphistophèles s'amuse à décrire les quatres qualités: la jurisprudence, la médecine, la philosophie, et la théologie, de manière à embrouiller la tête de l'écolier pour toujours. Méphistophèles lui fait mille argumens divers, que l'écolier approuve tous les uns après les autres, mais dont la conclusion l'étonne, parce qu'il s'attend au sérieux, et que le Diable plaisante toujours. L'écolier, de bonne volonté, se prépare a l'admiration, et le resultat de tout ce qu'il entend n'est qu'un dédain universel. Méphistophèles convient lui-même que le doute vient de l'enfer, et que les démons ce sont *ceux qui nient*; mais il exprime le doute avec un ton décidé, qui, mêlant l'ar-

rogance du caractère à l'incertitude de la raison, ne laisse de consistance qu'aux mauvais penchants. Aucune croyance, aucune opinion, ne reste fixée dans la tête après avoir entendu Méphistophèles; et l'on s'examine soi-même pour savoir s'il y a quelque chose de vrai dans ce monde, ou si l'on ne pense que pour se moquer de tous ceux qui croyent penser."—MADAME DE STAËL.

Page 119.

For this I counsel my young friend
A course of logic to attend;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots, stalk pompously!
With solemn look, and crippled pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace.

" Logicians use to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And as, in learned authentic nonsense, writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels."

BUTLER'S *Remains.*

Page 120.

Begins with " murdering, to dissect."

" Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect." WORDSWORTH.

Page 120.

Oh! could your chemist, in whose hand
The fragments are, but understand
The terms he uses! " ENCHEIRESIS
NATURÆ."

" Faithfully devoted to Nature as Goethe was, he loved to speak of her works and ways with mysterious prefaces and intimations.

Thus he once led me to his cabinet of natural history, and said, while he put into my hand a piece of granite which was remarkable for its unusual transitions, " Here, take this old stone as a memorial of me. Whenever I find an older law of Nature than that which manifests itself in this product, I will present you with a specimen of it, and take this back again. Up to the present time I have discovered none such; and I doubt exceedingly whether any thing similar, not to say better, in this kind of phenomena, will ever come under my notice. Look attentively at these transitions: such is the universal tendency, the final result, of all in nature. Here you see is something which makes another substance, forces its way to it, and, when united, gives birth to a third. Believe me, this is a fragment of the earliest history of the human species. The intermediate limbs you must find out for yourself. He who cannot discover them, will not be the wiser though he were told them. Our scientific men (*Naturforscher* — investigators of nature) are rather too fond of details: they count out to us the whole consistency of the earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have a different name for every lot. That is argil (*thonerde*); that is quartz (*kieselerde*); that is this, and this is that. But what am I the better, if I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear them, I always think of the lines in Faust: —

> *Encheiresin naturæ* nennt 's die Chemie
> Bohrt sich selber Esel und weist nie wie.

What am I the better for these lots? what for their names? I want to know what it is that impels every several portion of the universe to seek out some other portion, either to rule or to obey it, and qualifies some for the one part, and some for the other, according to a law innate in them all, and oper-

ating like a voluntary choice. But this is precisely the point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prevails."

"Every thing in science," said he, at another time, with the same turn of thought, "is become too much divided into compartments. In our professors' chairs, the several provinces (*Fächer*) are violently and arbitrarily severed, and allotted out into half-yearly courses of lectures, according to fixed plans.

"The number of real discoveries is small, especially when one views them consecutively through a few centuries. Most of what these people are so busy about, is a mere repetition of what has been said by this or that celebrated predecessor. Such a thing as independent original knowledge is hardly thought of. Young men are driven in flocks into lecture-rooms, and are crammed, for want of any real nutriment, with quotations and words. The insight, which is wanting to the teacher, the learner is to get for himself as he may. No great wisdom or acuteness is necessary to perceive that this is an entirely mistaken path.

"If the professor is master of a complete scientific apparatus, it is far from mending the matter, — it is all the worse. Then there is no end of the confusion and darkness. Every dyer at his copper, every apothecary at his retort, must come to school to him. The poor devils of practical operative men! I can't express how I pity them for falling into such hands! Once on a time there was a worthy old dyer in Heilbronn, who was wiser than they all; but for that very reason they laughed him to scorn. What would I give that the old master were still in this world — the world which he knew, though it knew not him — and could see my Doctrine of Colours. That man's copper was his teacher: he *knew* how things were brought to pass.

"If I were to write down the sum of all that is worth knowing in the various sciences with which I have employed myself throughout my life, the manuscript would be so small, that you might carry it home in your pocket in the cover of a letter.

We cultivate science, either as a means of gaining bread, or for the purpose of formally dissecting it in the lecture-room; so that the only choice left to us poor Germans is between a shallow, superficial "popular philosophy," or an unintelligible *galimathias* of transcendental phrases. The chapter of electricity is that which, in modern times, has, according to my judgment, been handled the best.

"Euclid's Elements still remain an unrivalled model of a course of scientific instruction. In their perfect simplicity, and in the necessary ascending gradations of the problems, they show us how all sciences should be entered upon and pursued.

"What enormous sums have been squandered by manufacturers in consequence of false notions of chemistry. Even the technical arts are very far from being as advanced as they ought to be. This book-and-closet knowledge; this wise-being and wise-making out of quires of stuff copied from hand to hand, is the sole cause why the number of really useful discoveries is so small.

"If on this very day, which we date the 29th of February, 1809, the venerable old English Friar Bacon (who is by no means to be confounded with his namesake Chancellor Verulam), after the lapse of so many centuries since his scientific labours, were to rise from the dead, walk into my study, and courteously ask me to to make him acquainted with the discoveries which have been made in arts and sciences since his time, I should feel somewhat ashamed, and should not very well know what to answer the good old man. If it occurred to me to show him a solar microscope, he would instantly point to a passage in his works, in which he not only anticipated this invention, but paved the way to it by positive and practical suggestions. Should our conversation fall on the invention of watches, he would, perhaps, very composedly say, if I showed him mine, 'Aye, that's the thing; but it does not come upon me unexpectedly. In page 504. of my works you will find the practicability of such machines set forth;

where I have likewise treated at length of the solar microscope and the camera obscura!'

"At last, after a complete review of modern inventions, I must, perhaps, expect the deep-thinking friar would take leave of me in the following words: — 'What you have effected in the course of so many centuries is truly not so very considerable. Bestir yourself better. I shall now lay myself down to sleep again, and at the end of four hundred years more, I will return and see whether you have made greater progress in any branch of science.' With us Germans," continued Goethe, "all things go on very slowly. Twenty years ago, when I gave out the first idea of the metamorphosis of plants, in their criticisms on this work, people could find nothing to remark but the simple method of stating a scientific subject, which might, perhaps, serve as a very useful model to young people. Of the value of a fundamental law, from the development of which (in case it were substantiated) every thing in the work followed, and which admitted of the widest and most manifold application to the works of nature, I never had the good fortune to hear a single word. The reason is, that they can't find it in Linnæus, — whom they transcribe and serve up again to their pupils.

"Every thing proves that men are made for Faith, and not for Sight. The time will come when they will believe in me, and quote me as authority for this and that. I had rather, however, they would assert their right, and open their *own* eyes, so that they might see what lies before them: as it is, they only mock at those who have better eyes than themselves, and are extremely offended if one accuses them of purblindness in their professorial views of things.

* * * * *

"Press but ever onward," added Goethe, with fervid animation, "youthful German people, and weary not in your progress on the way we have entered upon! Give yourselves up to no mannerism — to no onesideness of any kind, under what name soever it finds its way among you. Know that

whatever severs us from Nature is false. The path of Nature is that which you must tread, if you would meet Bacon, Homer, and Shakspeare. On all sides there is much to do. See but with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, Lastly, let not the hostility of men trouble you. We, also have fared no better. In the centre of Thuringia, on the firm land, have we built our good ship; now are the floods come, and have borne it thence. Even now will many a one, who knows the flat country wherein we moved, not believe that the floods have really risen to the top of the mountains; and yet of a truth are they there.

" Scorn not in your efforts the co-operation of like-minded friends. On the other hand, I exhort you (also after my own example) to lose no moment with men to whom ye belong not, and who belong not to you; for such can profit little, while, in the course of our lives, they may cause us many annoyances; and their intercourse is, at best, but vain and useless.

" In the first volume of Herder's ' Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man,' are many notions which belong to me, especially at the beginning. These subjects were at that time thoroughly discussed between us. What led to this was, that I was always more disposed to an examination of Nature through the senses than Herder, who continually wanted to hasten to the result, and grasped at the idea, while I had hardly got through the observation: but it was just this reciprocal stimulus that made us mutually profitable."—FALK—MRS. AUSTIN'S *Characteristics*, Vol. I. p. 35, &c.

Page 122.

Be sure beforehand to prepare,
Have read the syllabus with care, &c.

" As a general rule, all the students not only take notes of the lectures, but mostly write them out in full. The professor often spends a part of the time in regular dictation, which is

written down by all; while between the paragraphs he gives extempore illustrations, which are also seized and written down by many. It is exceedingly rare to see a student in the lecture-room without his writing materials in busy use. These are very simple; consisting of a small portfolio, or *mappe*, in which he carries his pens and paper, and a small turned ink-stand of horn, with a cover that screws on, and a small sharp spike on the bottom, by which it is stuck fast upon the bench or writing-table before him. They are exceedingly punctual; and the few minutes previous to the entrance of the professor are usually devoted to mending their pens and putting their papers in order. This is accompanied by a general whistling and buz of conversation. The moment the professor enters, all is hushed: he begins immediately to read, and they to write, sometimes without interruption, till the striking of the clock. In this way they hurry from one lecture to another; and it is not uncommon for them to attend five or six every day. There are not wanting instances where a student has in this manner been present at *ten* different courses; but this is quite rare. They very generally review at home the lectures thus written down; and read or consult the books referred to by the professor. This is sometimes done in companies of five or six, who by their mutual remarks serve to imprint the subjects more deeply on the minds of each other. They thus obtain, generally speaking, a clear view, and receive a deep impression of so much information as the professor has chosen to give them. There are others, although their number is comparatively small, who merely make the lectures — what they are, in fact — a clue for the guidance of their studies, and go into extensive and profound investigation for themselves. These are the men who love knowledge for its own sake, as well as because it is power; and while the multitude are ready to take up with the reports of others, they wish to trace for themselves the stream of knowledge to its source, and drink of its pure waters at the crystal fountain." — Robinson's *Biblical Repository*, No. I. *Theological Education in Germany*. Andover, Jan. 1831.

Page 133.

I wish some goblin of the forest caught her
On a cross road — or that, from the witch-dances
On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat, &c.

" Right above the surrounding hills of the Hartz is seen a mountain whose towering peak commands a view of more than fifteen miles. This is called the Brocken; except when mention is made of those old enchantments and wizard rites, which were ages ago, and are even still said to be, celebrated within its solitary domain; when it more properly takes the name of the Blocksberg. Upon its cold and sterile summit, inlaid with a thousand million glittering specimens of rock-stone, the devil is in the habit of holding an annual assembly, most splendid of its kind, in the night of the last day of April, namely, on the well-known Walpurgis night, consisting of all the witches and sorcerers on earth. After the tolling of the midnight hour, his guests flock in from all sides, conveyed by their usual equipage of horned beasts and birds, goats, rams, owls, &c., bearing them through the air upon brooms, pitchforks, and giants' bones; while the devil is kind enough, on his part, to bring many of his guests along with him. The company being met, a grand bonfire opens the scene; the dance goes round; the whole air is lit with fire-brands, and fire stirring and blowing; shouting and dancing, with fire-works of every kind, continue until the guests are well weary of the show. But then first feeling himself inspired, the devil mounts his devil-pulpit, and begins to blaspheme all the holy saints and angels; on the conclusion of which he gives a supper, consisting wholly of sausages, which are served on the witch altars. The hag that is unlucky enough to arrive last, is condemned, by immemorial custom, for neglect of duty, to die a cruel and ignominious death, serving at once as a warning to late visiters, and to lend animation to the scene.

" At the first blush of dawn, the whole of the gentle sister

and brotherhood disperse in all directions, in search of other windfalls, until a future meeting. The neighbouring dwellers of the Brocken take care, on the approach of the dread Walpurgis night, to draw the sign of three crosses over the doors of their houses and outhouses; being firm in the persuasion that both they and their families can by no other means be secured from the ill designs of the wicked spirits, who are then on the watch to enchant them." — GOTTSCHALK's *Popular Tradition and Tales of the Germans.* — ROSCOE's *German Novelists.*

Indagatores illi quibus commissum Sagarum solemnes conventus detegere, dæmonem hirci figura amictum memoriæ mandarunt. Et R. Moses Ben-Maimon, l. 3., More Nebochem, c. 47., scribit quod in more erat Zabiis seu Chaldæis Demoniis sub hirci forma se ostendentibus immolare. Quidam de gente Zabiorum serviebant dæmonibus, et credebant, quod apparebant hominibus in formâ hircorum, et idcirco vocabant Dæmones hædos. Et ista opinio fuit diffusa tempore Moysis, sicut Scriptura dixit: non immolabant de cætero victimas suas hædis aut hircis. Et tales erant Dii tam Romanorum quam Græcorum quos quidam et a Germanis cultos esse scribunt. Fabulantur D. Julium Cæsarem, ponte ad Coloniam Ubiorum trans Rhenum facto exercitum traduxisse totamque Germaniam debellasse, Victoria obtenta in perpetuam rei egregie navatæ memoriam septem urbes in honorem septem planetarum, extruxisse. Primam fuisse in Saturni honorem erectam, et vocatam *Saterburgh;* alteram *Hamburgh,* in Jovis Hammonii; tertiam, *Marsburgh,* in Martis; quartam in Solis, *Solwedal;* quintam in Veneris honorem, dictam *Magdeburgh;* sextam Mercurio, dicatam *Heresburgh;* septimam Lunæ, *Luneburgh.* — SCHEDIUS *De Diis Germanis,* p. 491.

Page 138.

You are lately come from Rippach, are you not, sirs?
Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?

"Rippach is a village near Leipzig; and to ask for Hans from Rippach — an entirely fictitious personage — was an old joke amongst the students. The ready reply of Mephistopheles, indicating no surprise, shows Siebel and Altmayer that he is up to it."— HAYWARD'S *Faust*, p. 265.

Page 152.

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

"On peut considérer cette scène à quelques regards, comme la parodie des Sorcières de Macbeth. Les Sorcières de Macbeth chantent des paroles mystérieuses, dont les sons extraordinaires font déjà l'effet d'un sortilége. Les Sorcières de Goethe prononcent aussi des mots bizarres, dont les consonnances sont artistement multipliées: ces mots excitent l'imagination à la gaieté par la singularité même de leur structure, et le dialogue de cette scène, qui ne seroit que burlesque en prose, prend un caractère plus relevé par le charme de la poésie. On croit découvrir, en écoutant le langage comique de ces chat-singes, quelles seroient les idées des animaux s'ils pouvoient les exprimer, quelle image grossière et ridicule ils se feroient de la nature et de l'homme."— MAD. DE STAËL.

In my translation of this scene in Blackwood, I had called the Meer-katzen of Goethe, *Cat-apes*. In the scene they are at times called *cats*, at times *apes*, by Goethe; which, perhaps, led me to forming the word, and must, at all events, be regarded as some justification. Madame de Staël tells us that the witches' attendants are "des animaux moitié singes et moitié chats;" and, as well as I recollect, I was under the same mistake, into which, in all probability (for, at this distance of time,

/"

I cannot speak with any feeling of certainty), she misled me. The *Meerkatze* is the common little long-tailed monkey. Reztsch, if any authority was necessary on the subject, told Mr. Hayward so; but none is, as the name is given to this description of monkey, in very common books of natural history. Adelung accounts for the word *meer* occurring in the name, as they were brought from abroad, from over sea: the shape of the tail resembling that of the domestic cat, furnished the other part of the name. My use of the word CAT-APE is supported by Mr. Blackie, who writes thus: — "I originally intended to retain the German name, 'Sea-cat;' but afterwards had no hesitation to adopt the happy translation given by the writer in Blackwood's Magazine, vol. vii. There is something mystical in the idea of an animal half cat and half ape, which agrees wonderfully with the witch-like antic character of this whole scene. Besides, the term 'Cat-ape' is far more expressive of the nature of the animal than that in the original." — BLACKIE'S *Faust*, p. 259.

Page 157.

What's the purpose of the sieve?

"Κοσκινομαντεία and ἀξινομαντεία were taken from certain sieves and hatchets, which were used, I know not in what manner, for discovering the authors of thefts, or other obscure and concealed matters; the manner whereof may perchance allude to the practice at this day among those who, fastening a pair of shears to a sieve, which is held between the fingers and the thumb, use to demand the names of those whom they suspect for stealing any thing: and if the sieve turned about at the names proposed, they concluded presently those were the persons." — LORD HERBERT of CHERBURY — *Dialogue between a Tutor and his Pupil*, p. 162.

"*To find out a Thief.* — Stick a pair of shears in the rim of

a sieve, and let two persons set the top of each of their fore-fingers upon the upper part of the shears, holding it with the sieve up from the ground steadily, and ask Peter and Paul, whether *A.*, *B.*, or *C.* hath stolen the thing lost; and at the nomination of the guilty person the sieve will turn round." —REGINALD SCOTT, p. 148.

Page 163.

And where are your two ravens?

"Throughout the world this ominous bird forebodes either death or disappointment. In the East it is figured as the soul of the dead*! in the North it is the minister of tidings from the upper world to the deity of the infernal regions.†

"It was under such a guise that Satan showed himself to his proselytes. Three corbies came unto the well, drank of the water, and cryit most fearfullie, 'where a woman sought water; so that, after a third attempt, the corbies cam in such manner, that she failed.'"‡ —DALZELL — *Darker Superstitions of Scotland.*

There would be no end of these notes, if I quoted the authorities for the ravens as the attendants of the Gothic demon. In this, as in almost all the superstitions that, after the introduction of Christianity, maintained a kind of life, — half struggle, half compromise, — we find the relics of paganism: and where a superstition is widely diffused, it is not improbable that it may point, as Mr. Faber imagines, to some early traditions of the days when mankind was one family. The raven is every where — in the mythology of regions the farthest removed from each other — prominently brought forward. Mr. Southey, who has, in "The Old Woman of Berkeley," and the quotations from the Nuremberg Chronicle

* Barthélémy, Voyage aux Indes Or., t. i. p. 42.
† Rudbeckius. Mallet, N. Antiquities.
‡ Trial of Christiane Leisk. 1643.

printed with that poem, told us of the *cornicùla quam pro deliciis pascebat*, gives us, in his account of the enchantress in "Kehama," the following picture : —

Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad
Upon the king of ravens, to destroy
The offending sons of men, when his four hands
Were weary with their toil, would let her do
His work of vengeance upon guilty lands;
And Lorrinite, at his commandment, knew
When the ripe earthquake should be loosed, and where
To point its course. And with baneful air
The pregnant seeds of death he bade her strew,
All deadly plagues and pestilence to brew.

I transcribe Mr. Southey's note on this passage. If Mr. Moor be right in his conjecture, it would give Mephistopheles, as the destroyer, a strong claim of right to the raven as his attendant.

"Sani, being among the astrologers of India, as well as with their sapient brethren of Europe, a planet of malignant aspects, the ill-omened raven may be deemed a fit *vahan* for such a dreaded being. But this is not, I think, a sufficient reason for the conspicuous introduction of the raven into the mythological machinery of the Hindu system, so accurate, so connected, and so complete in all its parts; although the investigations that it hath hitherto undergone have not fully developed or reached such points of perfection. Now, let me ask the reason why, both in England and India, the raven is so rare a bird? It breeds every year, like the crow, and is much longer lived; and, while the latter bird abounds every where, to a degree bordering on nuisance, a pair of ravens (for they are seldom seen singly or in trios) are scarcely found duplicate in any place. Perhaps, take England or India over, two pair of ravens will not be found, on an average, in the extent of five hundred or a thousand acres. I know not, for I write where I have no access to books, if our naturalists

have sought the theory of this; or whether it may have first occurred to me, which it did while contemplating the character and attributes of Sani, that the raven destroys its young; and if this notion be well founded, — and on no other can I account for the rareness of the annual-breeding, long-lived raven,—we shall at once see the propriety of symbolising it with Saturn, or Kronos, or Time, devouring or destroying his own offspring." — Moor's *Hindu Pantheon*, p. 311., quoted in Southey's *Kehama*," Vol. I. p. 248.

Mr. Faber, in his Account of the Greek Genealogy of Esculapius, after having mentioned Apollo's changing the colour of the raven from white to black, says, — " With regard to the fable of the raven, it appears to be an allusion to that which was sent by Noah out of the Ark. It did not answer the end of its mission, and was, therefore, esteemed by the heathens as an ill-omened, though sacred bird; while the dove, on the contrary, was always reckoned highly propitious. The raven, however, was believed to be peculiarly sacred to Apollo; and, accordingly, we learn from Myrsilus, that two ravens were kept in the temple of that god, on Mount Lepetymnus. The raven, in short, gave his name to the priests of Mithras, the Persian *Apollo*, who were denominated, from that bird, *Coraces*, or *Hierocoraces*."—Faber *on the Mysteries of the Cabiri*, Vol. I. pp. 101, 102.

Page 163.

The Northern Phantom's banished.

" In our childhood, our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an ugly devil having horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail in his breech, eyes like a lynx, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a niger, and a voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear any one cry 'bough;' and they have so frayed us with bul-beggars,

spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satirs, pans, fauns, silens, Kit-with-the-candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, conjurers, nymphs, changelings, incubas, Robin Goodfellow, the spoorn, the man-in-the-oak, the hell-wain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thumb, hob-goblin, Tom-tumble, Boneless, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of own shadows." — REGINALD SCOTT.

" One of the earliest maps ever published, which appeared at Rome, in the sixteenth century, intimates a belief in the connection of the heathen nations of the north of Europe with the demons of the spiritual world. In Esthonia, Lithuania, Courland, and such districts, the chart, for want, it may be supposed, of an accurate account of the country, exhibits rude cuts of the fur-clad natives, paying homage at the shrines of demons, who make themselves visibly present to them; while at other places they are displayed as doing battle with the Teutonic knights, or other military associations formed for the conversion or expulsion of the heathens in those parts. Amid the pagans, armed with scimitars, and dressed in caftans, the fiends are painted as assisting them, portrayed in all the modern horrors of the cloven foot, or, as the Germans term it, horse's foot, bat-wings, saucer-eyes, locks like serpents, and tail like a dragon. These attributes, it may be cursorily noticed, themselves intimate the connection of modern demonologies with the mythology of the ancients. The cloven foot is the attribute of Pan, to whose talents for inspiring terror we owe the word *panic*. The snaky tresses are borrowed from the shield of Minerva; and the dragon train alone seems to be connected with scriptural history."— SIR W. SCOTT, *Demonology and Witchcraft*, p. 79.

The ceremonies of witchcraft are a mimicry of the ritual and forms of the church. " In their hellish rendezvouzes," says Cotton Mather, " they have had their diabolical sacraments, imitating the baptism and supper of our Lord." And in some " Observations on the Trials of the New-England Witches," quoted in Turner on Providence, I find the following: — " An

impious and impudent imitation of divine mysteries is apishly affected by the devil, whereof the confessions of these witches, and the afflictions of the sufferers have informed us. For the witches affirm, that they form themselves into assemblies much after the manner of congregational churches, and that they have a baptism, and a supper, and *officers* among them, abominably representing those of our Lord: and, indeed, besides these sacramental imitations, their striking down the bewitched persons with a fierce look, and their making them again rise with a touch of their hand; their transportation through the air; their travelling in spirit while their body is in a trance; their causing of cattle to run mad and perish; their entering their names in a book; their coming together at the sound of a trumpet; their appearing sometimes clothed with light or fire, and their clothing themselves and instruments with invisibility, are but so many blasphemous imitations of certain things recorded about our Saviour, the prophets, or the saints, in the kingdom of God." I believe that the older services for the consecration of deacons and sub-deacons, and inferior orders of the priesthood, are the particular ceremonies to which the witchery in these scenes may be supposed to have some resemblance, and in the recollection of which the meaning of Faustus's sneer will be found.

Page 175.

And to your will the soft wax mould.

Durch allerley brimborium
Das Puppchen geknetet. — GOETHE.

"Le mot de brimborions, dont nous usons quand nous disons que quelqu'un dit ses brimborions, vient du Latin de breviarium." — PASQUIER —*Recherches de la France*, p. 1098.

"BRIMBELETTES, BRIMBELOTIER. Tous ces mots viennent de l'Italien *bambo* et *bimbo*, qui signifient tantôt un petit enfant, et tantôt une petite poupée." — LE DUCHAT.

"BRIMBORION. De *breviarium*, dont on a fait brebiarium,

qu'on a prononcé ensuite brimborion." — MENAGE, who cites Pasquier.

" BRIMBORIONS; preghiere senza attentione. Item, *ciarpe, ciarpame, barricature, bagatelle;* cest-à-dire, petites nippes, babioles, bagatelles. Aussi sait-on bien d'ailleurs que *brimborions* a ces deux différentes significations, c'est-à-dire, tantôt celle de prières marmonnées ou récitées sans intelligence ni attention; et tantôt celle de babioles ou jouets d'enfans. Au premier sens je veux croire que ce mot vient effectivement de *breviarium*, étant assez naturel aux nonnains, aux moines ignorans, et aux pauvres prêtres, qui n'entendoient pas le bréviaire qu'ils récitoient, d'avoir appellé brimborium, au lieu de breviarium, le bréviaire, et même les prières qu'ils en récitoient; et de là, sans doute, les *brimborions* des Padres Célestins au livre 2. chap. 7. de Rabelais. Mais dans l'autre signification de brimborions, je suis très-persuadé que ce mot vient de l'Italien *bambo, bimbo*, et *bambalare;* comme *bimbelottes and bimbelottier:* au lieu de quoi on a dit *brimbelottes and brimbelottier*. On lit briborion dans le dictionnaire François et Anglois de Clunz Hollyband (Londres, 1593); et ce mot y est interprété en Anglois par *mumbling words;* cest-à-dire, paroles de marmottement. *Breborion* se trouve dans Du Bouchet, livre 27. Le Dictionnaire François-Italien d'Ant. Oudin.

In Rabelais, book 2. chap. 7., among the books which Pantagruel finds in the library of St. Victor, there is " Les Brimborions des Padres Célestins;" another is, " Les Brimbelettes des Voyageurs." Motteux translates the latter, " *the carriage-horse bells of travellers.*"

Page 175.

As witness many a story told
Of true love in Italian song.

" The love of the Spaniards and the Italians pleaseth me; by how much more respective and fearful it is, the more nicely close and closely nice it is. I wot not who, in ancient time,

wished his throat were as long as a crane's neck, that so he might the longer and more leisurely taste what he swallowed. That wish were more to purpose than this "suddaine and violent pleasure; namely, in such natures as mine, who com faulty in suddaineness. To stay her fleeting, and delay her with preambles, with them all serveth for favoure—all is to be construed to bee a recompense: a winke, a caste of the eye, a bowing, a word, or a signe, a becke is as good as a dew guard. Hee that could dine with the smoke of roast meat, might he not dine at a cheape rate? Would he not soon be rich? It is a passion that commixeth with small store of solid essence, great quantitie of doting vanitie and febricitant raving: it must, therefore, be requited and served with the like. Let us teach ladies, to know how to prevaile, highly to esteeme themselves, to amuse, to circumvent, and cozen us. We make our last charge the first. We show ourselves right Frenchmen, ever rash, ever headlong. Wire-drawing their favours, and enstalling them by retaile, each one, even to miserable old age, findes some listes end, according to his worth and merit. He who hath no joyisance but in enjoying; who shoots not but to hit the marke; who loves not hunting, but for the prey: it belongs not to him to intermeddle with our schoole. The more steps and degrees there are, the more delightful honour there is on the top. We should be pleased to be brought unto it as unto stately palaces, by divers porches, several passages, long and pleasant galleries, and well-contrived turnings. This dispensation would, in the end, redound to our benefit, for these snatches and away mar the grace of it. Take away hope and desire, we grow faint in our courses, we come but lagging after. After they have yielded themselves to the mercie of our faith and constancie, they have hazarded something. They are rare and difficult virtues: so soon as they are ours, we are no longer theirs." —MONTAIGNE'S *Essayes*, Book III. chap. 5. FLORIO'S *Translation*.

Page 189.

Mere trinkets flung in sport away!
—My toil is nothing, nor the value
Of what I give!

Laurentius Anania gives a curious reason for the unwillingness of evil spirits to part with money. I transcribe from Delrio: — "Malos Genios esse deditos avaritiæ et thesauros ac pecunias hujusmodi asservare Antichristo filio perditionis ut ei ad sumptum sufficiant: idque dæmonem ariolo cuidam respondisse, quamvis autem dæmoni ut mendaci minime credendum: res tamen a vero parum abhorret.

Page 223.

Yes, lofty spirit, thou hast given me all.

" Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou soul that art the Eternity of Thought,
And givest to forms and images a breath,
And everlasting motion! Not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,—
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made

A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon, and in the calm of summer nights,
When by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,
And by the waters all the summer long.
And in the frosty season," &c.

WORDSWORTH.

Page 228.

Oh that I were
A little bird! —

Mr. Hayward has given from Herder the song alluded to: —

" Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Und auch zwee Flüglein hätt
Flög ich zu dir;
Weils aber nicht kann seyn
Bleib ich all hier.

" Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
Bin ich doch im schlaf bei dir,
Und red mit dir:
Wen ich erwachen thu,
Bin ich allein.

" Es vergeht keine stund in der Nacht
Da mein herze nicht erwacht,
Und an dich gedenkt,
Dass du mir viel tausendmal
Dein herze geshenkt."

Beautiful, very beautiful, as these lines are, they are far less so than Mr. Coleridge's: —

" If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

" But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep;
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

" Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids
And still dreams on."

Page 239.

This is Antipathy.

Mr. Hayward, in illustration of this passage, quotes some lines of exceeding beauty, from Coleridge's " Zapolya: — "

" And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learn'd she this! — oh, she was innocent,
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter;
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.

O ! surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness
Reveals the approach of evil."

Even in Coleridge few passages can be found of more beauty and more truth. Is it the feeling of "dallying with wrong, that does us harm," which tempts me to add another instance of the effects of *Antipathy?*

" How comes it that some judges are not clear,
When malefactors at the bar appear?
Of this they are made conscious, when there's brought
Evidence against one bee it for a thing of nought,
His crime he aggravates, and in his fury,
If they *not guilty* bring, sends back the jury;
Stretches each quiddit of the law to find
Him culpable, only to please his mind.
Again, if for some capital offence
Another's brought; though law has no pretence,
Nor conscience colour, how to make his peace,
Yet shall he strive the offender to release;
Cite statutes in his favour; what appeares
Most gross seek to extenuate, and with teares,
If so the jury's verdict 'gainst him run,
Pronounce the sentence as against his son,
Neither by him, perhaps, before-time seene.
Whence is the cause then of this Love or spleene?"

HEYWOOD's *Hierarchie of blessed Angels*, Book IV.

Page 248.

ZWINGER. — A LITTLE SHRINE.

I transcribe a few lines of the fine old hymn on which Margaret's is founded — "*The plaint of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*"

Stabat mater dolorósa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat filius.
Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ merebat, et dolebat,
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

Crashaw's "SANCTA MARIA DOLORUM — a pathetical Descant upon the devout, plain Song of *Stabat Mater dolorosa*,"

which I have met with accidentally in turning over the leaves of *Chalmers's Poets*, to look for something else—has to my ear very much of the desolate and wailing tone of Goethe's plaint:—

" In shade of death's sad tree
Stood doleful she—
Ah, she! now, by no other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's mother!

" Before her eyes
Hers and the whole world's joys
Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes
And pains, her pangs and throes,
Each wound of his, from every part,
Are, more at home, in her own heart.

" What kind of matter then
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrow's company?" &c.

Page 250.

VALENTINE (MADGE'S *brother*).

" L'histoire de Marguerite serre douloureusement le cœur. Son état vulgaire, son esprit borné, tout ce qui la soumet au malheur, sans qu'elle puisse y résister, inspire encore plus de pitié pour elle. Goethe, dans ses romans et dans ses pièces, n'a presque jamais donné des qualités supérieures aux femmes, mais il peint à merveille le caractère de foiblesse qui leur rend la protection si nécessaire." —MADAME DE STAËL.

" Le déshonneur semble avoir plus de prise sur les personnes d'un rang élevé, et peut-être cependant est-il encore plus ré-

doutable dans la classe du peuple. Tout est si tranché, si positif, si irréparable parmi les hommes qui n'ont pour rien des paroles nuancées. Goethe saisit admirablement ces mœurs, tout à la fois si près et si loin de nous: il possède au suprême dégré l'art d'être parfaitement naturel dans mille natures différentes.

" Valentin, soldat, frère de Marguerite, arrive de la guerre pour la revoir, et quand il apprend sa honte, la souffrance qu'il éprouve et dont il rougit, se trahit par un langage âpre et touchant tout à la fois. L'homme dur en apparence, et sensible au fond de l'âme, cause une émotion inattendue et poignante. Goethe a peint avec une admirable vérité le courage qu'un soldat peut employer contre la douleur morale, contre cet ennemi nouveau qu'il sent en lui-même, et que ses armes ne sauroient combattre.

* * * *

" Marguerite arrive, demande qui est là tout sanglant sur la terre. Le peuple répond: *Le fils de ta mère.* Et son frère en mourant lui adresse des reproches plus terribles et plus déchirants que jamais la langue policée n'en pourroit exprimer. La dignité de la tragédie ne sauroit permettre d'enfoncer si avant les traits de la nature dans le cœur." — MADAME DE STAËL.

Page 252.

And will it from the dark earth spring?

The supposition that hidden treasures are guarded by flames, &c. is common through all the north of Europe, and is, I believe, of Runic origin. I transcribe the following story from the *Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century*: — " There is one known to our society who doth aver, that, when he was at Rome, in 1693, he was told by a person of good intelligence how that there died there an unfortunate gentleman, in the hospital of St. John of Lateran, of fright, and how he told in

confession that, having been engaged in a duel, he slew a man and had to fly; and, the fear of justice every where pursuing him, he absconded himself in very melancholy and lonesome places; and one night, as he was endeavouring to rest himself in the porch of the church of St. John Lateran, he was suddenly terrified by the apparition of a skeleton, who commanded him to follow. Recovering himself, he followed into a certain ground belonging to the hospital; and the earth opening, there were discovered to him six earthen pots full of money, which were encompassed about with flames of fire. Then said the spectre,—'Friend, all this money that you see I will give you if you but take possession of it: fear not the flames, they cannot hurt you; fear them not, I say — what ye do, do immediately, or otherwise I give these treasures to the spirits of the earth, who are already waiting to receive them." — Dr. Lee.

Page 258.

She walks affronting the daylight.

Come in the public path, and see how all
Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black
Which mocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay
To hear what thou would'st say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;
See if the tribe of wooers
Will now become pursuers;
And if where they make way
Thou'lt carry now the day;
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright.

Andrea de Basso's *Ode to a Dead Body; from the Italian, by* Leigh Hunt.

I regret that I had not seen this poem of appalling power before I had translated this passage.

Page 260.

Cathedral, &c.

" Quelle scène! Cette infortunée qui, dans l'asile de la consolation, trouve le désespoir; cette foule rassemblée, priant Dieu avec confiance, tandis qu'une malheureuse femme, dans le temple même du Seigneur, recontre l'esprit de l'enfer. Les paroles sévères de l'hymne sainte sont interprétées par l'inflexible méchanceté du mauvais génie. Quel désordre dans le cœur! que de maux entassés sur une foible et pauvre tête! et quel talent que celui qui sait ainsi représenter à l'imagination ces momens où la vie s'allume en nous comme un feu sombre, et jette sur nos jours passagers la terrible lueur de l'éternité des peines!" — MADAME DE STAËL.

Page 261.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA.

Vox prima cantat sola.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quatuor voces simul.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Vox prima sola.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Quatuor voces simul.

Mon stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Vox prima sola.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Quatuor voces simul.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Vox prima sola.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Quatuor voces simul.

Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Vox prima sola.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quatuor voces simul.

Quærens me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Vox prima sola.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Quatuor voces simul.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Vox prima cantat sola.

Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Quatuor voces simul.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Vox prima sola.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hœdis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Quatuor voces simul.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis
Voca me cum benedictis.

Vox prima sola.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis;
Gere curam mei finis.

Quatuor voces simul.

Lachrymosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla.

Vox prima sola.

Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce Deus.

Quatuor voces simul.

Pie Jesu Domine
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

Rituale Romanum Benedict. XIV.

Page 263.

Your flasket, friend. —

Nachbarin! Euer Fläschen. — GOETHE.

In Madame de Staël's version of this scene, and in more than one of the English translations, the effect of these words is sought to be given, while the particular expression is avoided. I transcribe, on account of its impressive beauty, a sentence from the "Quarterly Review" on this subject. "The translator probably thought the contrast of the awful Latin chorus, the whispers of a demon, and the poor Margaret asking the girl that kneels next to her for her *phial*, too violent, too *German*. But the poet knew what he was doing: the effect of his three bare common words is terrible. It is among the

lightest triumphs of genius to blend, without producing the effect of incongruity, the dream and the reality; and this simple girl's agonies, whether of love, sorrow, or despair, would have been comparatively powerless, had she not been taught to utter them in the vivid poetry of such prose as this." — *Quarterly Review*, vol. XXXIV. p. 147.

The word *flasket* is, I fear, more often used in the sense of the French word "*corbeille*" than in that which the formation of the word would suggest. Pope and Parnell, however, use it in such a sense as would justify mine. I have, however, since the page in which it occurs was printed, found it used in the precise sense of a small flask. In the edition of 1566 of Sir David Lindesay's *Book of the Monarchy*, the word is so used — the later editions give "*crowat*," i. e. *cruet*. See Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. II. p. 27. It is curious that the difference of readings is not mentioned in Chalmers's Edition of Sir David Lyndesay's Works.

Page 265.

I'll call a wild-fire Will-o'-th'-Wisp to light us.

"Will-o'-th'-Wisp before them went,
Sent forth a twinkling light,
And soon she saw the fairy bands
All riding in her sight."

The Young Tamlane.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

In the *Scribleriad* we have Will-o'-th'-Wisp playing the part of guide: —

Lo! all propitious to his raptured sight,
An ignis fatuus with portentous light,
From the dank earth exhaled, began to move,
His course directing, &c. Book V.

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Witch dance on the Brocken.

" Its origin may be traced to the history of Charlemagne. Equally inspired with religious and heroic views, he first opened the theatre of war in Germany, when he was opposed by the Saxons with all the rage of barbarian freedom united to idolatrous hatred of the new religion sought to be introduced. Resolved both upon their conquest and conversion, Charlemagne was involved in a fierce war, which was prolonged during three and thirty years. At length, indignant at their long resistance, he put all indiscriminately to the sword who refused the rite of baptism; but the moment he engaged in other wars, the Saxons as often resumed their sacrifices to idols in their woods. When driven from these, they sought the still wilder retreats and fortresses of the Hartz mountains—in particular, the Brocken, at that time almost unapproachable. At the period of their festal rites and sacrifices, Charlemagne stationed guards at the passes of the mountains; though the Saxons succeeded in celebrating them by adopting the following contrivance. They arrayed themselves like goblins, with the skins and horns of beasts, with fire-forks in their hands, and those rude instruments which they used as protection against wild beasts, and, during their sacrificial rites, as they danced round the altar. Thus armed, they put the whole of the terrified guards to flight, and proceeded to invite the people to their festival. Hence its celebration on the first of May, on the wildest region of the Hartz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally enough gave rise among the Christians to the belief of witches riding, that night, upon their broomsticks, to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites.

" In fact, the early Christians uniformly viewed idolatry as the worship of demons, and firmly believed that the devil himself, in spite of Charlemagne's Christian guards, found his way through the air to give zest to the party assembled, in honour

of him upon the top of the Brocken. Such superstition received force from the appearance of the terrific and fantastic figures haunting the mountains previous to the festal day, and which, seen by the soldiers, were reported with a variety of diabolical ornaments and additions. The first of May is supposed to have been selected as a welcome of the approaching year, and the rites, always under diabolic patronage, celebrated in honour of the goddess Ostera; while the custom, still prevalent in many parts of Germany, of adorning the houses and churches on that day, is, doubtless, some remnant of the heathen festival." — Roscoe's *German Novelists.* Vol. II. p. 94. and 95.

See *the First Walpurgis Night*, in this volume.

" Majores nostri de publicis rebus consultaturi sub dio convenire solebant, tum quia tanta multitudo nullo ædificio commode capi poterat, tum ut ab omnibus magicis artibus atque incantationibus tuti essent et immunes. . . . Illa vernalis temporis politica observatio in pessimam abiit superstitionem; cum enim reliquum tempus rari in publicum procederent reges Meroveicæ stirpis, neminem non cupido incedebat principis sui videndi. Concurrebatur undique a mulierculis imprimis et levi plebe quæ otio et vernali tempore induta dies noctesque eamque præ ceteris, quæ adventum regis Kalend. Maj. præcedebat, saltationibus, conviviis, et poculis, sub dio et in silvis transigebat. Post ea tempora quamlibet mutata regum vitæ ratione, et comitiis publica lege in Martium mensem translatis, hærebat tamen in animis plebis pristina consuetudo, et cum alii quoque modo audita pro compertis haberent, alii vera in contrarium verterent, non modo consuetudo Kalendis Maji commessandi, saltandi, et arbores ante ædes plantandi, ad posteros transmissa, sed fabulæ etiam confictæ de conventu, conviviis, et choreis sagarum et dæmonum in Sueviæ monte *Heuberg* dicto, et in celebri monte Bructerorum, ea nocte quæ Kal. Maj. antecedit. Auxit forte superstitionem rumor, qui de Walpurgis sacræ virginis in monasterio Heydenheimensi sepultæ cista sepulchrali argentea increbuerat, ex qua cum die prima Maji oleum

omnibus morbis medelam afferens diceretur destillare, frequens confluebat credula plebs. Hæc eo facilius simplicium mentes occupabant, quod jam ab antiquissimis temporibus dæmonum ope per aera ferri et agitari persuasum erat."—KEYSLER, *Antiquitates Septentrionales.*

"Of the dreadful triplicated great goddess, the pretended witch of the dark ages was a mere servile copyist; though the imitation was conducted on the strictly mythological principle, that the minister of a deity should ape his every action. The broomstick vehicles of these awful personages were a somewhat ludicrous travestie of the majestic fiend-horse of Ceridwen. The sieves which served them for boats in their aquatic expeditions were a transcript of the mystic sla-vratta, or the circular ark of the world; and the egg-shells, which they were wont to use for a similar purpose, have been borrowed from the floating navicular egg, out of which the great father and his triple offspring were produced."—FABER, *Origin of Pagan Idolatry*, Vol. III. p. 347.

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"*Merry meet, merry part!*"

I have borrowed this phrase from an English source. The record of the examination of Alice Duke, *alias* Manning (witch of *Style's* Knot), of Wincantown, in the county of Somerset, before Robert Hunt, Esq. She confessed, that, "when she lived with Anne Bishop, eleven or twelve years before, Anne Bishop persuaded her to go into the churchyard in the night-time, and, being come thither, to go backward round the church; which they did three times. In their first round they met a man in black clothes, who went round the second time with them; and then they met a thing in the shape of a great black toad, which leapt up against the examinant's apron. In their third round they met somewhat in the shape of a rat, which vanished away. After this, the examinant

and *Anne Bishop* went home; but before Anne Bishop went, the man in black said something to her, softly, which the informant could not hear.

" A few days after the devil appeared to her in the shape of a man, promising that she should want nothing, and that if she cursed any thing, she should have her purpose, in case she would give her soul to him, suffer him to suck her blood, keep his secrets, and do such mischief as he would set her about. All which, upon his second appearing to her, she yielded to; and the devil having pricked the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and the upper joint (where the mark is yet to be seen), gave her a pen, which with she made a cross or mark, with her blood, on paper or parchment, that the devil offered her for the confirmation of the agreement, which was done in the presence of Anne Bishop; and as soon as the examinant had signed it, the devil gave her *sixpence,* and went away with the paper or parchment.

" Further, she confesseth, that she had been at several meetings at *Lie* Common, and other places, in the night; and that her forehead being first anointed with a feather, dipped in oil, she hath been suddenly carried to the place of their meeting. That, about five or six weeks ago, she met in the said common, in the night, where were present Anne Bishop, &c., a man in black clothes, with a little band, whom she supposed to have been the devil. At the meeting there was a picture in wax, which the man in black took in his arms; and, having anointed its forehead with a little greenish oil, and using a few words, baptized it by the name of Elizabeth, or Bess Hill, for the daughter of Richard Hill. Then the devil, this examinant, Anne Bishop, and Elizabeth Style, stuck thorns in its neck, heads, hands, wrists, fingers, and other parts of the picture, saying, ' Curse on thee! I'll spite thee!' This done, all sate down, a white cloth being spread on the ground, and did drink wine, and eat cakes and meat. After all was ended, the man in black vanished, leaving an ugly smell at

parting. The rest were, on a sudden, conveyed to their homes."

The confession goes on to relate her being at several other such meetings.

"She saith, that, after their meetings, they all make a very low obeisance to the devil, who appears in black clothes, and a little band. He bids them welcome at their coming, and brings wine or beer, cakes, meat, or the like. He sits at the higher end, and, usually, they are to say, 'Merry meet, merry part!' and that before they are carried to their meetings, their foreheads are anointed with greenish oil, that they have from the spirit, which smells raw. They for the most part are carried in the air. As they pass, they say, '*Thout, tout a tout. throughout and about.*' Passing back, they say, '*Rentum tormentum,*' and another word, which she doth not remember.

"She confesseth that her familiar doth commonly suck her right breast, about seven at night, in the shape of a little cat, of a dunnish colour; and when she sucked, she is in a kind of a trance. She saith, that, when the devil doth any thing for her, she calls for him by the name of Robin, upon which he appears; and when in the shape of a man, she can hear him speak; but then his voice is very low. He promised her, when she made her contract with him, that she should want nothing: but ever since she hath wanted all things."— TURNER *on Providence*, chap. 3.

"The evidences," says Shadwell, referring to the narratives by which he supported his descriptions of witchcraft; "the evidences I have represented are natural, viz. slight and frivolous, such as old women were wont to be hanged upon."— SHADWELL'S *Lancashire Witches.*

"In the Goeticke and necromantick magicke, it is observed by D. Thom, Gulielmus Parisiensis, Scotus, Gerson, Abulensis, Victoria, &c. &c., that it is the foundation of a secret or expresse compact with the devil, by the force of which miserable men pawn and oblige their soules to him. He inter-

changeably submits himself to them as their vassale: he is present as soone as called; being asked, he answers; being commanded, he obeys — not bound upon any necessity, but that he may thereby intricate and endear unto him the soules of his clients, to destroy them more suddenly and unexpectedly: for the magician hath only a confidence that he hath empire over the devil; who again counterfeiteth to be his servant and vassal.

" Eutichianus, Patriarch of Constantinople, recorded this historie: —" In the time of the Emperor Justinianus (saith he), there lived in Adana, a city of Cilicia, one Theophilus, who was by office the steward of the church: he was so beloved and gratious in the eyes of all men, as that he was held to be worthy of an episcopal dignity, which, notwithstanding, he most constantly refused; and afterward, being unmeritedly accused by such as emulated his honest life and sincere carriage, he was put by his place of stewardship; which drove him into that desperation and impotence of mind, that, by the counsel of a Jewish magician, he renounced his Saviour by an indenture written under his own hand, delivering himself wholly into the empire of Sathan, who was many times visible to him. But now, miserable man, what shall he do? He groweth repentant of the act, and troubled in spirit, when he thinks how much he hath incensed his Maker and Redeemer, by delivering himself up a voluntary slave and captive to the great adversarie, the devil. The story saith, in this anxiety and perturbation of minde, he thought it best to fly for succour to the blessed Virgin Mary, and to that purpose retired himself to a temple consecrated unto her, in which he tendered many supplications and prayers, joined with fasting and tears, making great show of effectual repentance. Forty days together he frequented the church without intermission or cessation of weeping and praying, presenting his blasphemous writing upon the altar; which miraculously, as they say, was taken thence, and he received again into God's favour.

" The manner of this homage (and others) done to the

devil is as followeth: — First, the magician or witch is brought before the tribunal of Sathan, either by a familiar spirit, or else by a mage, or hag, of the same procession: he sits crowned in a majestic throne, round ingirt with other devils, who attend on him as his lords, barons, and princes, richly habited. The palace seemeth wholly to be built of marble, the walls hung with gold and purple-coloured arrass — all showing the pomp of regalitie and state. Sathan himself, from his royal seat, casts his eyes round about, as if ready to incline his benign cares to any humble suitor whatever.

" Then steps forth a devil of a venerable aspect, and saith, ' Oh, most potent lord and master, great patron of the spacious universe, in whose hands are all the riches and treasures of the earth, and all the goods and gifts of the worlde! this man I present before thy imperial throne, to follow thy standard, and to fight under the patronage of thy great name and power; who is ready to acknowledge thee to be God and creator of all things, and none but thee. It shall be in thy clemencie, O most sovereign Lord! to vouchsafe this man (or woman) the grace of thy benign aspect, and receive him (or her) into thy patronage and favour.'

" To which he, with a grave countenance and loud oration, thus answereth:—' I cannot but commend him, thy friend, who so conditionally hath committed himself to our safeguard and trust; whom, as our client and favourite, we accept, and promise to supply him with all felicitie and pleasure, both in this life and the future.'

" This done, the miserable wretch is commanded to renounce his faith and baptisme, the Eucharist, and all other holy things, and confess Lucifer his only lord and governor; which is done with many execrable ceremonies, not fit here to be remembered. Then is this writing delivered (as was before spoken of Theophilus), written with the blood of the left thumbe. Then doth the devile mark him, either in the brow, neck, or shoulder, with the stamp or character of the foot of an hare, a black dog, or toad, or some such figure,

by which he brands him (as the custom was of old to mark their slaves and captives whom they bought in the market for money), to become his perpetual slave and vassal.

" And this Nigerius, Sprangerus, Bodinus, &c., say, ' The wicked spirit doth, as desirous to imitate God in all things, who, in the Old Testament, marked his chosen people with the seal of circumcision, to distinguish them from the Gentiles, and, in the New Testament, with the sign of the cross, which, as Hieronimus and Nazianzen say, succeeded that of circumcision; and, as the devil is always adverse to his Creator, so he will be worhipped with contrarie rites and ceremonies. Therefore, when magicians and witches present themselves unto him, they worship him with their faces from and their backs towards him, and sometimes standing upon their heade with their heeles upward."—HAYWOOD's *Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, Book VII. p. 473.

The witchcraft of the middle ages is, after all, little more than a re-animation of the dead bones and dust of heathen superstition. In what do the feasts of Canidia or Circe differ from the pretensions of the Gothic witch? The poverty of the witch's den is the difference. Circe, the daughter of the Sun, differs only in wealth and the splendour of wealth from the Lapland hag: the herbs gathered by moonlight — the spinning—the song— the forms of worship—nay, the very deities—are the same; and, assuredly, the critics who have accused Shakspeare of improperly introducing Hecate as presiding over the rites of his witches, have never looked into either the descriptions in the classical poets of their Medeas and Canidias, or into what is more calculated to decide the question, the actual trials of witches. In the lady Sibelia of the Gothic incantations, Cybele is, beyond a doubt, intended. Minerva and Diana are also mentioned as at their ceremonies. It requires but to read Virgil's description of Circe, in some such rhymes as Abraham Fleming, every now and then, supplies to Reginald Scott, to reduce the sorceress of the poet to the witch of the ballad-monger.

Dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratum nocturna in lumina cedrum.

In Circe's magic we have the transformations of men into wolves and lions, which are so familiar in Gothic romance: so perfect in the resemblance, that it was impossible it should not have been before noticed; and I believe the easy theory has been adopted, that the credulity of man's nature is all that can be learned from such resemblances, which are to be regarded rather as coincidences than traditions; that the same weeds may be expected from the human mind whenever that rich soil is left neglected: and, no doubt, in this way is the disposition to believe to be accounted for. Yet, when I find, in Ovid, that Titania is one of the names of Circe, is not this something to prove that the superstition was derived? The mind was, no doubt, in a state to receive the inoculated disease; but it seems impossible to read such passages as the following, and not to think the dog which bit our ancestors into this madness was not of the breed of Scylla:— "After they have delicately banquetted with the devil *and the lady of the fairies*, and have eaten up a fat ox, and emptied a but of Malmesey, and a binn of bread, at some nobleman's house, in the dead of the night, nothing of all this is missed in the morning; for the lady *Scylla, Minerva*, or Diana strike with a golden rod the vessel and the binn, and they are fully replenished again."— REGINALD SCOTT, Book III. chap. 2.

Some of the incantations seem to refer to the Sibyls, or one of them. I do not feel it, on this account, necessary in any way to vary the above statement. "The Sibyllæ," says Faber, "seem to have been priestesses of Cybele; from whom, according to the usual custom of the pagans, they borrowed their ame, as the Melissæ did from Melitta. This appears to me a much more natural derivation of the word than that of Dr. Hyde, from Siboleth, *an ear of corn*. See his treatise de Rel. Vet. Persar."— FABER *on the Cabiri*, Vol. II. p. 231.

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Baubo.

The classical reader may feel surprised at meeting BAUBO here. She is transferred from the mysteries of Ceres, to preside at the witch dances of the Brocken. Ovid calls her METANIRA; and her story may be found in the Fasti. I have looked through some of the old demonologies, thinking it probable Goethe had some such authority for introducing her, but did not meet her name. Reginald Scott, however, tells us, from Cardanus, that "those dancings, &c. had their beginning from certain heretics called Dulcini, who devised those feasts of Brocken called *orgia*, whereunto these kind of people openly assembled, and, beginning with riot, ended with this folly; which feast being prohibited, they, nevertheless, haunted them secretly." — R. SCOTT, Book II. chap. 3.

The word Bobo, &c. are probably derived from this source; though Menage and Du Chat give a different account of it.

"BOBO. Terme dont se servent les petits enfans pour signifier leur mal. Les Toscans disent *bua*, et les Siciliens *bubua*, et les Milanois *boba*, en la même signification. Le Barbaro, sur Pline, Livre XXVI. chapitre 4. *Papulæ duorum generum sunt Celso, libro 5. Sævius est quod* assium, *id est*, ferum, *dicitur. Rubente utroque par minimas pustulas corpora: nominaturque id* boa *Plinio à* fimo bibulo; *cujus litu maximè tolluntur. Ut hinc infantes pueri fortasse mala omnia* buas *vocare doceantur.* Voyez M. Ferrari, dans ses *Origines Italiennes*, au mot *Bua.*" — MENAGE, *Dict. Etym. in voce.*

"*Bobo*, ou, suivant l'ancienne orthographe; *beau-beau*, ne se dit que d'un petit mal, que l'enfant oublie lorsque, par caresse, on lui dit et répète qu'il est beau. Ainsi, en disant *bobo*, il témoigne que c'est le cas de lui dire *beau-beau*, si on veut qu'il s'appaise.

"Les *Aresta Amorum*, page 252. de l'édition de 1546. *Et*

lui faisait le beau beau en le réconformant, quand il le voyoit déplaisant. Cette façon de parler semble être venue des mères et des nourrices, qui, pour appaiser leurs enfans, ou leurs nourrissons, qui se plaignoient de quelque petit mal, les flattoient en leur disant qu'ils étoient *beaux*, fort *beaux*. De là les enfans qui s'étoient fait mal, ayant voulu le donner à entendre, en invitant leurs mères ou nourrices à leur dire qu'ils étoient *beaux*. Cette expression est venue, dans la suite, à signifier le mal même des enfans. — LE DUCHAT.

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Strength is given us by this ointment.

" Then he (the devil) teacheth them to make ointments of the bowels and members of children, whereby they ride in the air, and accomplish all their desires: as, if there be any children unbaptized or not guarded with the sign of the cross or orizons; then the witches may and do catch them from their mothers' sides in the night, or out of their cradle, or otherwise kill them with their ceremonies; and, after burial, steal them out of their graves, and seethe them in a caldron until their flesh be made potable, of the richest whereof they make ointments whereby they ride in the air; but the thinner portion they put in the flagons, whereof whoever drinketh, observing certain ceremonies, immediately becometh a master, or, rather, a mistress, in that practice and faculty." — R. SCOTT, Book III. chap. 1.

" These are no jests, for they be written by them that were and are judges of the lives and deaths of those persons." — *Ibid.* Book IV chap. 4.

Delrio says, that " the divining rod, and the sticks on which the witches used to ride, were imitations of the rod of Moses, or that of Aaron — both were anointed with infants' fat."

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ADAM'S *first wife*, LILITH.

LILITH was said by the Rabbins to have been created of the earth before Eve. She quarrelled with Adam; succeeded in learning from him the holiest name — the Tetragrammaton; pronounced it, and fled from Adam. The angels-*Senri*, *Sansenoi*, and *Sanmamgeloph* were sent after her: they find her at sea, in the same place where the Egyptians were afterwards destroyed: they require her to return. Buxtorf, from whom I take this account, relates a conversation between her and the angels, in which she describes it as the great object of her life, to destroy male children on the eighth day from their birth, and females on the twentieth. She, by an oath, binds herself to spare such children as should wear amulets marked with the names of the angels.

Of *Lilith* a thousand ridiculous and inconsistent stories are told. The invention is traced to an attempt to reconcile some supposed difference between the narrative of the creation of Eve, given in the second chapter of Genesis, and that given in the first.

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The only figures he approves
Are where the set in circles moves.

In Dalzell's *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, some account is given of the witch-conversations and dances there, with some very curious extracts from criminal trials. "The homage paid to Satan, either in contempt of the divinity, or as a genuine rite, imitative of divine worship, was accompanied by the mystical motion 'widdershynnes.' * * *

"Dancing together, with instruments and music, were among the meagre concomitants of the Scottish conventions; but the

nature of the dance is not further explained than that Gelie Duncan playit on ane trump, and Johnne Fiene missellit, *led the ring.** Such mystical dances were circular, "porro circulares esse omnes choros." † Farther, that the parties might not recognise each other's faces, they were arranged so that their backs formed the inner circumference; and they moved from right to left, that is, widdershyns, — "retrogando contra morem, naturam et ordinem chorearum quibus nos utimur." ‡ — DALZELL, p. 569.

"In Ireland the circular dance was named '*rinke teampuill*,' i. e. *chorea templi*. These religious ceremonies concluded with a dance to the right hand; but when unpropitious, the priest blew a horn for a curse, and then the dance was to the left. § During a pestilence which visited the town of Kilkenny, the deceased, bound by withs on a bier, were carried to St. Maula's churchyard, whither women and maidens repaired to dance after its cessation. But, having taken the same withs 'instead of napkins and handkerchiefs, to keep them together in their round ‖,' infection was communicated, and the whole inhabitants were swept away." — *Ibid.* p. 572.

"A chapter by Olaus Magnus, 'on Nocturnal Dancing of Elves,' is embellished by figures of demons back to back, in circular arrangement, one leading a proselyte by the hand, and Satan, as indicated by his horns, tail, and cloven feet, officiating as piper; while there is another performer on the guitar." ¶ — *Ibid.* p. 572.

"Nocturnal dancing in a circular figure; at Satane conventions, indicated the contempt of sanctified ceremonials." — *Ibid.* p. 574.

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* Trial of John Mowbray, and others, June 1591.
† Remigius Demonolatreia, lib. i. c. 17. p. 119.
‡ Grillandus de Sortilegi.
§ Vallancey, Vindication, Coll. Hib. Vol. IV. pp. 475—478.
‖ Ledwich, Kilkenny, Coll. Hib. Vol. II. p. 451.
¶ Olaus Magnus, lib. iii. c. 11. p. 112.

The PROCTOPHANTASMIST of this scene was CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK NICOLAI. Nicolai conducted several periodical works in which the works of Herder, Goethe, Kant, and other influential writers, were often severely dealt with. Goethe, in his Memoirs, gives an account of the publication of Werther, of the publications by which Nicolai won such immortality as a place in the Walpurgis Night may be supposed to confer.

"Werther excited a powerful sensation: the reason was manifest; it appeared precisely at the right moment. The smallest spark is sufficient to blow up a mine that is ready laid: Werther was this spark. Every youthful mind was disordered by extravagant fancies and imaginary suffering; and Werther afforded a faithful representation of the general distemper. It is vain to expect that the public should judge reasonably and coolly of a work of imagination. The great mass of readers formed the same opinion of this romance as my friends had done: they considered it only with reference to the subject; and they were misled by the old prejudice, that an author should always have a didactic object in view. They seemed to forget that a writer may describe incidents and sentiments, which he neither approves nor condemns; and that in so doing he merely presents to his readers a subject on which they may exercise their own reflection and judgment.

"I concerned myself very little about what was said of my work. I had fulfilled my task, and I left my judges to pronounce what decision they pleased upon it. My friends, however, carefully collected all the articles that had been written on Werther; and, as they had begun to conceive a more correct idea of the object of the work, they amused themselves not a little at the expense of the critics. Nicolai was the first antagonist who entered the lists, and his production, entitled the *Joys of Werther*, was the subject of many good jokes. Nicolai, though actuated by good intentions, and possessed of considerable information, set out with a determination to depreciate every thing that went beyond the range of his own ideas, which he seemed to regard as the boundaries of the

human intellect. He accordingly opened an attack upon me; and his pamphlet soon fell into my hands. I was much pleased with a charming vignette, by Chodowiecki, an artist for whom I entertained a high esteem. As to the work itself, it was woven of those rough materials which are rarely divested of any of their coarseness, by a mind confined within the circle of domestic life. Nicolai seemed not to perceive that Werther's disease was past all remedy, and that a deadly canker had blighted the flower of his youth. He was satisfied with my narrative down to p. 214.; but, when the unhappy victim of unconquerable passion prepares for death, the moral physician adroitly substitutes for the deadly weapon a pistol loaded with the blood of a chicken. By the effect of this incident, so revolting, it is at least productive of no ill consequences. Charlotte marries Werther, and the drama closes to the satisfaction of all parties.

"This is all I recollect of Nicolai's production: I have not read it since the period of its publication; but I took out the vignette, to preserve it in my collection of favourite engravings. Wishing to take my revenge as quietly as possible, I composed a little satire, entitled *Nicolai at Werther's Tomb*, which I did not publish." — GOETHE'S *Memoirs* — *English Translation.*

The following extracts, from a memoir of Nicolai's, so remarkably illustrate this passage, that I find it necessary to print them at length, having in vain tried to abridge them: —

"The words spirit and body, in considering man, indicate mere relative notions. It is inconsistent with every known law of nature, to suppose that those terms of relation, adopted by us solely for the purpose of investigating the nature of man, do themselves possess any separate and independent existence. Those who are inclined to see and hear spirits, are not satisfied with this summary solution: they appeal to experience, against which no maxim *à priori* can hold. This only is required, that the experience be true and well attested. We cannot, therefore, sufficiently collect and authenticate such proofs as show how easily we are misled, and with what de-

lusive facility the imagination can exhibit, not only to deranged persons, but also to those who are in the perfect use of their senses, such forms as are scarcely to be distinguished from real objects.

" I myself have experienced an instance of this. It had been usual for me to lose blood by venesection twice a year. This was done once on the 9th of July, 1790, but, towards the close of the year, omitted. In 1783 I had been suddenly seized with giddiness, which the physicians attributed to an obstruction in the small muscles of the *abdomen*, proceeding from too intense study and sedentary life. In the first stage of the malady the application of leeches had been particularly effective; and this remedy I had from that time applied whenever I felt congestion in the head. It was on the 1st of March, 1790, that the leeches had been last applied; the bleeding, therefore, and the clearing of the minute blood-vessels, by leeches, had, in 1790, been less frequent than usual. I was from September also engaged in business which required the severest exertion.

" In the first two months of the year 1790, I was much affected in my mind by several distressing incidents; and on the 24th of February a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, my wife and another person came to console me. I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief; when, suddenly, I beheld, at the distance of ten paces from me, a figure — the figure of a deceased person. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became more calm; and, as I was extremely exhausted, I soon afterwards fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which lasted for half an hour. In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone; a circumstance which could not be very agreeable; I went, therefore, to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but it was

always the same standing figure. A little after six o'clock, several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connection with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them: and this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion first begins.

"At length I became composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but, though I had such excellent medicines, and found myself perfectly well, the apparitions rather increased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

"The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other figures showed themselves very distinctly. The acquaintances with whom I daily conversed, never appeared to me as phantoms, it was always such as were at a distance. I endeavoured, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintances, but could never succeed. The phantoms appeared, in every case, involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature; though they certainly had their origin internally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision phantasms from phenomena: indeed, I never once erred in this.

"These figures appeared at all times equally distinct and clear — whether I was alone or in company, day or night, in my own or another's house. Yet, when I was at another person's house they were less frequent, and when I walked the public street they very seldom appeared; when I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared, sometimes they remained even after I had closed them. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

"For the most part I saw human figures of both sexes: they

ommonly passed to and fro, as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair, where all is bustle: sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds: these figures all appeared to me in their natural size as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds and colours of clothes; but I think, however, that the colours were somewhat *paler* than they were in nature.

" None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; most of them were ordinary in their appearance: some were even agreeable.

" Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become at last so familiar with these phantasms that they afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth, yet, as the disorder increased, I had recourse to several medicines, and, at last, to the application of leeches.

" This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon; but the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast one on another. This continued till half-past four, the time when digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; the colours became gradually paler; every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. At about half-past six o'clock, all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little; yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct. By degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish, which had also usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into the air: of some even whole pieces remained for a length of time; which also, by degrees, were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did

not remain a vestige of any of them; and I have never since experienced any appearance of the same kind. Twice or thrice since that time I have felt a propensity, if I may be allowed so to express myself, or a sensation, as if I saw something which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised whilst writing the present account, having, in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of the time: so little are we sometimes, even in the greatest composure of mind, masters of our imagination. The phantasms leaving me on the application of leeches, shews clearly that some anomaly in the circulation of the blood was connected with their appearance. Had I not been able to distinguish phantasms from phenomena, I must have been insane; had I been frantic or superstitious, I should have been terrified at my own phantasms, and, probably, might have been seized with some alarming disorder; had I been attached to the marvellous, I should have sought to magnify my own importance, by asserting that I had seen spirits: and who could have disputed the facts with me?" — *Abridged from a Memoir read by* NICOLAI *to the Royal Society of Berlin*, 28th of February, 1799, *and published in* NICHOLSON'S *Journal of Natural Philosophy*, Vol. VI.

Nicolai regards his being able to distinguish between phantasms and phenomena as sufficient to overturn FICHTE'S system of Idealism. I add a sentence from this part of the memoir, as it seems to have supplied the very words given by Goethe to the proctophantasmist.

"The greatest modern idealists, who depend so much on the confusion in which they have involved themselves by the supposed depth of their speculations, will certainly never pretend that both perceptions were of the same nature; since, if so, I could not have investigated their difference. But by what means could this be done? I observed that real persons followed in a determinate order, by external laws that do not depend upon me, in an order that I myself must continually follow, as was evident from my sure sense of consciousness. I

could also lay hold of the real objects, as well as of myself. Neither of these, however, was the case with the phantasms. I had always found it so in the constant observation of myself, of the apparitions without me, and in my own consciousness.

"The phantasms, as well as the phenomena, no doubt lay in my mind; but I am necessarily compelled to ascribe to the latter the same reality I ascribe to myself, viz. something that does not lie in my mind alone; something that also exists without my mind; something independent of my consciousness, which determines the nature of my idea; something which we formerly used to call the *thing itself*, before the critical philosophy so unjustly reprobated this unexceptionable term. On the contrary, I could not ascribe this same reality to the illusion; I could form no other conclusion than that they originated in my internal consciousness alone — in a consciousness which was also disordered, as I might justly conclude from the observation I made on myself. I repeat, that both the phenomena and the phantasms existed in my mind: if I had not been able to distinguish them, I must have been insane. By what means could I distinguish, if I did not attribute reality to the former? and that they possessed reality, I inferred from observation, to which I still am inclined to give confidence, until Mr. Fichte can more clearly convince me that it is in no case to be depended on."

Page 289.

Why, after this, the TEGEL *ghost*
May grin again at her old porch.

Es spuckt in Tegel.

Till Mr. Hayward's friend, Dr. Hitzig, explained this passage, I was inclined to think that Tegel was, perhaps, some provincial spelling of Tägel; and though by no means sa-

tisfied with my guess, thought it not impossible that the Proctophantasmist's complaint might be of the impudence of the ghosts in venturing within the *ropes* which separated the sets of dancers in this ball-room.

"TEGEL," says Mr. Hayward, "is a small place about eight or ten miles from Berlin. In the year 1799, the inhabitants of Berlin, who pride themselves very highly on their enlightenment, were fairly taken in by a story of a ghost said to haunt the dwelling of a Mr. Schultz at Tegel. No less than two commissions of distinguished persons set forth to investigate the character of the apparition. The first betook themselves to the house on the 13th of September, 1797; waited from eleven at night till one in the morning; heard a noise, and saw nothing. The second was more fortunate; for one of the members rushed with such precipitation towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, that the ghost was under the necessity of decamping in a hurry, leaving the instruments with which he made the noise (very clumsy inartificial contrivances), as *spolia opima*, to the conquerors. Thus began and ended the Tegel ghost's career. This statement is taken from a pamphlet published in 1798."

Page 291.

From her mouth, while she was singing,
I saw a little red mouse springing.

"This is an image of bad and disgusting passions, detected in one whom we love, and in the very midst and heart of our passion. The passage which follows may be interpreted to shadow forth either the consequences of seduction, or the miserable regret with which a man of the world calls to mind his first love, and his belief in goodness."—LEIGH HUNT.

The pamphlet to which Mr. Hayward has referred in explanation of the Tegel ghost story, has as its motto, "Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus," and I am inclined to

fancy that this capricious association suggested the red and white mice of the next line. I add, without, however, valuing it much, a passage from Henry More, and refer my readers to an amusing story given by Mr. Hayward, from the *Deutche Sagen* : —

" Wherefore, there being nothing in the nature of the thing that should make us incredulous, these sorceresses so confidently pronouncing that they are out of their bodies at such times, and see and do such and such things, — meet one another, bring messages, discover secrets, and such like,—it is more easy and natural to conclude they be *really out of their bodies* than *in* them. Which we should be more readily induced to believe if we could give credit to that narrative. Wierus tells of a soldier, out of whose mouth, whilst he was asleep, a thing in the shape of a weasel came, which, muddling along in the grass, and at last coming to a brook side, very busily attempting to get over, but not being able, some one of the standers by, that saw it, made a bridge for it of his sword ; which it passed over by, and, coming back, made use of the same passage, and then entered into the soldier's mouth again, many looking on. When he awaked, he told how he dreamed he had gone over an iron bridge, and other particulars answerable to what the spectators had seen beforehand. Wierus acknowledges to the truth of the relation, but will by all means have it to be the devil, not the soul of the man : which he doth in a tender regard to the witches ; that, from such a trick as this, they might not be made so obnoxious to suspicion that their ecstasies are not mere *dreams* and *delusions* of the devil, but are accompanied with *real effects*." —H. More, *Antidote against Atheism*, chap. xi. sect. 7.

——————— " Stories sayen
Well known 'mongst country folk our spirits fly,
From 'twixt our lips, and thither back again ;
Sometimes like doves, sometimes like to a bee,
And sometimes in their bodies' shape they be :
But all this while their carcase lies asleep,

Drown'd in dull rest, son of mortality:
At last, these shapes returned, slily creep
Into their mouth; then the dead clouds away they wipe."
H. More's *Pre-existency of the Soul.*

I am not sure whether this rubbish of red and white mice is worth any more particular inquiry, or that I quite understand it. Mice and cats were among the favourite shapes in which the imps and familiars of the witch made their appearance. I transcribe from Turner *on Providence*, where the reader will find his authorites cited, a few sentences of his narrative of one or two trials of witchcraft: —

"*Joyce Bounes* confessed that about thirteen years before, she had two imps, which came into her bed in the likeness of mice, and sucked on her body, and that she afterwards employed them to go and kill ten or twelve lambs, belonging to one Richard Welsh, of St. Osyth's, which was done accordingly; and then to the house of one Thomas Clinch, where they killed a calf, a sheep, and a lamb: that she carried the four imps above mentioned to kill Robert Turner's servant; and that her imp, called *Rug*, made him bark like a dog. Rose Hallyheads forced him to sing several times in the extremity of his pain; Susanna Cocks compelled him to crow like a cock; and the imp of *Margaret Landish* caused him to groan in an extraordinary manner. Upon this confession, and evidence, she was condemned and executed at Chelmsford, May 11. 1645.

"Susan Cocks, upon examination, confessed that Margery Stokes, her mother, lying upon her death-bed, and she coming to see her, her mother privately desired her to entertain two imps, which, she said, would do her good; and that the same night her mother died, the two imps came to her accordingly, and sucked on her body; one of them being like a mouse, which she called *Susan*, and the other yellow, about the bigness of a cat, which she called Bessie; and that she employed Bessie, with three imps more, belonging to the witches above mentioned, to kill ten or twelve sheep of John Spall's, against

whom she had much malice; because, being with child, and desiring some curds of his wife, she denied either to give or sell her any. She also confessed that what was said about Robert Turner's servant was true; and further, that she and Margaret Landish sent three imps to one Thomas Mannochs, of St. Osyth, which killed six or seven of his hogs in revenge for his refusing to relieve her. She and Margaret Landish were condemned and executed at Chelmsford, May, 12. 1645, with several others. Yea, so great a number of these vassals of Satan were discovered about this time, that there were thirty tried at once before Judge Coniers, at Chelmsford, July 25. 1645, whereof fourteen were hanged. A hundred more were detained in several prisons in Suffolk and Essex."— TURNER *on Providence*, chap. 85.

Page 296.

Here comes Puck — you'll always find me
Circling in the merry dance.

"In Denmark, the Pucks have wonderful cunning in music; and there is a certain jig, or dance, called the Elf-king's dance, well known among the country crowders, which yet no one dares to play. Its notes produce the same effect as Oberon's horn: old and young are compelled to foot it to the same tune; nay, the very stools and tables begin to caper; nor can the musician undo the charm unless he is able to play the dance backwards without misplacing a single note; or unless one of the involuntary dancers can contrive to come behind him, and cut the strings of the fiddle, by reaching over his shoulder."— *Quarterly Review*, Vol. XXII. p. 358.

Page 296.

Insect swarms, in murmuring flight,
Our musicians of the night.

" The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie," &c. &c.
PERCY'S *Reliques*, Vol. III. p. 262.

In Robert Herrick's poems we have " Oberon's feast," enlivened with the same music: —

A little mushroom table spread;
After short prayers they set on bread,
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit, to eat
His choicest bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is served,
We must not think his ear was starved;
But that there was in place, to stir
His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.

See, also, Drayton's *Muses' Elysium*, Eighth Nymphal. These remarkably pleasing poems are fortunately in Chalmers's collections. I refer to this particular poem, not for the purpose of illustrating this stanza, but for its general resemblance to the interlude.

The exceeding beauty of the following poem, and the pleasure which I have received from it, after the jarring and crash of the Walpurgis minstrelsy, must be my excuse for the quotation: —

To the Grasshopper and Cricket.

" Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent minutes as they pass;
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear heart; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song —
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth."

LEIGH HUNT.

Page 298.

The " GODS OF GREECE" *and* OBERON.

I have marked some of the words with inverted commas, because Goethe is supposed in the stanza to refer to Schiller's poem " The Gods of Greece;" and it is not absolutely impossible that some compliment was intended in mentioning the name of the poem. The poem has been very pleasingly translated in Curry's *Dublin University Magazine*. There is nothing in it whatever that seems to me in the slightest degree to bear on this passage; and I incline to think it an accident altogether unconnected with Schiller's poem, that these words occur in Goethe. Schiller's lines are little more than an amplification of Wordsworth's noble sonnet: —

" The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The Winds, that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers; —
For this, for every thing, we're out of tune:
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing in this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses, that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Page 300.

Xenien.

"A war of all the few good heads in the nation, with all the many bad ones, began in Schiller's *Musen-Almanach for* 1793. The *Xenien*, a series of philosophic epigrams, jointly by Schiller and Goethe, descended then unexpectedly, like a flood of fire, on the German literary world; quickening all that was noble into new life, but visiting the ancient empire of dulness with astonishment and unknown pangs." — CARLYLE—quoted by HAYWARD.

Several of this class of poems have been translated with great skill by Mr. Mangin. *The Philosophers* is too long to transcribe; but had I room for it, it would be a good illustration of this scene in Faustus. — See CURRY's *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. V. p. 51.

The *Xenien* were so called in imitation of Martial, who gave the name of Xenia to the thirteenth book of his Epigrams. The Xenia were, in the first meaning of the word, presents to strangers or guests. Pliny, in a very pleasing letter, after giving an account of a council held by Trajan, adds, "We were every day invited to Cæsar's table; which, for so great a prince, was spread with much plainness and simplicity. There we

were entertained either with interludes, or passed the night in the most pleasing conversation. When we took our leave of the emperor, he sent each of us presents (Xenia): so studious is he upon all occasions to indulge the benevolence of his heart." In another letter, Pliny congratulates himself on refusing to receive any thing for his professional services as an advocate, either as fee or as compliment. "In causis agendis non modo pactione, dono, munere, verum etiam *xeniis*, semper abstinui." In Apuleius, we find the word *xeniola* used in the same way: "Mittit mihi Byrrhæna *xeniola*, porcum opimum, et quinque gallinulas, et vini cadum in ætate pretiosi."—*Metam.* lib. 2. Martial explains his use of the word in the third epigram of the thirteenth book, pretty much in the way our bookmakers announce their Easter "Gifts" and Christmas "Presents." The painters had been beforehand with him in this application of the word: —

"Omnis in hoc gracili Xeniorum turba libello
Constabit nummis quatuor emta tibi.
Quatuor est nimium: poterit constare duobus,
Et faciet lucrum bibliopola Tryphon.
Hæc licet hospitibus pro munere disticha mittas,
Si tibi tam rarus, quam mihi, nummus erit."

Page 300.

HENNINGS.—MUSAGET.—GENIUS OF THE OLD TIMES.

"'The Genius of the Age' and the 'Musaget' were the names of literary journals edited by Hennings; who was at different times in controversy with the Schlegels, Schiller, and Goethe. Hennings is also attacked in the Xenien. One of Goethe's minor poems is entitled, '*Die Musageten.*"—HAYWOOD'S *Faust.*

Page 300.

Come, follow me, &c.

In the original there is an affected imitation of the barbarous versification of the old school of German poetry — I am not sure whether I was right in wishing to preserve this *anti-grace.* The attempt must be my apology for the broken rhymes of the second and fourth verses.

Page 306.

Turn him, oh, thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the unthinking passer-by, and as he fell to fasten on his shoulders.

" An her little devils should be hungry, come sneaking behind me like a cowardly catchpole and clap his talons in my haunches." — *Witch of Edmonton.*

Page 311.

'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool.

The story, some snatches of which are given in Margaret's song, will be found in the English selection from GRIMM's *Kinder-und Haus-Mährchen,* published under the name of " German Popular Stories," and in Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends of Germany,* p. 243.

The story itself is a popular one, not only in Germany, but also in France and Italy, and the Editor of Warton's History of English Poetry traces it to the most remote antiquity. " The most interesting tale (says he) in Grimm's whole

collection, whether we speak with reference to its contents, or the admirable style of the narrative, the Machandel Boom is but a popular view of the same mythos upon which the Platonists have expended so much commentary — the history of the Cretan Bacchus, or Zagreus. This again," he adds in a note, "is only another version of the Egyptian mythos relative to Osiris." Mr. Grimm wishes to consider the Machandel Boom, the juniper tree, and not the Mandel or almond tree. It will be remembered that the latter was believed by the ancients to possess very important properties. The fruit of one species, the Amygdala, impregnated the daughter of the river Sangarius with the Phrygian Atys — (Pausanias, vii. 17.); and another, the Persea, was the sacred plant of Isis so conspicuous in the Egyptian monuments." — *History of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 88.

I have been thus particular in exhibiting my authorities for the mention of the almond blossom, as the English selections follow Grimm in preferring the juniper. In Mr. Keightley's tales and popular fictions, the story of *Dancing Water, the singing Apple, and the beautiful Green Bird*, is so told as to have a strong resemblance to this legend.

I transcribe a few sentences from THOMS's translation of the story: to my ear and mind scarcely any thing can be more beautiful.

"It is now a long while ago, full two thousand years, that there lived a rich man, who had a fair pious wife, and they had for each other great love, but yet they had no children, and the wife prayed therefore day and night.

"Now before their house there stood a court, wherein stood a juniper tree, under which stood the wife once in the winter time, peeling herself an apple. And as she peeled the apple, she cut herself in the finger, and the blood fell upon the snow. 'Alas!' said the woman, and she sighed right out, and saw the blood before her, and was indeed troubled in her mind. 'Alas! that I had but a child, as red as blood, and

as white as snow!'* And as she said this she became right glad in her mind, and felt as though it should come to pass.

"Then went she into the house, and a month passed away, and the snow disappeared, and in two months all was green; in three months there came flowers upon the earth; in four months, all the trees in the forest thickened, and the green twigs were all growing in one among another. Then the songs of the little birds resounded through the forest, and the blossoms fell down from the branches.

"And when the fifth month was gone, she stood under the juniper tree, which was sweet to smell, and her heart leaped for joy, and she fell down upon her knees, for she could not help it. And when the sixth month was gone, there stood the fruit thick and strong, and all was quite still. And at the seventh month she creeped to the juniper tree, and ate so greedily of it, that she became sick and sorrowful. And when the eighth month was gone, she called to her husband, and wept, and said, 'If I die, bury me under the juniper tree.' Then she felt quite comforted, and rejoiced herself. And when the ninth month was gone, she bare a child that was as white as snow and as red as blood, and

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* "The red that's on my true love's face,
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
The white that is on her breast bare,
Like the down of the white sea-maw."
The Grey Goshawk—Border Minstrelsy.

I prefer the reading of Mr. Motherwell's copy: —

"The thing of my love's face that's white,
Is that of dove or maw;
The thing of my love's face that's red,
Is like blood shed on snaw."

when she beheld it she was so glad thereof that she died for joy.

" Then her husband buried her under the juniper tree, and wept over her very sore for a long, long time; and when he had wept a great deal, and was well tired with weeping, he arose up, and, after a time, he took unto himself another wife.

* * * * *

Then the mother (stepmother) took the little boy, and hacked him to pieces, put them into the saucepan, and made broth of them; but little Margery stood by, weeping and weeping, and her tears all fell into the saucepan, so that then it lacked no salt.

" Then came the father home, and sate himself down to the table, and said, ' Where, then, is my son?' Then the mother brought in a great dish of black broth, and little Margery kept weeping, and could not retain herself. Then said the father again, ' Where, then, is my son?' — ' O,' said the mother, ' he is gone into the country to your great uncle at Mutteu, he will remain there awhile.' — ' Wherefore did he that? and never once bid me good by!' — ' Oh! he would go, and begged he might stay there six weeks; for he likes so much to be there.' — ' Ah,' said the man, ' I feel right sorrowful, for that is not as it should be; besides he should have bidden me good by.'

" With this he began to eat, and said, ' Margery, why do you cry? Brother will soon come home again.' — ' Oh wife!' said he, then, ' I relish this right well — give me some more;' and the more he ate the more he would have, and said, ' Give me more, you shall have none of it; for it is as though it was all mine!' And he ate and ate, and the bones he threw all under the table, and he ate up all the rest.

" But little Margery went to her chamber, and took out of her drawers her best silken handkerchief, and gathered up all the bones from under the table, and wrapped them in the silken handkerchief, and carried them out of doors, and wept over them tears of blood. Then she laid them under the

juniper tree in the green grass; and when she had so laid them there, then she was all at once right cheerful, and wept no more. Then began the juniper-tree to move itself, and the branches kept waving to and fro one with another, just as if any one was clapping their hands for joy; and in the midst of this there arose a cloud out of the tree, and right in the midst of the cloud there burned as it were a fire, and out of the fire there flew forth a beautiful bird which sang so sweetly, and flew high in the air. And when the bird was flown away, there was the juniper tree still as it had before been, and the silken handkerchief and the little bones were gone. And Margaret felt so light and so happy, just as if her little brother was still alive. Then went she again right merry into the house, and ate. But the bird flew away, and seated herself on the house of a goldsmith, and began to sing: —

'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;
But my sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she could,
And beneath the juniper tree,
Laid them in a silken shroud:
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I?'"

For the rest of the story, which, however, is scarcely conceived in the same spirit of romance as the part I have quoted, such readers as are anxious to learn the punishment of the stepmother and the reward of Margery, are referred to the *German Popular Tales*, or to Thoms's *Lays and Legends of Germany*.

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THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

" The other day, in skimming over Goethe's poems, I read again that beautiful and singular little piece, ' The God and the Baiadere,' and in the same manner that Winkelmann describes himself on beholding the Belvedere Apollo, to have unconsciously fallen into an attitude, imitative of the majesty of the statue, I read and admired, till I almost fancied myself imbued with Goethe's spirit, and began daringly to translate. I have the more pleasure in sending you my performance, however feeble, because the poem is one of the most characteristic, as well as the most beautiful of its author. It is truly Goethian in its faults and its merits. It has all that daring originality — all that melting off of the real into the visionary — all that arrogance of conscious power, with which Goethe delights to extract beauty and pathos from the most capriciously selected sources. A secondary genius would never have dared to touch a subject so encompassed with objections and difficulties. But Goethe delights to hurry us along with him, on the verge of all that we habitually shrink from, while the magic of his genius strews the slippery path with flowers, and invests its dangers with a bright halo of poetical radiance. Cowper, Wordsworth, and Crabbe have perpetually delighted to ennoble mean subjects, or to render trivial ones poetical; but Goethe is determined to do more. He never appears so triumphant, or so happy, as when he shocks, by the daring extravagance of his conceptions, and wins us to admire and take interest in them, by the charm of his style, and the grace, and even purity of his sentiments. His " Bride of Corinth" is an extraordinary instance of this application — I had almost said, misapplication — of genius. The story is told by Madame de Staël, in her work on Germany. It is a poem which, with a few heightening tints, a

little more breadth, and coarseness in the colouring, would infallibly revolt every feeling of taste, religion, and morals. But Goethe, with his sure and unerring hand, so delicately touched and 'tricked off' the subject, that it acquires an irresistible grace and beauty in his hands. An awful and undefined horror breathes throughout it. In the slow measured rhythm of the verse, and the pathetic simplicity of the diction, there is a solemnity and a stirring spell, which chain the feelings, like a deep mysterious strain of music. The short couplet in each stanza has a sort of oracular laconism: —

Wie der Schnee so weiss
Aber Kalt wie Eis,
Ist das liebchen, das du dir erwählt.'"

An Autumn on the Rhine, p. 213.

"A strange tale is that which Phlegon, the freedman of Hadrianus, reporteth of which he protests himself to have been eye-witness. Philemium (saith he) the daughter of Philostratus and Charitas, felt deeply enamoured of a younge man, called Machates, who at that time ghested in her father's house; which her parents took so ill that they excluded Machates from their family. At which she so much grieved that soon after she died and was buried. Some six months after the young man returning thither and entertained into his wonted lodging, Philemium his beloved came into the chamber; spake with him; supped with him; and, after much amorous discourse, she received of him as a gift a ring of iron and a cup gilt, and she in interchange gave him a ring of gold and a handkerchief; which done, they went to bed together. The nurse being very diligent to see that her new ghest wanted nothing, came up with a candle, and saw them both in bed together. She, over-joyed, runneth in haste to bring the parents news that their daughter was alive. They amazed rise from bed, and find them both fast sleeping, when in great rapture of joy they called and and pulled them to awake. At which she, rising upon her

pillow, with a severe looke cast upon them, she said, ' Oh, you most cruel and obdurate parents! and are you so envious of your daughter's pleasure, that you will not suffer her for the space of but three days to enjoy the company of her own dear Machates? But this curiosity shall be little your love; for you shall again renew your former sorrow: which having spoke she changed countenance, sunk down into the bed and died; at which sight the father and mother were both entranced. The rumour of this came into the city; the magistrates caused the grave to be opened, but found not the body there, only the iron ring, and the cup given her by Machates; for the same corse was then in the chamber and bed, which, by the counsel of one Hellas, a soothsayer, was cast into the fields, and the young man finding himself to be deluded by a spectre, to avoid the ignominie, hee with his own hands slew himselfe." — Heywood's *Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, Book VII. p. 479.

THE END.

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